

A NEW NOVEL BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

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1911

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THE SMART SET

A
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OF

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A
Story of
One Man and
One Woman on a
Desert Island.

Other Features by
G. Vere Tyler,
Jules Eckert Goodman,
Charles Hanson Towne,
William J. Lampton,
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LONDON

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PARIS



The SMART SET for MARCH



OUR EXPERIMENT in the way of a special holiday cover brought among many other expressions of approval a letter containing this statement :

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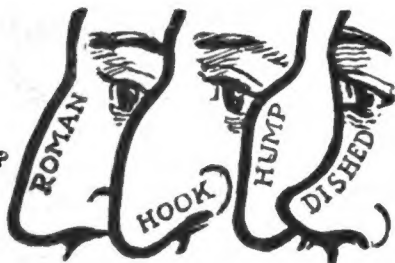
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THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1911

AS THE SPARKS FLY UPWARD (A Complete Novel)	Cyrus Townsend Brady	1
THE YOGI (Verse)	Sadie Bowman Metcalfe	41
THE WEAVER (Verse)	S. J. Alexander	42
AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING	G. Vere Tyler	43
FATE (Verse)	Marie Conway Oemler	55
SUCH IS LIFE	Terrell Love Holliday	56
OH, DEAR DEAD DAY (Verse)	Jean Wilde Clark	56
DISCIPLES OF ART	Adele Luehrmann	57
THE KISS OF LOVE	Hugh W. Gayer	60
THE WIFE WHO WASN'T	Louise E. Eberle	61
FLOWER SOULS (Verse)	Irene Elliott Benson	68
WHO PAYS?	T. D. Pendleton	69
THE BROIL (Verse)	William E. Benét	74
THE GREATER MOTIVE	Viola Burhans	75
SOCIETY INSIDE AND OUT (Essay)	Charles Hanson Towne	83
THE LAST WALTZ (Verse)	Ray P. Baker	87
THE BRAG OF THE "ANCIENT GREAT" (Verse)	Oscar Loeb	88
A LADY OF THE HAREM	Jules Eckert Goodman	89
MY LADY TANTALIZE (Verse)	Harold Susman	98
MRS. MALLORY	Mrs. James Carstairs, Jr.	99
THEY MET AS STRANGERS	William J. Lampton	107
'ARRY	Paul Reese	111
FROM THE JOURNAL OF MME. LÉANDRE	Helen Woljeska	118
A RED ROSE	Mr. and Mrs. William Chester Estabrook	119
THE DEATH OF THE FAIRIES (Verse)	Herbert Heron	126
THE RESEMBLANCE (A Play in One Act)	Alice Leal Pollock and Aura Woodin Brantzell	127
THE REFLECTIONS OF AN OLD MAID	Florence M. King	135
ONE SPLENDID HOUR (Verse)	Marion Cummings Stanley	142
L'EMPRISONNÉE (In Original French)	Lucie Delarue-Mardrus	143
HAVOC (Chapters XXVI-XXIX)	E. Phillips Oppenheim	145
THE DIVINE SARAH AND THE INFERNAL SALLY	George Jean Nathan	157
THE REVIVAL OF THE PRINTED PLAY	H. L. Mencken	163
SHOPPING FOR THE SMART SET	Marion C. Taylor	169

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AS THE SPARKS FLY UPWARD

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

THE master of the *Swiftsure* counted himself a happy man, although he was yet young and very much alive. The two objects upon which his happiness rested, so he thought, as securely as the foundations of the deep are laid in the bars of the sea, were both at this moment before his vision. These two things were, proverbially, at least, the most fickle, changeable, uncertain, inconstant, independent variables in creation—a woman and a ship. In none of these popular notions of women and ships did the master of the *Swiftsure* share. He was as confident of the absolute devotion and affection of Julia his wife as he was of the dependability of the great American tea clipper, his ship.

A fair picture she made that spring afternoon, and a fine contrast she presented to her husband. In but one thing was there a resemblance between them. They were both splendidly tall. Captain Cleveland stood six feet on his own quarterdeck, the woman's head coming a little above his shoulder.

Their very oppositeness made them the more splendidly mated. The tropic sun, the blustering winds of his voyages had but intensified his darker hue, but had seemed if possible to throw more light and color upon the glory of her hair and the beauty of her cheek. Her eyes were gray at that moment as she stood looking forward from white deck to taut rope and gleaming canvas, balancing herself with no less ease than did her husband to the uneasy roll and pitch of the ship's tremendous drive under the pressure of the half-gale blowing. She had a woman's instinct for the beautiful, and a sailor's daughter's and a sailor's wife's appreciation of her only rival in grace

and charm, a ship. Her eyes turned blue when the heel of the vessel inclined her gently against her husband and her looks sought his. Wedded life had not yet exhausted its possibilities for these two. Its mysteries had not yet been solved. The usual and inevitable had not yet brought into view the commonplace for these two favored children of fortune, soon to become the sport of wildest chance.

Captain Stephen Cleveland, like his ship, was of Salem. His father and mother had been lost at sea. Their property embarked in their own vessel had gone down with them. Little Stephen, left at home for a voyage or two for further schooling than could be given him on shipboard, had thus been bereft of all. The call of the deep rang in his ears. At twelve he shipped as cabin boy; at nineteen he had his first command, a brig trading to the Caribbean; at twenty-six he was master and part owner of one of the finest of the tea clippers.

Neither Captain Stephen nor Julia Pellew had ever loved anyone else. They had known each other from childhood, but no period of long association had diminished surprise in possession, for Captain Cleveland was at home infrequently, and for but few days. There had been no satiety born of familiarity in their intercourse; their young hands still met with the clasp of unwonted use and daintier touch. They had been married on the deck of the *Swiftsure*, with friends aft and crew forward looking on approvingly. The very day of their wedding the anchor had been weighed and the ship had started upon her voyage.

Their first port had been San Fran-

cisco. Gold colored the horizon of men's hopes there. The necessities of life which sold for a song on the Eastern seaboard brought small fortunes on the Pacific. There were no railroads spanning the continent then. The prophesied westward course of empire had to take its way around Cape Horn or across the Isthmus to Balboa's sea if it were in a great hurry.

Temptations to quick and easy fortunes assailed the men of the *Swiftsure* so soon as she entered the Golden Gate. Indeed, Stephen invested part of the profits of the voyage in backing a sailor friend, one Hampton Ellison, who wanted to go prospecting if someone would furnish the wherewithal for half the profits. Bread that, not cast upon the waters but upon the shore, and destined to come back again after many days in strange ways, welcome and unwelcome.

Most of the crew, weak to resist the possibility of sudden riches, deserted the ship. The days were beginning to pass when the crew and officers in a Yankee ship made one family. The *Swiftsure* was a large vessel and required many men. Captain Cleveland was forced to fill out his complement with such as he could pick up. Decidedly a sorry lot, he thought, as he mustered them, the refuse of the frontier. Clearing at last for the Orient, he arrived at the opportune moment when the first harvest of the tea crop was ready for shipping. He gathered the cream of it into his hold, with other cases of the perishable yet attractive wares of China, and leaving more of his crew in the purloins of Canton, whose places were filled by Asiatics and beach-combers, the *Swiftsure* got under way for the long run southward, the wild sweep about the stormy cape and the great reach northward along the Atlantic shores of both Americas to home and the market.

They stood abaft the wheel that day. None happened to be looking their way. Captain Stephen looked critically over the side at the bright water rushing swiftly by. The ship was making more than fifteen knots, he judged. In sheer happiness and satisfaction he thrust his arm around the trim waist of the

woman by his side and kissed her on the cheek.

"My dear, if the wind holds and nothing happens we shall be at home in less than twelve weeks from Canton. A record passage—fame and fortune for you!"

Oh, the potency that lies hid beneath that petty conjunction! If nothing happens, sun and light tomorrow; if nothing happens, success and happiness will attend our efforts—if—if! Even as the wife, responsive to his caress, nestled a little closer and smiled more sweetly upon him, there burst from the lips of a man forward the cry, the most terrifying that may be heard by human beings on the deck of a ship in the midst of the wide and lonely sea:

"Fire!"

II

By nightfall the ship was a flaming volcano. The loss of the mates and the mutinous conduct of the crew had destroyed any chance of escape. The wind had risen rapidly until it was blowing a mad gale sweeping down from the equator, for three hundred leagues of open ocean without an object to break its onrush. After the foremast went, with the stays forward burned away the gale soon disposed of those aft, carrying booms and yards and bellying sails to leeward in one great gray cloud seen mistily for a moment against the black sky, leaving the ship helpless. The Captain himself at the wheel had managed to keep the *Swiftsure* before the wind, to blow the flames forward and leave a haven aft for as long a time as might be.

Behold this master of men now, half naked, his clothes burning, his skin black, soot-covered, flame-scorched, showing blistered through smoldering rents and tears, his hands bleeding, the hair burned from his head, his lips cracked and broken, his eyeballs seared, holding the helm indomitable. On either side of him an eager mass of frightened men struggled around the two quarter boats. In despair Captain Cleveland had at last left them to their own devices.

Back of these groups where the whale-boat swung across the stern, the old boatswain kept guard, belaying pin in hand, one or two broken wretches reeling before him, having felt the force and power of his arm. Realizing the inevitable, Captain Stephen had placed his wife in the faithful boatswain's care.

As soon as it had become evident that the fire could not possibly be controlled, Julia had gone below to her cabin and gathered a few things in a little bag in obedience to her husband's hurried directions. She had done more: of her own notion she had filled the lockers of the whaleboat with provisions from the cabin stores. Now by the side of the boatswain and a few of the men remaining faithful, she waited for she scarce knew what.

In wild confusion the surviving cowards piled into the two quarter boats. The sea was running madly. To launch the cutters under such conditions was a task difficult enough for cool head and skillful hand; in both cases the present attempt resulted in quick disaster. A great sea caught the one to starboard, drove it with hammerlike force under the counter and smashed it to kindling wood on the instant. The wave for the moment was crested with white faces, staring agonizedly as the ship swept on. The boat to port swung clear and lay for a moment in the trough of the sea. But the oars could not be broken out before she broached to and capsized. That tragedy was over almost before it had begun.

Captain Stephen shouted a hoarse order to the boatswain. The men with him stepped quickly into the whaleboat. The oars were shipped and the boatswain took his place in the stern sheets. He grasped the steering oar and motioned the Captain's wife to follow.

"I won't leave my husband," answered the woman.

"He'll be coming presently," called the boatswain. "He'll bring the ship to the wind, so as to give us a lee to launch this boat in. We'll swing along-side for a moment and—"

"For God's sake go, Julia!" cried the

Captain. The flames were roaring at his feet; the heat had become unbearable.

"Not without you, Stephen," answered his wife resolutely, her first disobedience.

"I can't hold this wheel longer—you must go!" he roared back in reply.

The old boatswain suddenly caught her around the waist, and in spite of her struggles lifted her into the boat as if she had been a child. He sat her down in the stern sheets and placed his knee against her to hold her there. The Captain put the helm over rapidly, jammed it down hard, and all that was left of the *Swiftsure* slowly ran up into the wind. He held her with flames wreathing the spoke ends. Hands at the falls lowered the boat away; the oars were shipped as she descended. In an instant the small boat was afloat. "Give way, strong!" roared the boatswain.

The water caught the shallop and heaved her up toward the burning hulk. There was a comforting quiet for a few moments under the lee of the clipper. The boatswain stared anxiously toward the quarter deck now flame-crowned. The painter tightened as the boat rolled to a sudden sea. At that instant Captain Cleveland appeared at the rail not fifteen feet away, and the relieved boatswain swung the whaleboat toward the ship.

The brave shipmaster had held the burning wheel until it dropped to pieces beneath his blistering hands. His face was black and bloody. Slowly and painfully he thrust one leg over the rail and reached for the line stretched to the boat.

A gust of wind carried a burning brand of some kind in front of his face. He shrank back a moment; in some way the fire lodged upon the rope. Another roll of the ship, another surge of the small boat, and the connecting link, flame-weakened, was severed. The whaleboat was whirled away into the surrounding blackness. A woman's scream came faintly up against the wind and died away. He had a glimpse of a white face and it, too, was gone.

The Captain clapped his hands to his face and then even his inflexible will

gave way: He fell backward, apparently into a seething mass of flame. Ere he completely lost consciousness, he felt himself crash through the red-hot planking. He was conscious of burning arms reaching out to clasp him.

Farther away, indifferent now to the burning ship, a few men, nerved to desperation by the perils with which they found themselves environed and inspired by the courage and splendid seamanship of the old boatswain, battled to keep head to the sea a tiny vessel whose thin wooden planks did not seem calculated to withstand the tremendous strains to which they were exposed. From the stern of the little boat a woman, dead, apparently, but for the rapid heaving of her bosom and the painful fixity and concentration of her gaze, stared at a diminishing spark of light, now rising into vision upon the crest of a wave, now sinking into darkness into the hollow of the sea.

III

A DELUGE of rain finally extinguished the flames and revived Captain Stephen, where he had fallen down into the unburned hold of the ship. The rain was succeeded by a tornado, and the wave-washed hulk became the toy and sport of the angry seas. Now it was lifted to heaven; now it was sunk into the black void of some watery hell.

He expected the wreck to break up under him at any moment. To maintain a footing was impossible. He was jerked back or thrown forward and aft and flung sideways like the cracker of a whip. His arms were almost pulled from their sockets. Again and again breaking seas wreathed themselves about him as if they would tear him from his holding.

At last the crazy hulk became quieter. The stern being higher, the wind swung it about and drove the remains of the ship backward. The sea at length went down and the Captain, utterly exhausted, fell asleep in merciful oblivion.

It was late afternoon when he awoke to intolerable thirst and to excruciating pain. In one short day everything he

owned in the world had gone, his young wife whom he loved as the light of heaven, torn from him, and doubtless her body now floating in the depths of this same cruel sea. It did not seem possible that the whaleboat could have survived, and he had no reason to expect or hope that the furious tempest had broken upon him alone.

For how many hours he drifted on the dismantled hulk, through how many days of blazing sun, for how many nights, peopled with black and gloomy terrors, no one shall say.

By and by what was left of the *Swiftsure* came suddenly to a rest. A heavier sea in the gray of an early morning lifted it and flung it down upon a barrier reef over which the white waves broke with tremendous force. There the wreck hung disintegrating.

The Captain roused from his stupor. He got on his hands and knees and made his way to the high-flung bow. At last he lifted his head and peered landward. It was an island with tree-clad hills. Suddenly a wave larger than the rest tore from its charred and rusty fastenings the plank to which he clung. Instinctively his grasp upon it tightened; he held on.

The mounting wave rolled him across the shallow lagoon. By and by his dragging feet touched the bottom. The water shallowed; he abandoned his plank, and on his hands and knees again he crawled out and fell prostrate on the sand, his lips to the earth he had never so loved before.

IV

It was late in the afternoon when he opened his eyes. It is impossible to conceive the exquisite sense of refreshment that had come to his poor torn body and his tired soul from the quiet hours of sleep he had spent upon the warm sand.

Was this island deserted? He could not tell. At all events, nothing had troubled him so far. Were there cannibals making their home upon it? He had no means of ascertaining. Were there fierce beasts prowling through its wooded dells? He had no assurance of

that, but his knowledge of the Pacific did not predispose him to anticipate that peril. At any rate, before the possible onslaught of the one or the other he would be alike helpless.

The charred ghastly bones of the ship lay yet upon the shore. If the wind rose, by morning what was left of her would be beaten to pieces. And he was sick of her; he hated the sight of the blue sea. He had been its master ten days before; now he was its prisoner.

The night fell with tropic suddenness. Where should he seek shelter? He had no choice; there was nowhere to go, nothing to do, no precautions to take. He was tired and sleepy. Up under the palm tree to the low sheltered nook in the sands he dragged himself. He knelt down. Words did not come to him; petitions did not frame themselves. "God! God!" he murmured, and then he fell to sleep.

How sound was that slumber, thought the silent watcher, noiselessly creeping to his side, standing poised upon slender feet with hands outstretched backward, on tiptoe to flee from this strange mystery at the faintest indication of an awakening. In that sleep what dreams were his! How luridly before his face flamed his ship! How piercing within his ear the appeal of his wife sounded from that black darkness! He started, moved uneasily, threw himself suddenly to one side, as if to free himself from recollections. Light, noiseless as the mist of a summer morning, the watcher fled soundlessly away and left the sleeper alone.

It was broad day when he awoke. Instincts of cleanliness came to him. He freshened himself as well as possible. He did not find it difficult to get something to eat. Fruit was piled near his sleeping place. He marveled at it. How had it come there? Surely not without human agency. It had not been there when he went to sleep; someone must have brought it. Who could it have been?

He was yet weak and feeble. He stared landward into the thick trees with a sensation of terror; yet of what had he to be afraid? There were no tortures that he had not undergone, no deaths

that he had not died. There was nothing for him to live for now, nothing for him to hope for on that island which ships might never visit.

Resignedly, and thankfully, therefore, he made his meal. The wind had risen in the night. With the disappearance of the watcher the rainless storm had broken over his head, but he had slept on. After the storm a calm had come.

He set himself moodily down upon the sand facing the sea. The ship was gone; the long waves broke upon the barrier and there was nothing there but the reef and rock to stop their progress save where they raced through the opening and fell crashing upon the beach. Would he vegetate upon that island until he became a degraded brute, feeding and performing the functions of life without a soul?

Why had he battled so to preserve that life? He looked upon himself, his wounds already beginning to heal in the fresh, pure air, youth and strength and clean living having been his portion. He wondered why he had cared to make the struggle to keep alive. A thousand times during that mad wrestle upon the hulk with death and the deep, he had only to let go, but he had held on, something stirred within him, indomitable. He shut his teeth together and rose to his feet; perhaps life held some task for him after all.

He found upon the edge of the wood broken pieces of cane; from them he selected one to serve as a staff. As his clothes had been torn from him he gathered foliage, broad leaves, and twisted them about his waist. From another leaf he fashioned himself a covering for his head. He could not yet stand without discomfort and perhaps danger the fierce rays of that tropic sun. Thus ready he started to survey his domain.

The barrier reef around it was undoubtedly a coral reef, but the island was a volcanic product of some long past cataclysm which had brought it from the deep to the surface.

He readily settled the points of the compass by the sun. To the southward steep cliffs several hundred feet high overhung the lagoon; to the northward

the ground sloped gently upward from the curving beach to low hills. He plodded along the beach for some miles until it bent away eastward and northward and he had reached its narrower end. He was not equal to exploring it further, although he judged it to be two or three miles across in its widest part and possibly ten or more long. It was well watered, apparently abounding in all the natural products to be met with south of the line. Here and there were open glades varied with stretches of woodland. The vegetation was luxuriant and beautiful.

The breezes blew softly over him; birds of rare and gorgeous plumage disported themselves before him; flowers of striking shape magnificently hued, appeared on every hand; the wind was laden with spice and balm. It was a little paradise of the Pacific, yet so lonely. He had no idea, plodding painfully and drearily along the shore, that his every movement was being watched. Eagerly, intensely, curiosity commingled with fear, wistful boldness and timorous desire overlooked him.

So the long day dragged on. At eventide he came back to the palm tree. Once again the night fell; once again he slept and dreamed; once again there crept near to him the figure as before and bent over him. Something moved him. He stirred suddenly; his arm was flung about, and ere she could escape his fingers closed tenaciously about the ankle of a woman.

V

HAD Adam found his Eve in that paradise of the Pacific? And would a serpent follow after in accordance with the time-honored legend?

This contact with a human being awakened Captain Cleveland into instant life; a thrill of companionship, the leaping consciousness of fellowship with his kind shot through him. The limb he clasped was warm and very much alive, for it struggled violently in his grasp. Without releasing what he held, he tried to sit up; as he did so, the being he had caught, struggling desperately

without a sound as he without a word, managed to effect a release and broke suddenly away.

There was no moon; the night was softly black as in the tropics. Beneath the tree where he lay no radiance from the thick star-sown sky penetrated. He was conscious of a dim blurred figure before his face in the darkness. He heard a faint rustling among the leaves—that was all.

He sat up and rubbed his eyes and wondered if it were a dream. He had had so many dreams of late, and in all of them a woman—his wife. This was not she, beyond peradventure. He was by no means sure that his midnight visitor had been a woman at all. The slenderness of the ankle, the strength with which it was torn away, even that desperate struggle in the dark, seemed to indicate a woman full grown. Still, it might have belonged to a young boy. Of but one thing was he sure—his hands had touched a human being. He was not alone upon the island, and for that he could not but be supremely glad.

Captain Cleveland had not thought that he could ever again have such interest in any human being as suddenly filled him then. After a time he got up and went out from the shade of the trees and stood erect in the starlight and peered about him. It was, he judged, about two in the morning. In an hour or so day would break and he would begin a search for his fellow castaway, for such he instinctively divined the other to be.

He could sleep no more. For the moment his thoughts were no longer confined to one woman; for a little while his wife ceased to hold the only place. Yet in his longing for human kind, for human touch, for human speech, he bitterly repined that, whomsoever he might find, it would not be she. At last to the eager watcher came the lagging day. No day upon the island was to be like that one.

Stephen Cleveland was a methodical man, and he intended to search the island thoroughly. He would start from the low southern end like a hunter beating a covert and survey the length and

breadth of it, driving, as he hoped, the game before him.

Before he began his search, however, he went back to the place where the incident had occurred and carefully scrutinized the yielding sand. That his adventure had been no dream but real he was now assured, for there, before his eyes, clearly defined, cleanly marked in the sand, was a footprint.

One thing he noted: no boy on earth ever boasted the long, narrow, slender, perfectly shaped foot that had made the betraying print in the sand. His nocturnal visitor had been a woman.

Scattered on the sand, not in dainty order as he had marked before, were the fruits her hand had gathered, votive offering to the strange being cast up by the sea on her hitherto undisputed shore. There was a pitiful sort of appeal in the friendly gift which touched him now he knew whence it came. He was resolved to find her. He had once more a hope in life. It might develop into a duty; it might turn out to be a pleasure; it might be both—or neither.

With eyes which keenly scrutinized the shore he walked as rapidly as he could to the extreme southern end of the island. There he faced northward, and choosing a middle course, he steadily made his way toward the distant upper end. The southern end of the island was low, sandy and open. The slope was toward the north and the high hills were there. For several miles the land was sparsely wooded, with here and there a palm or fern and once in a while in some depression a canebrake. He almost ran here; the country was so bare as to present no possibility of concealment from his eager scrutiny. Nevertheless he did not pass any coppice or clump of woods without carefully examining it. He was determined to find the unknown visitor of the night before, and he did his work with consistent thoroughness, noting as he progressed the various topographical features, the fauna and flora that he met.

He discovered that the island was shaped something like an elongated hour glass, and that all the high and wooded part was on the northern bulb. His

search when he passed the neck was necessarily slower and more toilsome. As the island expanded he had to range back and forth and from side to side. He realized that it was quite possible, notwithstanding the care he took, for the pursued to double back and get in the rear, but no asylum would be afforded thereby and the chase would be easily run down on the open part below the neck. He persevered therefore, plodding on, refreshing himself at noon and resting upon a commanding knoll from which he had all of the east, west and south in view.

His task might have been more difficult had he not received certain assistance of which he was in ignorance and upon which he had not counted. The pursued who fled from him with mingled feelings of terror and desire was not unwilling to be caught. The call of kind to kind was operating in another breast than his own and struggling with the timidity and strangeness of half a dozen years of utter isolation. That growing willingness to be caught, however, was only sufficiently strong to cause the pursued to maintain a place just ahead and out of sight of the pursuer. Enough precaution was taken and enough care was used to keep just beyond reach and hearing, but no attempt was made really to get away or to seek absolute concealment. Thus during the long afternoon the two plodded on. It was a very ancient situation indeed—hunter and hunted, male and female.

The island ended in a high rocky knoll the top of which was a level, grass-covered, flower-decked plateau. From the seaward edge the cliff fell sheer down perhaps three hundred feet. The little savannah an acre in extent was bordered on one edge by trees surrounding a bare pyramidal mass of rock; the other side was clear, and from it he had a fair view of the long eastward side of the island, the barrier reef and the shining strand far below where he had come ashore.

As the tired pursuer, conscious that if his day's task had been a success, here he would find the object of his long hunt, since he had now reached the extreme

limit of the island, burst from the curtaining trees he stared in surprise. There upon the sheer and giddy verge, one foot fairly overhanging the cliff, leaning forward, her body supported by the other, as if about to take a final step out into the blue, her figure clearly silhouetted against the sky, lightly and gracefully poised as a bird of the air, stood a woman—the woman—looking back at him.

Perhaps fifty paces intervened between the two. The man came to a dead stop. He had not expected a picture of such fairy beauty. He had not anticipated such exquisite grace of form and position. Some wood nymph, some sprite, some faun of other days had apparently suddenly risen before him.

A long time he stared at her. At last, and slowly as if in the presence of a shrine, he stepped forward; as he did so the woman turned and faced him, her hands crossed over her graceful but immature breast. She stood shrinkingly before him, as Eve might have shrunk before Adam. They both stared, but it was from the man that the initiative came. With steady step he drew closer, the woman waiting in an attitude of appeal, welcome and terror commingled.

Although Cleveland had begun to improve from his burns and bruises, and although he had washed himself as well as might be, he was still sufficiently disfigured not to present a very happy or fascinating appearance. He might have stood for a satyr if she played Greek goddess. Still, he had one advantage: in the country of the blind, it is said, the one-eyed are kings, and he was the only man present.

He stopped his slow progress at last immediately in front of the woman. She dropped her hands with a little gesture of abandonment.

She was not a tall woman, and certainly not an old one. He judged that she was scarcely twenty. She was as dark as he, yet, in spite of the tropic suns to which she was evidently habitually exposed, there was a certain paleness in her face and her eyes were frankly blue.

Her raven-black hair curled naturally and fell in a thick and tangled mass upon

her exquisitely graceful shoulders. In its shadows she had thrust a gorgeous scarlet blossom. Around her waist she had fashioned some kind of a leafy covering which depended halfway to her knees; for the rest, she was as nature made her, and nature had made her very beautiful, very symmetrical, very graceful.

There was no hint of passion or profanation in the direct and frankly open inspection which the man gave the woman. The situation was so unusual, so unconventional, that considerations inevitable under other circumstances did not obtrude themselves; and besides all that, the man's heart was too completely filled with the image of Julia his wife for any other woman, however beautiful, however charming, to displace her.

And he was a clean-minded man, a clean-hearted, simple soul, as sailors frequently are, with a great reverence for all women, the more strong because of his great love for the one woman.

The being before him seemed very young, very immature, very innocent, very fair—an airy fantasy of springtime and dewy morning, a part of the witchery of woodland, a creature of the gentle breeze. He stared entranced, charmed by her, as he might have impersonally studied a picture or a statue—as Pygmalion might have looked on Galatea before he loved her and she came to life.

Neither seemed to think of speech. The woman had little recollection of humanity. The man had enjoyed some experience in the South Seas, and she who confronted him, he was sure, was not native thereto; there was too much whiteness in her skin, too much brightness about her, for an aborigine.

Who or what this child might be, he could not tell. He had no idea whatever that she could speak any language that he could understand, and for that reason he had said nothing. He admitted to himself, especially now that he had seen her, that he was distinctly glad that she was there. Yet he would not have been a man had he failed to realize how immensely she complicated life; she immediately became a problem the

solution of which would undoubtedly involve some kind of a duty—the invariable concomitant of all problems.

He recognized, half whimsically, the strangeness of the situation. He was happily married to a woman whom he devotedly loved, suddenly separated from her—he could think of nothing else than that the separation was forever—and cast upon a desert island tenanted by another woman, a woman just as beautiful, just as fair in her way, albeit that way was neither so high nor so noble as his wife's had been. And what was he to do with her? All these thoughts coursed through his mind as he stood staring.

He was wondering how he could communicate with her, when, woman-like, she herself broke the silence. If she were not to have the last, she would certainly have the first word. With a little gesture of entreaty, stretching out her hand, bending forward her body in a way like her every other movement, altogether charming, she gave utterance to words. She spoke slowly, falteringly as might a child who is not quite familiar with the words it desires to use, or as a sick person who has not the nervous energy for a rapid, fluent conversation. She uttered a few words in a language that was smooth, flowing and graceful.

Captain Cleveland had voyaged to many parts of the world and was a good linguist of a rough and ready sort. The woman spoke French; he understood her perfectly and was glad he could speak her language sufficiently well for any practical purpose. What she said so slowly and so hesitatingly was, in effect: "Please don't hurt me." Somehow that seems to typify the plea of primitive woman to primitive man.

"You are French!" he exclaimed in great surprise. She answered brightly, a smile illuminating her face:

"But yes. And you?"

"I am American."

"That is next to France," she continued.

"My name is Stephen Cleveland. And yours?"

"*Félicité de Marigny, monsieur.*"

He put out his hand to the woman and

she wonderingly met it with her own slender palm.

"You won't hurt me, will you?"

"On my life, before God, I will not!" said Cleveland earnestly.

There was an awkward pause, during which neither appeared to know what to do or say next; then he spoke.

"I have chased you all day," he said. "I am very tired."

"Come this way," said the woman, turning and speeding lightly along the edge of the cliff. At the farther end a mass of rock among the trees was lifted above a grassy path between the cliff edge and the face of the rock. Following his guide, Cleveland presently found himself in a charming little grotto, so situated and of such contour that, once within, one would be safe from almost every rain and storm that blew. Furniture there was none. A scattered pile of dried fern leaves in one corner indicated a sleeping place.

"I live here," said the woman with a little bow. She had all the grace and manner and self-possession of a French woman, and nature and her unrestrained condition only emphasized its ease and pleasantness. Yet her bow and graceful gesture seemed oddly formal and out of place. The woman sat down on a convenient boulder and the man followed her example.

"How long have you been here?" he began.

"I don't know."

"Have you no idea?"

"I remember that I was eleven years old when the ship was lost."

"Seven or eight years at least."

"Yes, I think so."

"I wonder you have not forgotten how to speak!"

"Every day I sing the songs my mother taught me; every day I stand on the cliff and speak to myself and the sea."

"You were cast away on this island?"

"Yes. It was a ship of war; my father was the captain; he was exploring other seas and other worlds."

"The name of the ship, do you recall it?"

"*Le Brillant.*"

"Oh! She was lost at sea and never heard of. I was in Bordeaux when the matter was being discussed, and I remember perfectly. A French frigate exploring the South Seas. Her captain was the Count Bernard de Marigny."

"My father!" said the girl tremulously.

"And you are a countess in your own right, mademoiselle."

"No," answered the girl sadly; "I am only a castaway."

"What happened to the ship?"

"Her masts were broken off in a storm; she sprung a leak and we left her. I do not remember. We were a long time in a boat; many died, my mother first of all. Another storm cast the boat upon this island. My father was drowned, I think—at least I didn't see him any more. I awoke on this island; I ate and drank what I found; I prayed to die, monsieur, but it could not be, and here I am." She threw up her hands with a characteristic shrug of her pretty shoulders, charmingly French.

"Have you never seen a ship?"

"Once or twice maybe in all that long time, but far away, and I could not call them to me. So I have lived here alone. But I have been well and happy"—she laid her hand upon her heart—"and now I have you, monsieur."

"Poor child!" he said. He shook his head gravely. Was he a gift to be desired by this girl?

"But you, monsieur," began the girl. "How did you come here? I saw your ship on the rocks yonder; I saw you come ashore. It was I who placed the food near you while you slept. I was glad to see you come, but I was afraid. Now I am no longer afraid, and am more glad. Oh, how frightened I was when you caught me last night! I watched you search for me today. I was just ahead of you. I might have hidden longer, but you would have found me in the end. Why not? I am at your mercy."

"You have nothing to fear from me, young lady."

"Call me Félicité, monsieur," said the girl.

"Very well, Miss Felicity," answered

the other. "You want to know how I came here?"

Rapidly he outlined his story. He did not enter into personal details. He told only of the loss of the ship; his grief was too overpowering for him even to mention his wife and her death to this lively stranger. Although he told the story briefly, the child before him understood something of what he had gone through, something of the struggle, something of the consequences. Her bosom rose and fell with emotion; her eyes filled with tears; she sat entranced. So Desdemona listened when Othello spoke. She interrupted his story with many ejaculations of pity, surprise and anguish, and hung breathlessly on his final words.

"And so," he ended, "we are here together. I am going to help you and you are going to help me. I am going to try to get us both away from this island and get you back to your friends; and you are going to help me keep from going mad with loneliness, sorrow and despair."

"Did you so love your ship, monsieur?" she asked.

"Not the ship."

"And your men?"

"Not the men."

"Was there another?"

"Yes." He put his hand up to his face and then stared away seaward.

"And was she—"

"She was torn away from the ship in a small boat. It cannot have survived the storm that followed. She must be there." He pointed out toward the sea far beneath.

"But no, monsieur," answered the girl, pointing upward. "Perhaps there."

VI

THE awakening, the pursuit, the meeting and subsequent conversation had taken the greater part of the day. Neither of the islanders made any account of time. They had nothing upon earth to do and apparently forever to do it in. But the declining sun admonished one, at least, that the day was far spent

and the night was at hand. Cleveland rose to his feet, remarking:

"It will soon be night, Felicity, and I must go back to my palm tree."

"Why not stay here?" asked the girl innocently. "It is pleasant here at night; you can hear the roar of the sea away below, and when the dark comes you can look out and see the bright stars."

He shook his head. "I am afraid not," he answered.

"There is room there," urged the girl, pointing to an inviting niche on the other side. "We can soon gather leaves enough outside to make you a bed."

"It wouldn't be proper," he declared.

"What is proper?" she queried, and again he stopped to reflect.

After all, what was this propriety of which he spoke, and how far did it obtain upon this desert island? Convention being a feature of environment, to what extent did its rigid rules and laws prevail in isolation? Had those prescriptions then any force inherent in themselves? Did those laws apply to one man and one woman alone upon an island, shut off from the world? He pulled himself together with a shake of his head. "The world—" he began, and then he stopped. What had the world to do with them? Could its call reach them across a thousand leagues of unfrequented seas?

The girl had risen with him; she came closer and laid her hand upon his arm.

It was not her fault that she had the mind of a child in the body of a woman. It was not her fault that her mind was even more childish than that of an ordinary eleven-year-old girl—who is today, God knows, much too sophisticated—for much that would have been evident under other conditions had been forgotten in isolation. She would awaken perhaps some day to realization, but there had been nothing yet in her life to arouse and develop her latent consciousness.

Cleveland recognized all this and wondered vaguely whether such development would come through him. He had not much time, however, for speculation, for a very pressing problem confronted him

with which he must deal at once in some way.

"I am much older than you," he began, lamely enough in his perplexity.

"Many years?"

"Eight or nine I should judge, but hundreds of years older in experience and in the knowledge of the world."

"And what is the world to us, monsieur?"

"Nothing now perhaps, but it will be some time, and when we get back to it you will be glad that—in short, you must stay at this end of the island at night and I will stay below there."

"I do not see why."

"Whether you do or not," said Captain Stephen Cleveland peremptorily, "it will have to be as I say."

The girl drew herself up, ancient race, ancestral pride of blood and inherited habit of command showing in her face and bearing. She had been absolutely unrestrained for so many years that she had forgotten what control of any kind was like. Neither was she willing to submit to any other will than her own. On the other hand, Captain Cleveland was an equally resolved and determined personality. The two looked at each other. Level glance met level glance. The woman first gave way, and with a gesture and movement indicative of her resentment and disdain, she turned from him.

"Go your way," she said.

"I will see you in the morning," he assured her.

"If you can find me," was the petulant answer.

The man laughed. The woman sprang in front of him again, her hands clasped, her bosom heaving passionately, anger flaming in her eyes and cheeks. Cleveland stepped back surprised and astonished at this sudden display of passionate temper.

"You laughed at me!" cried the girl. "You make me mind you and you laugh."

"You will thank me some day for all these things. I will return in the morning. Good night," he added briefly and turned away. Before he passed the corner of the rocky path that would hide

him from view he looked back. "No prowling around me at night as before," he said sternly.

"I would rather die than look at you ever again," answered the woman.

She waited until he had gone, and then flung herself down on her couch and broke into a flood of tears. She had wept often when she first came to the island, but those tears had been long forgotten, and for years she had given way to no such outburst as on this night. She could not understand why she wept, either. Her small body shook with sobs, the harder to bear because they were quite inexplicable. The key to the solution of her sorrow was not yet in her possession. Some day she would find it, and with it open mystic doors and go through them into other lands. Upon what joy, sorrow, life, death, would she come in that other world beyond the surrounding seas of ignorance and innocence that now shut her in?

Divining something of the woman's thoughts, alive keenly to the possibilities of the situation, fully aware of its difficulties, especially since they were so much enhanced by the absolute innocence and trust of his new companion, quite resolved to do his whole duty in the premises, yet realizing with a shudder of apprehension how difficult that duty would inevitably become, Captain Cleveland at last reached his palm-tree home. He was confronted by a situation the like of which his imagination had never conjured before his vision.

Here upon this island with him was a woman—a woman with a child's mind and a child's soul, but with possibilities of rapid and certain development by which the child's mind and the child's soul would be turned into a woman's mind and a woman's soul in a moment. He was alone upon this island with her. By her own testimony ships rarely frequented those seas. For time unknown the sails of but one or two had whitened the distant horizon for a moment as they passed unnoticed. The world knew nothing of them, in all likelihood never would know anything of them. He could do what he would with that child woman.

Never for a moment did her presence displace the recollection of his wife. However charming this woodland sprite, she could in no way take the place in his heart of the brave, splendid woman whom he had loved so long and in whose possession for the few short months of wifehood he had found happiness sweeter than his every hope or wildest dream.

As he thought of her whom he had "loved long since and lost awhile" he groaned aloud. The island was so lonely; there was nobody there to care. He threw himself down and buried his face in his hands. His body shook with emotion. He would never see her again; she was dead—she must be dead. He wished that he, too, might die, that his own life might go out on that still night, on that soft island, under the quiet stars. Why had one been taken and the other left? For him to live was death; to die would indeed be gain.

"Julia, Julia," he murmured in low whispers.

He sat up again and took further thought of the situation. Here he was naked and defenseless on this island. Not a piece of metal of any sort was in his possession; he did not have even so much as a pocket knife. How he craved a piece of steel—not for a weapon; there was nothing whatever on the island that would hurt him. There were no wild beasts there, no birds of any size. There was nothing out of which to make a raft, a boat, a house even.

But there was plenty on the island to satisfy physical needs. From reedy grass or from broad-leaved plant, such covering as decency required could easily be woven. Of fruits nourishing and palatable there was an abundance to be had for the gathering. He did not doubt that the lagoon abounded with shellfish and perhaps other eatable fish, although he had no hook or line nor fire to cook them by when caught. There was an unfailing supply of fresh water. Having food and drink and raiment, could he therewith be content? If he could have only saved something from that wreck! But, alas! he had nothing.

Nor was the girl in any better case. He had spoken of helping her to get

away from the island. He recognized that he and she were marooned, and there was no possibility whatever of a departure by their own efforts. Ships might pass in the day or in the night; unless the vessels came near enough so that human beings could be seen from their decks they had no means whatever of attracting attention.

Life had been so full for him—in the twinkling of an eye he had been thrown back into prehistoric times. He could live and vegetate like a denizen of the stone age, he and the woman together. Would the morals, the habits and practices of the stone age supervene? God forbid! Had the stone age any morals, or was it neither moral nor immoral, simply unmoral? Would man and woman mate as the birds of the air or the beasts of forest and field?

Deep down in Cleveland's heart was a vein of New England piety; within his breast dwelt the New England conscience; in his mind was the old principle of *noblesse oblige*. The constraint of his birth, the habits of his ancestry, were upon him; they made him strong.

Upon the heights there, the woman wakeful, restless for the first time in years, tossed feverishly to and fro. What vague, unrealized, incoherent dreams were hers? This godlike figure that had commanded her, that she had obeyed, that promised so much, that was so wise, who was to help her and whom she might help—what should she learn from him—what would he do with her? She realized that her freedom was gone, that her fate absolutely depended upon another.

Beneath a blazing sky, a little boat, a tiny dot upon the infinite expanse of a wide sea, lay motionless amidst a vast extension of absolute calm. Four occupants that once were human tenanted that frail cockleshell. Four in the long days had died and the survivors had cast them quickly overboard. Of the four left, one lay huddled forward, dead; another leaned against a thwart dying; a third, an old, grizzled, gigantic form of man, sat aft, holding mechanically with his gaunt fingers a steering oar, instinct apparently moving him to hold it fast.

His eyes stared forward toward the sky line; his parched lips were drawn back over his clenched teeth; his skin was ghastly yellow; his clothes hung like bags on his gaunt form.

At his feet and reclining against him was something that clothes at least proclaimed a woman. She, too, lay huddled in a heap, her head resting against the man's knee. Her bright hair, no longer lustrous, hung to one side in a tangled mass. Her eyes were shut; she looked as one dead, save for a slow labored respiration.

God alone knows the horror of those weeks in that open boat. He alone marked the awful struggles to keep afloat. He alone observed them, day by day measuring out the food, reducing it to the smallest morsel, until it was all gone, and with it the last drop of water, then gnawing the leather on their shoes. He alone saw one after another die, noted the battle for the woman's life which the boatswain waged with the maddest and the most frantic of them all, saw the self-sacrifice of that great-hearted old sailor, who put by his own portion that he might give it, when all the rest was gone, to the woman.

As the boatswain had fought to keep the others away from her, so he fought to keep life within her. By entreaty, cajolery and at last by force he had made her eat and drink. He had kept her alive; he had lived himself without food because of his superhuman strength and hardihood. But his powers were almost spent; he could do nothing more for himself, nothing more for the woman. God, who observed it all, had done nothing for them. He had not even taken pity on them, it seemed; and the brave old sailor who had fought so good a fight, could now only sit and stare seaward and wait for the end.

The woman stirred uneasily at his feet. A word issued from her lips. It was a word the boatswain had heard a great many times during those long weeks, but he bent to hear it again, perhaps for the last time.

"Stephen," came hoarsely, brokenly, whisperingly, "Stephen."

The boatswain's head hung down up-

on his breast; his eyes looked upon her dully almost stupidly. By and by the boat swayed gently; the burning on his cheek was suddenly cooled; a breeze had come. The sea, which had lain idle after the storm had spent itself, for God alone knew how many days, was suddenly stirred; its leaden surface became blue; there was a sudden sparkle of white life on the crest of little wavelets.

On the horizon a cloud like a man's hand had arisen. The boatswain watched it passively, praying, hoping that it might spread. By and by it filled the sky and then broke, and the rains came, and then the clouds passed on as quickly as they had arisen. The shower had come too late for the man dying forward—his spirit had gone out with the little storm—but it had come in time to save the boatswain's life and the life of the woman. She stirred again in her stupor. Her mouth was open drinking in the life-giving water, and her drenched body was doing the same service for her. Again and again from her lips came that monotonous word; the boatswain almost hated it now; he had heard it so often. "Stephen—Stephen!"

The boatswain, raising his head, looked away. The rain had given him strength to appreciate his agony and hers. He was almost sorry it had come—Death had been so near. Why this mockery of resurrection? For what reason had God's long-belated mercy been bestowed upon them? He looked about him once again. He had kept negligent watch, and there before him, close enough at hand for him to see the black lines of her hull, rose the masts and sails of a ship. His bosom stopped; the steering oar was loosed at last; the gaunt hands of the man sought the gunwales of the boat on either side; he gripped them hard and stared with fixity of vision sudden and terrible. Could it at last be a ship—or was he going mad like the rest and conjuring up in his mind this salvation?

As he looked the vessel grew larger. It was no disorderly imagination, no dream, but real. He tried to collect his scattered senses. He saw that she was sailing by them on the port tacks; he

realized, with a sailor's instinct, being almost too far gone for reason, that if she did not change her course, if those on board the ship did not see the whaleboat, if, seeing her, they did not have hearts of men and come to seek her, it would be all over; neither he nor the woman could exist another day.

This was the first ship they had seen in the long weeks of waiting; he had thought there would never be any other in those deserted seas. The boatswain had not believed that he any longer possessed a heart, so empty was his bosom, but now it beat and throbbed so that it was like to choke him. If he could only cry aloud—if he could only rise to his feet! But he could do nothing but sit and listen to the woman from time to time muttering her husband's name.

As the boatswain stared something happened on board the ship; she reached up into the wind; her head sails shivered; her mainyard was swung. The sound of a sailor's chant came, faintly down the wind. They had been seen; the ship was headed toward them!

The boatswain loosened his grasp on the gunwales. He bent down slowly and painfully, laid his hand upon the shoulder of the woman and shook her tenderly with trembling arm.

"Mrs. Cleveland," he said hoarsely in a ghastly whisper, "wake up, ma'am. There is a ship. We're saved."

And again from the lips of the woman unheeding came that hollow voice murmuring, "Stephen—Stephen."

VII

THE ship proved to be the whaler *Susan and Jane*, of New Bedford, six months out from her home port, and bound on a cruise through Bering Strait. Her captain, Derby Crowninshield, was well known to Foresman, the big boatswain of the *Swiftsure*. The boatswain and Julia Cleveland were the only survivors in the whaleboat; the other man had finally joined his dead fellow.

As the *Susan and Jane* rounded to

close aboard them even the iron soul of the boatswain gave way; he was past speech or action. Captain Crowninshield was a man of experience, however. After the first unanswered hail he asked no questions. He saw that the boatswain was too weak even to catch a line; smartly, therefore, he dropped one of his own boats overboard and in a few minutes she drew the other boat alongside. The falls were hooked onto the whaleboat and she was drawn up to the davits, whence it was an easy matter for hands rude yet tender to pass inboard the woman and the man.

There was a homelike appearance to the squat, bluff-bowed whaler, for Captain Crowninshield had on board with him Susan his wife and Jane his daughter—hence the name of his ship. Mrs. Crowninshield, her womanly sympathy stirred and her motherly activities quickened, at once took charge of Julia Cleveland, while one or two of the sailors busied themselves with the boatswain, who was made comfortable in one of the spare cabins of the whaler. Julia was given the mate's room, that officer gladly turning out and doubling up for the time being with one of his juniors.

While these arrangements were being made, the whaleboat was taken from the davits and placed amidships on the *Susan and Jane*. The other boat was hoisted into its accustomed place and the ship filled away on her cruise. Her first stop would be Honolulu, something like fifteen hundred leagues to the northeast, but before she reached there her captain intended to do a great deal of cruising in the hopes of getting some of the big fish he was after on the way.

The next morning the boatswain had sufficiently recovered to tell them brokenly the necessary details of the awful tragedy through which they had gone. Captain Crowninshield had known Captain Cleveland, and was deeply touched by the unfortunate position in which his wife now found herself. He was glad to offer the two asylum on his ship.

He would land them in Honolulu in due course, or transfer them to any

homeward bound vessel they might overhaul. He offered to sign on the boatswain in his own ship, but Foresman refused this.

"No, sir," said he, "Cap'n Steve placed his lady in my charge. I can't do anything else until I get her home to her friends."

As soon as he was fit for duty, however, he volunteered and offered to do a seaman's work so long as he was aboard the ship, and for that Captain Crowninshield promised him liberal pay; also he bought the whaleboat at a high value on Julia Cleveland's account.

Under the careful nursing of the Captain's wife, she recovered in a reasonable time her physical well-being. Indeed, her recuperation was the more rapid in that she was not distracted by any recollection of what she had gone through or what she had lost, for reason did not come back with health. She was as gentle and attractive as she was beautiful; there was indeed a strange softness and tenderness in her demeanor. She had been a very independent and able woman in her normal condition, which made her docility in her madness the more surprising. She sat quietly, leaning against the rail, staring out to sea with a meaningless, vacant gaze. Questions elicited no answer; once in a while there broke from her lips that name which the boatswain had heard so often—"Stephen—Stephen."

She spoke softly now; sometimes a little smile played about her lips as she uttered the name of the man she loved.

Alas! Stephen was pacing restlessly up and down the distant shore raging with all a man's furious impatience against the hopeless impotency of his position, finding little solace or comfort in the really beautiful maiden who watched him wistfully, who would fain walk ever by his side, whose heart went out to him with passion and adoration. There was but one man in the world for her.

After six months, the voyage considerably having been somewhat shortened at last by the necessities of Julia Cleveland's condition, the *Susan and Jane* dropped anchor in the beautiful

harbor of Honolulu. With the money he had earned and what he had received from the sale of the whaleboat, something like six hundred dollars, in his pocket the boatswain took his charge ashore. A faithful missionary and his wife, having heard their story, opened a home to them.

A week later to Captain Stephen Cleveland, mariner, cast away by the sea upon a lonely Pacific island, and naturally believed to be dead by those who thought of him at all, and to his wife Julia, alone among strangers upon another island washed by the waters of the same great sea, a son was born.

How often is such gift of life followed by death! How many times as the one comes the other goes! The event in this instance was contrary and fate played a cross purpose, for it was the child who died and not the mother. He lived long enough for his first cries to pierce the dull hollow of the woman's ears and awaken her to life for the first time since that awful night when she saw the *Swiftsure* rising and falling, now bright, now dark across the troubled seas. At once recollection, memory, came back to Julia Cleveland. She looked into the face of the child she had brought into the world, and saw in its tiny features the image of her husband, and then the little voice was stilled and the little soul went out into the night.

The prenatal voyage of life had been too much for him that was to have been another Stephen Cleveland, and now with returning reason bade fair to be too much for the new mother. With mind restored and recollection returned the ministering friends feared for the life of Julia Cleveland. But youth, strength, a faint hope, a consuming desire, finally triumphed after months of suffering.

Clothed and in her right mind, she stood at last on the deck of a ship bound for San Francisco, and watched fade away into the distance the faint vision of the shore. The old boatswain was with her. He had been her greatest comforter in his rude and rough way. She had learned how he had watched over and protected her; she had ex-

tracted from his unwilling lips by careful questioning the whole story of his sacrifice, how he had starved himself that she might eat, what happened on the *Susan and Jane*, how he had refused the advantages offered by Captain Crowninshield in order that he might discharge his duty to her, how he had resolved to devote himself to her so long as she might have need of his services. He was an old man, this William Foresman, old enough to be her grandfather; indeed, he had sailed with Captain Pellew, her own father, as a young man many years before. He had no ties, no family, nothing to take him from her side. The fact that she had been committed to him by her husband, her long period of helplessness, the sorrow in her heart, had also touched him in a strange sort of way, and the old sailor, beneath whose rough exterior a tender tide of life flowed, firmly resolved to give her everything he had so long as she might have need of him. And Julia Cleveland accepted his devotion gratefully.

She had come to a definite resolution during her long convalescence. She needed the boatswain's assistance, and engrossed by her desires and her intentions she accepted it without hesitation. There was a kind of noble selfishness in her attitude toward him or any other man or woman who might be of service to her. But it was a selfishness that was begot by her great love and her determination not to accept the fact of her husband's death until the failure of an undertaking which she intended to prosecute with all her life should convince her beyond peradventure that he had gone down that night with his ship.

Many a time she had talked the situation over with the old man, who had no hope whatever that Captain Cleveland had survived. Every possibility was against it. The dictum of experience was convincing as to the folly of cherishing such a belief; yet the boatswain could not deny that there was a bare possibility that the Captain had not been burned up before the rain—which would have saved him from that death. The crazy hulk might have survived the storm which, but for his own skill and

strength and the incessant toil of the men at the oars and the fact that it was a lifeboat had certainly overwhelmed the whaleboat. If the wreck of the *Swiftsure* floated after that storm, and if Captain Cleveland were still alive, he might have been picked up, as they had been, by some passing vessel, although the boatswain, judging from what he could recollect of the latitude and longitude of the scene of the disaster, urged that was impossible, there being few or no vessels trading in those seas. Failing that chance, the hulk might have been blown or drifted upon some unknown desert island in those unfrequented parts of the Pacific, and he might still be there. But every possibility that he was alive was of the faintest. The odds against it were millions to one—but that one chance was enough for Julia Cleveland.

Here she was, then, a young wife or widow, she knew not which, practically penniless, approaching San Francisco, a place in which she could only count on the possibility of one friend, Hampton Ellison. She would be three thousand miles by land from her own home, which was no longer home to her since her mother had died, and where she had no living relatives. If she attempted to reach that home another sea voyage around the Horn would be required, or else a cruise down the coast, a passage across the Isthmus and thence through the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic, which would be expensive and more or less purposeless. What could she hope for when she got back to Salem? Sympathy, perhaps, but she must earn her daily bread, and the proposition to go back did not fill her intention or measure up to her ambition in the least degree. She intended to make money enough in some way to buy or charter a ship, to provision her for an indefinite cruise to the South Seas, there to search for her husband—if she did not hear from him before—until she found him, or until every island in the vast archipelago had been visited.

She was as beautiful as before and in years as young, but grief, suffering and bereavement had changed the woman

outwardly and inwardly. The spirit of a high purpose, of a great quest, was upon her; something in her soul supernal was added to a beauty that might have brought the world to her feet had she cared to have it there.

And so she came back as she had gone forth through the Golden Gate. Alas! its radiance was dimmed now. She stepped ashore at San Francisco, young, inexperienced, penniless, friendless but for one old man as unversed in the ways of the world almost as she. It was to be years before she passed out of that Golden Gate again, following her hope, bound, though she realized it not, to that far-off island where Stephen stood waiting with little Felicity on the strand.

VIII

It is not often that a man sits down to think over what he has accomplished in a period passed; and it is less often, even though he makes the attempt honestly, that he has any great success in rightly measuring what has been done. It was by no means a difficult task, however, in the case of Stephen waiting on the strand idly contemplating the sea, the changeless, monotonous ocean which broke on the barrier reef before him as it had broken perhaps since the dawn of the world's morning, certainly long before it had been sighted by any human eye. He had accomplished practically nothing. Back beneath the palms in a sheltered spot there was a rude wattled hut, such as a man could make with no tools but his bare hands. Up on the peak of the island some trifling work in the grotto for the comfort of the woman completed the sum total of his achievements.

On this island there were no knives, no bunches of keys or pieces of flint and steel, nor did he chance upon the remains of any Spanish galleon stranded there centuries before. He had come ashore practically naked; he had brought absolutely nothing into his world, and although he searched every foot of the island he found in it nothing that would serve his purpose. The woman was

equally destitute. There were not even stones suitable to chip into axheads or rude knives; or if there were, to attempt to make such use of them never occurred to him. He was by no means a prodigy, and although he racked his brain he could effect nothing.

Yet he had made something. With certain hard, thorny spines for teeth and with pithy pieces of cane for backing, he had managed to effect a tolerably good substitute for a comb. That rude comb was apparently the one thing that tied him to civilization, the one thing that differentiated him from a savage.

But if he had accomplished nothing materially in those slowly dragging days, he had achieved other tasks. For one thing, he had supplemented the exceedingly limited educational development of Felicity with a store of, to her, wonderful information which he had acquired in his wandering life. There was not much order or sequence in what he told her, not much method in what he tried to impart; but compared to her simple ignorance he was a man of vast and varied learning. The initiative was his, but with a keen thirst for information she soon sought eagerly and assimilated with growing interest and ease all he had to give her. Without writing materials or anything to read, his methods were necessarily hampered and the results accordingly imperfect, but what he had he freely gave to her. Indeed, his only pleasure lay in these daily though desultory lessons.

Felicity had a quick apprehension; her mind was as lively as her spirits, her disposition more volatile than either. Although she did not know the meaning of the word, she coquetted with her companion the greater part of the time. He was too self-centered and too wrapped up in other things to notice it at first, and when he did it made little impression upon him save to amuse him.

Among other things he taught her about the world beyond the sky line—the world from which they were as effectually shut off as Adam and Eve were from Eden after the fall—and he taught her about that world with a growing sense of its appeal and a constantly in-

creasing bitterness and revolt in his mind at its absolute and apparently eternal inaccessibility. She liked to hear of this strange world but it made no great appeal to her. Her content in the situation was in proportion to his discontent.

The moon looks on many brooks, but this poor little brook had seen no other moon than this. There was no one with whom she could compare him; he was to her the greatest, the wisest and most magnificent being in the world.

He had other interests in life, other memories, other hopes, other dreams, other longings which swept over him often and flung him into the most heart-breaking moments of despair. At such times she would steal to his side, and take his hands in hers and try in some instinctive way, in spite of her inexperience, to comfort him. Half mad, and not master of himself, he would suffer these timid and yet appealing caresses, until, with recollection coming to him, he would break away almost roughly, thrusting her aside and plunging into unfrequented parts of the island, bidding her not to follow him; and there he would fight it out alone.

When he left her thus, unnoticed, thrust away, she would fling herself down and sob as if her heart, too, would break. With the love that speedily sprang up within her breast for him would come those pangs of jealous hatred and resentment which make human devotion and affection fall short of the divine.

So her secret is out; indeed it would be as useless as impossible to withhold from the experienced reader this inevitable development of my story. The girl, ripening rapidly into full-grown womanhood, loved the man. She begrudged every glance that he gave that was not hers, every moment in which she was not with him, every thought he wasted upon any other being or any other thing. He never talked to her of his wife. He had long since given Julia up for dead, had buried the memory of her deep in his heart; and although he kept it green he would not resurrect it and make it a subject of chance conversa-

tion. Nor did she ever mention this woman whom she embodied so vaguely; she let the thought of her gnaw and tear her bosom, but when she was bitterest and sorest she smiled more brightly. He was so strong, so handsome, so wise, and he was so kind to her, albeit he persisted in treating her habitually with the condescension one naturally uses toward a child. She had learned from him more than is to be acquired from books or by word of mouth. In one month she had learned more of herself, of her womanhood, of its possibilities than had ever been brought to her consciousness in all the preceding periods of her life.

She was as light on her feet as a summer breeze, as swift as a swallow, as elusive as the perfume of a flower. Oftentimes she watched him from some covert hiding place when he least imagined it. She followed him unnoticed and hid near him when he fancied himself alone. Sometimes when he paced the sand in agony, his hands stretched out alike in vain appeal toward sea and sky and sand, her heart yearned over him. At his word she would have been all things to him. She was his; he had but to take her, but to indicate his wish.

With the delicate passion and abandonment of France, to which was added all the fierce fervor of the tropics, she loved him. Without knowing by name what jealousy was, she tried to make him jealous. She gave and she withheld; she offered and she withdrew. Every instinct of art begot by thousands of generations, of which she was the child, of helplessness and subordination, every tender appeal of old experience in the art of pleasing men she proffered him. He must have succumbed to her wooing a thousand times, had he not been armor-proofed by his devotion to another woman.

Alas! that there should always be some weak joint in the most approved harness, and that persistence will eventually find it, and through it effect an entrance for inimical steel.

So the two blundered along for three long years. Matters were in solution,

however, and the solution was so complete that only a precipitant was needed to effect the chemical and spiritual change.

The daily routine of the two had settled itself into something like order. In the morning by the treacherous and dangerous path she came down the cliff and joined him, fresh from his bath and ready for her, and they spent the long day together. One day was just like another. He insisted upon periods of isolation and separation in the afternoon. Later they met again and lingered together until nightfall sent her to the grotto, to which he came on the mornings of the rainy season for it was dry there and comfortably sheltered and protected.

One day, one week, one year, many years, passed in unvarying sameness. Nothing had ever happened in all that time; no sail had whitened the horizon. Nothing could describe the absolute isolation of the pair. They were completely shut off from mankind. The first vague hope which he had nourished for some kind of a rescue, whence and by what means he could not tell, had long since died away. He was doomed, he felt at last, to live there with this woman until he died. Sometimes of late certain obtruding consciousnesses had come to him, which shaped themselves to fit two words of interrogation, "Why not?" These words were reckless, begot of despair, not disloyalty or indifference; and like the good man that he was, he fought them down, refused them lodgment, dispossessed his heart of them so far as he could.

How long he could have done so and whether he would have wished to do so always is a purely academic question into which we need not go, for something happened at last which brought affairs to a crisis. Whether it happened altogether by chance or whether humanity aided design, it never entered his mind to inquire.

Late one morning he waited in vain on the strand for his daily visitor. He had never had to wait for her before. He could not understand why she did not come, what could be the matter. He

had never been compelled to seek her before; she had been as inseparably by him as his shadow in the sunshine.

He walked restlessly up and down, his impatience growing, a strange feeling of anxiety and pain mingling with disappointment at her absence. Could anything have happened to her? She was accustomed to run recklessly upon the edge of the cliff in spite of his remonstrances; perhaps— He stopped suddenly and called her name.

At last he determined to seek her. He did not try the dangerous path up the cliff, but ran around the longer way. The nearer he approached to the plateau the faster he ran, and at last he turned breathlessly along the edge and stood in the grotto entrance. She was not there. The bed that he had made for her, retaining the leaves and preventing them from scattering by pieces of wood which he had dragged there, had evidently, however, been occupied during the night.

There were thousands of temporary places of concealment on the island; she might be in any of these. In some sportive fancy she might have hid from him. He went back into the open and called her name again and again. And as before there was no answer. He was now overwhelmed with anxiety. Could she have fallen over the cliff? The thought gave him the keenest pain.

Her presence had been a problem to him, but the life they had lived, which he had planned and which he had rigorously carried out, had seemed to postpone indefinitely the solution of that problem; now it burst upon him. What could he do without her? Insufferable as this island was even with her, what would it be if she were dead? It was a strange unusual commixture of emotions that invaded his bosom. He did not love his wife the less, but— He would speculate no longer that way; there madness lay.

He leaned far over the cliff. He stared into the void beneath. He called her name, his voice being lost in the roar of the breakers upon the reefs far down which were within a stone's throw of the cliff's foot. He could see no

sign of her in the clear waters below. With a certain great relief at the negation of this possibility, he turned landward again. He stared down toward his hut under the palms, hoping she might be there; but all was still and silent. No graceful figure flitted fairy-like beneath the trees. No Ariel of the island, flower-crowned, tripped lightly on the sands. He was completely at a loss what to do, and finally determined to go as he did on that long-forgotten day so many years before, to the foot of the island and search it thoroughly from end to end as he had done when first he had realized her presence.

The quickest way to descend to the beach was down the cliff, difficult and dangerous as was the path, especially to him who was neither so light nor so sure of foot as she, sailor though he was. Accordingly down it he went. He progressed more rapidly than ever before. He proceeded with a reckless disregard of the dangers. He flung himself from ledge to ledge and dropped from place to place with as much lightness and grace as she on going to meet him. Rounding an abrupt turn in the path, he found her. She was lying outstretched in a little crevice of the cliff which kept her from falling farther. She stretched out one trembling arm to him, exclaiming:

"Oh, I thought you would never come!"

"What has happened to you?" exclaimed the man breathlessly, as he steadied himself against the face of the rock and looked down at her. "I have never been so frightened in my life. I have searched everywhere for you," he went on in an almost angry reproach.

"I slipped on a rock and fell."

"Are you badly hurt?" he asked, bending over her.

"I don't know. I think so; I can't walk. Look." She thrust out one exquisite foot toward him. He examined it skillfully. Most sea captains of that day were possessed of a certain surgical knowledge of a rough and ready sort; although his manipulations hurt her fiercely, there was a certain pleasure to

be got from them. She stifled every expression of pain until he had finished.

"Felicity," he began, "I believe your leg is broken."

"Is that very bad?" she asked apprehensively.

"No; it seems to be only a simple fracture between the knee and ankle."

"And do you know what to do with it?"

"Certainly. I will bandage your leg up in splints, and you will have to be very quiet for three or four weeks until the bones grow together."

"But what shall I do if I cannot walk?" she asked.

"I will have to bring you things and take care of you until you can."

"It will be very hard for you," she murmured.

"Nonsense," said the man almost roughly.

"I shall try to be as little trouble as possible."

"You couldn't be any trouble if you tried, my dear child," he replied. "I must get you out of this place, but first I had better try to do something with that leg." If he only had a proper bandage! Yet he was not entirely resourceless. Like the first Adam and Eve, they had made themselves garments out of certain plants and leaves and long fibers which they had come upon in their journeyings about the island. They both wore long tunics which fell from shoulder to knee, admirably adapted for their purposes. He knew where he could get scores of rushes with which to plait cords; he had accumulated some lengths of rude lashings in his hut under the palm, and had employed his idle moments in weaving a braid, for what emergency he knew not. And he knew where he could get certain pieces of bark or wood from fallen trees which would make good enough splints. He rose from her side where he had been kneeling and turned away.

"I shall be back in a moment," he said.

"You are not going to leave me here alone?"

"I must. If you lie quiet nothing can

hurt you. It is to get things to bind up your wound that I go," he said.

"I am afraid to lie here," she said, her eyes filling with tears.

She had never spoken to him like that before. He stopped and looked down upon her.

"I can't help it," he said. "Don't move. I'll hurry; don't be afraid." He stooped over and laid his hand gently upon her forehead; it was the first approach to a caress he had ever given her. In the exquisite pleasure and satisfaction of it she forgot the pain and everything else. She shut her eyes that nothing external might intervene between her and joy, and when she opened them he was gone.

IX

HOWEVER delightful her meditations—and that they were delightful at all, in view of the excruciating pain from her broken leg, is evidence of the intensity of her feeling—she was not left long alone. Bestirring himself with a speed he did not often manifest in the *dolce far niente* existence of this enchanted island, Stephen soon knelt by her side again. He had brought with him some of the rude cordage he had made, with the smallest and best pieces of wood he could find for splints, together with some of the woven mats out of which they made their tunics. In a broken cocoanut shell he carried a modicum of water. He lifted her head gently and allowed her to drink a little, and then with the rest he laved her swollen and fevered limb. When all his preparations were complete he raised the broken member as tenderly as he could and said:

"I am afraid I am going to hurt you, Felicity, but it has to be."

"You couldn't hurt me," said the girl bravely. "I would be willing to lose that foot or anything else to see you bending over and caring for me this way."

He arranged his rude appliances as rapidly as possible. He dexterously snapped the bone in place, in spite of

the almost unbearable agony, for she was not used to illness as women usually are, and she had never before known what it was to be hurt and to suffer much bodily pain. He rapidly affixed the splints, wrapped them and tied them securely. It was a rude piece of work, but the fracture was a simple one, and he had no doubt that with proper care and watching in a few weeks her leg would be as sound as the other one. He had worked rapidly in spite of her moaning, but he was glad at last to say to her, "It is all over. Did it hurt very much?"

"No; you were so gentle with me and so kind. What should I have done without you?"

"Yes," he returned, forcing himself to adopt a matter-of-fact tone, "it was a lucky thing that I was here." It was the first time, he might have reflected, that he had viewed his being upon the island in the light of a good fortune.

"What is to be done now?" asked the woman. "I suppose I can't walk on that foot."

"Certainly not; I shall have to carry you."

"I don't see how you can carry me down that narrow rocky way."

"It's got to be done; you can't stay here." He could not possibly carry her to the top. Fortunately the worst half of the descent had been passed before she fell. "And I'll have to hurt you sorely again in doing it," he continued.

He endeavored to support the dangling limbs as much as possible, but his success was not great. Again she bore the torture with the resolution of a heroine. The fact that she was clasped in his arms, that her head lay upon his shoulder, that his own arms were around her, that she could feel his heart beat against her own, in view of all the long years of waiting, intoxicated her with a kind of delirium, a madness which made her almost forget the pain.

How he got down to the shore he never knew. The strain, not only of her weight, although she was but a slight thing, but the dangers of the steep trail almost unnerved him. Although he was powerful beyond the ordinarily

vigorous man, he was trembling in every joint; every muscle ached and the sweat poured from his face when he stopped at last.

"Shall I put you down," he asked, "or—"

"Don't ever put me down," whispered the woman faintly. "If I have to be carried farther let it be now," she added.

He started forward rapidly, holding her close, until he reached the little hut under the palm. In the rainy season it was wattled closely down to the ground, but that unpleasant period in the year had not yet arrived. The hut now was simply a roof, broad and low and wide extending and open on all sides for the play of any breeze. Upon his own bed of leaves and fern he laid her, and although there was relief in it from the pain, she regretted in her soul that her cheek touched the leaves of fragrant fern and grass rather than his shoulder.

She had her eyes closed; he thought she had fainted. Immediately he stooped over her, and her hand reaching out caught his. She looked so pale, so small, so fair, so dependent upon him, so helpless, that his heart went out to her. His breath came a little quicker; the color flamed into his cheek, denoting something of what he had fought down. Unbidden thoughts rose in his soul. He looked again. Two great tears trembled beneath her long lashes.

"Oh," she murmured pathetically, "it hurts me so! You won't leave me again alone, as before?"

"No," said the man thickly.

Her handclasp tightened; she drew him toward her. Scarcely knowing what he did or how he did it, he slipped his arm under her head and lifted it up a little and their lips met, the fire and passion and sweet desire, the outgush of absolute devotion that trembled in her own awakening a response in his.

"Poor little Felicity!" he murmured, drawing her head to his breast.

His arm stole about her; she released his hand and her arm slipped around his neck. She smiled up at him through her tears, content at last.

"Don't call me poor," she whispered after a while. "I never knew the mean-

ing of my name before. I am so happy. I have loved you so much, so long, ever since I found you in the night on the island; but you never cared. All my beauty, all that I have, all that I have learned from you, all that you made me, all that you wanted me to be, are for you. I've lived for your love until this hour. You were always kind to me, but nothing else. I don't know how other women love; I have been here alone on this island; I have had nobody to teach me, nobody to tell me, but here"—she laid her hand beneath her small breast like a child's—"I have felt things. We are alone together. No one has ever come here; no one ever will come. I have wondered if I were to live here forever and never know what love is, never to have you kiss me as you did just now, never to feel your heart against my own. But now it is all changed; I am so happy. You do love me, don't you? You do care?"

God forgive him, what else could he say? Could he decry and deny that appeal? This woman was absolutely alone but for him. No man had ever come into her life; perhaps no man but him ever would come. She was made for love; she had a woman's passionate craving for care and tenderness, to be compassed with sweet observances, to be admired and adored. Fate had put him by her side. Should he not take what the gods provided, and give, too, even though in his secret heart he could not return in full measure the perfect devotion with which she overwhelmed him? *Carpe diem*. Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die. Why should he not respond to her appeal?

As he held her close looking into her eyes so softly blue, there arose the picture of another woman, a woman who had always been held in his heart and who would always hold the first place there. But she was dead. The years had come and gone, with no message from out the vasty deep to bid him hope. He would have been faithful to her memory under other circumstances, but no man was ever placed in circumstances like these. He owed this woman something. Her life was incomplete. She

could never taste the happiness of conventional wedded life and love.

Indeed, since he had surprised her into this frank avowal of her affections, life on any terms than those inevitable which she proposed would be impossible for these two. There would be no priest to bless the union, but perhaps God might approve the sacrifice that he would make. And it was not such a sacrifice either; most men would not have thought of it as such. In the world men would have gone mad for a woman like Felicity. The glory of her heart, the crown of her love, would be worth any struggle. For kisses from her lips men would pay any price.

There was a singular sense of justice in Captain Stephen. He recognized that in taking her as he must he would be receiving much more than he gave. But she need never know it. There was a sort of uneasy feeling, besides, that perhaps in time his possession of this sweet and gracious spirit of the woodland hill might cause him to grow contented and forget.

It was hard to think connectedly in that delirious moment, for the girl, forgetful of everything else drew him closer to her and kissed him with complete and entire abandonment. The clouds had begun to gather on his brow, but he threw everything to the wind. He did not deny the sweetness of her lips. The woman tempted him, and he did eat of the forbidden fruit. So it always has been even in Eden.

When Felicity's broken leg recovered, she went no more at night to that lonely grotto on the high hill. Serenely she slept sweet in the thatched hut under the palm near the shore with her head on his arm, ignorant of the long hours he lay motionless staring up into the blackness, wide awake. He thought of another head that had lain on his arm. Happiness filled the woman's heart, while the man fought with more or less success to keep back, to crush down recollections. In happy days and sweet delusions the slings and arrows of outraged conscience fell back blunted and aimless from the shield of possession. One touch of a woman's lips, and she

had mastered him. Once he had returned that caress, and he fell.

And in that same hour two stood at sunset time within a lonely canyon rived out of a great mountain in a far-off land. A small camp had been pitched below by the side of a rushing brook, which babbled and purled in merry chatter along its way. By the side of the tent an old man sat smoking quietly and meditating. Among the trees facing the setting sun by the side of another brook a man and a woman bent over a pan in which something had been washed. Pick and shovel lay beside them. He was a fine specimen of young manhood; what shall be said of the woman? She was tall, with length of limb that betokened race and ease of bearing that bespoke breeding; with splendid sunlit hair and eyes radiant with truth and beauty, with every line of her figure exhibiting the struggle between grace and strength. Pride and freedom and royal will were there—and in her face disappointment unutterable.

"It is no use, Julia," said the man, throwing away the contents of the pan. "There is nothing." He pitched the vessel to one side as he spoke and stepped nearer to her. "Why not give up? He was my friend. I respected and loved him. He staked me, gave me a new start in life when he met me here four years ago. But he is certainly dead—you have given to many ships tidings of his loss, and search has been made by every vessel that has touched San Francisco or Honolulu or Japan and all up and down the Pacific seas, and not one word from him has ever come to you."

"Not one word," admitted the woman reluctantly. "It has been a long period of agonized disappointment. I have worked so hard; I have struggled so desperately. At first I begged and starved, and then you came and you helped me; we have gone out together to try and find gold in these hills and we have failed."

"Yes," said the man, "but you have made a brave and honest try. Now give it up. I love you. Don't start

back; surely there is no treachery; there can be no wrong in that! No man could be with you as I have been and not love you; you have been so alone."

"Foresman was there," interrupted the woman.

"Yes, God bless him! But he is an old man; he must soon go, and my love is young. I know that I am not such a man as Stephen Cleveland; there were few men like him. I know that you could never care for me as you did for him, but you can't go on this way. It isn't right for you to throw away your life, to give up all that might be in it, for the dead. Give me a chance. I have loved you ever since I found you almost starving on the street in San Francisco, ever since you came into my life."

"With poor old Foresman sick in the one spot we could call home."

"Yes, and I have stayed to help you since then. I have had other opportunities but I have put them aside to serve your purpose."

"You have indeed been very kind to us."

"I don't want anything on that account; I only bring it up to show you that I was faithful. I have earnestly fought to help you into the arms of another man, if it were possible that he might be alive. You don't know what agony it has been. I am from North Carolina, and blood runs hotter there than in the colder North. I have kept it down, but now it all has to come out. Can't you see, can't you realize, what you are to me?"

"I have been blind," said the woman almost in a daze, "but I see it now. I might have seen it before, but I was thinking of someone else."

"You were cherishing, living on a hope, which I do solemnly believe before God and man has no foundation. If he had been picked up he would have come back to you. It wasn't possible for him to escape. He's dead—I know it. But think now of the living. Let me take you. Be my wife; let me devote myself to you. You are young; years are before you. For God's sake, Julia—"

The woman shook her head. "Hampton," she said, "I can't do it. Before God I married that man. I gave myself to him until death parted us."

"But he is dead; you are parted."

"I don't know it, and I won't believe it."

"And if he were?"

The woman hesitated. "If he had been dead you would have married me?" he persisted.

"No," she answered softly. "God forgive me for hurting you—I can't do it. All these years since that moment when he fell back into the flames, when I watched with straining eyes the light from that ship rise and fall, go out and come back again and at last disappear, I have had but one idea, one hope, one dream; that was to go back and hunt for him, to search island after island where he might have found a refuge, and where he may be now eating his heart out, looking across the empty waves for the wife whom I know he would never forget."

"But he is dead—he *must* be dead," he persisted.

"That makes no difference to me. I loved him living, and I love him dead. 'Until death do us part' we swore. If he is gone, I shall wait alone until God restores me to him. Next to him you have the highest place in my heart."

"But it isn't high enough—"

"No, not for what you want."

The man turned and stood a moment, his face raised to the declining sun. She turned away from him and buried her own face in her hands, and so the sacrament of prayer was offered upon that lonely mountainside. The man recovered himself first.

"I was a fool to have spoken," he said. "I have kept it hidden for all these years, and now we will go on as before."

"No," said the woman, "that's impossible. There is that between us which will forever keep us apart. You must go your way, and I must go mine."

"I have no way but yours."

"You are a man; you must make a way."

"And you?"

"My way is made."

"And it leads—"

"To him, living or dead."

Ellison bowed his head before her. "I accept it, but only because I have to," he said bitterly.

"Good-bye," said the woman, extending her hand. "I shall never forget what you have done for me, what you have been to me. Foresman and I will go down by the trail tonight to the town."

"Wait," said the man; "I wasn't quite fair with you."

She stopped and looked at him in surprise. "Not fair with me? What do you mean?"

"This," he continued, "makes life as before impossible, as you say; yet I wanted to try my fortune before I told you. I did not intend to keep it from you, but I realized that if I could not win your affection before I told you it would be absolutely impossible after. You are a rich woman. You can indulge your desires. You can buy a ship if you want to, or a fleet; you can go where you will."

"What are you telling me?" she cried.

"This claim has panned out; I deceived you. If my experience is anything, it will be worth millions. And one third of it is yours; one third of it is mine; one-third of it belongs to Foresman. You know we agreed to share alike. You can search for your husband to the end of time if you will; and please God," said the man, "since it is not to be I, that you may find him."

Unable to comprehend the full nature of this overwhelming revelation, Julia stood staring at him.

"I suppose," continued Ellison slowly, "that you will be angry with me for withholding the news from you, and in a way I deserve it, yet every man is entitled to his chance. I shall leave you, but I shall never forget you. This hour and all the rest that we have spent together is burned in my memory. You are in my heart, although you may be in the arms of another man; he can't take that comfort and that joy from me. Before I go I will arrange all matters for you, and though you go back to

Stephen, won't you try to forgive me, and not to forget me?"

"I will never forget you," said the woman. "It isn't necessary to say I will forgive you. You have been everything that a man could be to the wife of his friend. And I never liked you so well, never wanted you so much, never wished I could do something for you as I do at this moment."

She took his hand, bent her head and pressed her lips to it. Then, turning away, she left him.

X

A YEAR in the sight of Him to whom a thousand are but as a watch in the night is a small thing, yet to two on an island it may be almost an eternity. Having once given way to the temptation—and it is a wonder that Captain Stephen Cleveland had not fallen sooner—there was no restraint thereafter.

Felicity was so sweet, so winsome, her devotion so whole-souled so absolute, her naive joy was so all-pervading, that Stephen persuaded himself that he really loved her. There were clouds upon the horizon of his happiness, to be sure; his passion for her, if his feelings might be so called, was of the earth earthy, not high nor uplifting. He thought of another love, and with these thoughts came smittings of shame. At such times he would fain break away as of old and be alone. Felicity was exigent and growing more exacting in her demands upon him with every passing hour. She could not bear him a moment out of her sight. The yoke was sometimes galling. At such times he spoke to her roughly, even throwing her aside and rushing away from her madly. When he came back to her, as he always did after a while, the sight of her pale, agonized face filled him with remorse which gave a somewhat fictitious value to his usually rather careless caresses.

Felicity had no standards of comparison save what she herself furnished, and in the conditions obtaining on the island such standards were scarcely adequate for right measurement, or she would

have found something lacking in his devotion. She knew, of course, that hers was the greater love, but that seemed to her inevitable and to be expected. In the main, therefore, she was radiantly happy. Yet when her lord was wroth at her, his anger or his indifference or his preoccupation wrought madness in her brain.

Little by little she had gleaned from him the story of his wife, the bare outlines, and she had a womanly instinct enough to fathom some of the details at least. What she had learned and imagined frightened her. She had all the natural jealousy of a French woman, intensified by the position in which she found herself. Did his mind wander, did his eyes stray, there quickened in her breast suspicion that he was forgetting her for the moment and recalling the other woman. She did not often voice these suspicions; after one or two hesitating efforts she never referred to them; but they were latent always, and could be easily awakened. What she might do under a really jealous provocation could only be surmised. Within her lay depths which he had never sounded, passions which he did not quite apprehend. He never could sound those depths or apprehend those passions in her because he did not love enough. These secrets yield to nothing less than the absolute. Only love can understand love; only passion can fathom passion.

Her only means of retaining him, of dispelling his gloom and of obliterating the thoughts that came unbidden, of which she was neither the sharer nor the object, was to redouble her efforts to please him, to disclose to him more unreservedly the secrets of her heart, to conceive new allurements, to submit herself more absolutely to his will and pleasure. Alas, poor Felicity! Sometimes he trembled on the awful verge of satiety; sometimes he almost grew tired of her; yet he was generally very tender. Sometimes he threw aside repentance and they wandered hand in hand like two children over hill and valley, playing with life and happiness. He knew that the structure they were building in this idyllic Eden was like the famous

house that was builded on the sand, the sand of a wrong relationship, the sand of one-sided affection, the sand of a violation, however it might be excusable, of a moral law, not the less actual and obvious because he alone perceived it. What would happen when the rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon the house?

Daily the two sat on the cliff and watched the seas, he with emotions and desires, hopeful yet apprehensive, she with personal indifference simply because he wished it. After all his circumspection, he had in the end recklessly plunged into this affair—was it only an “affair” with him?—because he saw no future but the island and the woman. Suppose that he had seen wrongly, and that the world should once more seek him out with means of return? “The world forgetting, by the world forgot,” was her motto, could she have phrased it. *Carpe diem*—enjoy the day—that was all. It was enough for her, not enough for him.

Of late for some months strange feelings begot of unwonted conditions, yearnings eternal as womanhood, unexplainable emotions had come upon her. Instinct revealed something to her, but it was not until after one certain day of exquisite pain that a thin, shrill voice from a little figure lying by her side brought consciousness of the mystery of life to her. Then at last she understood. The zenith in the life of poor little Felicity, in the life of every woman, was reached: she became a mother.

Felicity had been to him only a toy, a plaything, the solace of idle hours, the resort of a soul which had little else before it. Now it was all different. Although she had reached a woman's years, she had been a child until the quickening moment; and now she was a mother—the mother of his child.

What did that mean? The tie before had been vague, indefinite; it might perchance be broken. But now he was bound to her forever. No link of steel could be more rigid and more constraining. Her helplessness, his acquiescence in her passion, had forged shackles for his honor.

Suppose by any chance Julia had been saved and was alive now! It was unthinkable. Now he prayed it might not be, or if she had been, that she would never know. It was the first time such a prayer had ever arisen in his heart. He looked down into the face of the woman who had borne his son and thought—God forgive him—at that very moment when her whole soul was going out to him, that he still loved another woman. Yet he was so far true, so far accepted the situation as now to hope that if the other woman lived she might never know. He resolved if by chance they were rescued he would never tell his story. He and his wife were severed forever. Baby hands pushed away her image, and Felicity must take her place.

Her hand was stretched to him as he sat by her side. “You look sad,” she said in a faint voice. “Aren't you pleased with me?”

“Very pleased,” he answered, forcing himself to smile.

“And aren't you proud of your little son?”

“Very proud.”

“Are you—” she hesitated; had she not been so weak perhaps she would not have said it—“are you thinking about that other—that other woman?”

“No,” he lied bravely.

“If you were thinking of anyone but of me at this hour I should die,” she went on piteously.

“And leave your child?”

“He does not need me any more than I need you.”

“In your need I am here, as in his need you are here.”

“And do you love me very much—more than anything in the world?” she pleaded.

“Now, you know,” he answered, “I have got to divide my affections between you and—” he stopped suddenly; she looked at him with such breathless terror that he hurried on—“between you and our son.”

Oh, the relief of that conclusion! It was like the cessation of those pains of a few hours before. She was jealous even of her own child.

“If I thought you loved him more

than you loved me, I could wish that he had never come," she responded passionately.

When she slept that night he went out alone under the stars, and the pains through which she had gone were no keener and sharper than those tearing his soul, yet for him there was no deliverance.

What was to be the outcome? It was presently to be determined, for there was sailing toward them a ship. Upon its deck stood a woman; she owned the vessel. By her side was an old sailor. He lived aft, berthed in the cabin and was her friend.

The ship had cleared for the South Seas on a trading voyage, and those signing her articles realized that it might be years before they returned to San Francisco. She was bound into unknown waters to search unknown islands. Captain Crowninshield was in command. The vessel was crammed to the hatches with provisions and trading supplies, but the chief element of her cargo was hope.

The woman stood aft, but she did not look astern at the fast receding shore; her gaze was thrown ahead through the Golden Gate out over that long stretch of unfrequented seas, in which she prayed she might find him whom she loved.

Swiftly the ship made her way across the beautiful bay and out through the Golden Gate. Upon one of the headlands a man stood staring. He had placed at the woman's disposal one third of the great Cleveland-Ellison mine. He had not sought her out nor spoken to her during the long year that had elapsed since he had seen her go down the mountain toward the sunset leaving him alone. He stood alone now and watched the ship go out to sea. So the unconscious woman left unhappiness behind, and if she had known it, went to meet unhappiness before.

XI

SOMEHOW or other the baby made a difference. Try as he might, Stephen could not disguise from Felicity that he

cared perhaps more for young Stephen than for his mother, and this thought filled her with exquisite anguish. Words are lacking to describe the passion with which the man inspired her. By an unfortunate change, the more irrevocably the man became committed to the present woman, the more persistently the absent one recurred to his thoughts. The stronger the ties that bound him to Felicity on that island, the more consuming became his longing to get away.

The irrevocable, the irremediable, the unchangeable, is of all other burdens the hardest to be borne. While he had only played with life and love with Felicity the situation was not so tremendous; but when it became so intensely serious, and he could see that seriousness every time he looked at the boy, affairs took upon themselves another complexion. In a way he loved her; she satisfied at least one part of his nature, but not all. She had nothing to offer him but her love. The experience of centuries might have told this child of nature, had she possessed ability to read it or understand it, that love alone was not enough.

Since they had entered into these closer and dearer relations she had understood what she had never comprehended before, what the other woman had been to him. This developed a certain unwonted melancholy in her soul. Sometimes she thought her heart would break; sometimes she was afraid. Often when he left her she would walk upon the shore and look out to the sea. Sometimes she climbed up to where she had stood the first time that he had seen her, upon the dizzy verge of the cliff, and stared down on the mighty pulsations of the ocean beneath her, the baby clasped in her arms. Then with growing frequency she wondered if it would not be better, after all, to— But that would leave him utterly alone. Felicity had begun to understand just how much and how little the man she worshiped loved her. She was more or less necessary to him there and now. She was in some ways indispensable.

She could not leave him, yet there was a certain fierce joy to think how he would miss her; if she were absent, he would know what she had become to him. He would understand and fathom then, if not before, the love that he had lost. And Felicity would almost have died for that, but that she would not be there to see it.

As she lived with him she forgot everything else. Her world was on the island; it was within the circle of his arms—even the boy occupied a secondary place in her heart. The world for him was by no means within her arms; it was very far away, yet not so far but that he could hear its call. The call grew to him louder and more insistent.

For a time he had been dully contented; he was so no more. He sat for hours with the boy between his knees on the cliff head, little Felicity lying upon the grass at his side, her hand touching him tenderly now and then. At such times he little noted her. She looked at him, he at the sea. Their desires no more paralleled than did their glances.

Felicity often wondered what they would do if a ship should come. It would take them away, of course. The man, the woman and the boy would leave the little island and go out into the world of which she could remember little or nothing. What she could recall filled her with forebodings. So far as she ever did pray this poor child prayed that no ship might come.

There is an element of selfishness in most passions and it was not absent from Felicity's heart, but there were capabilities latent in it of a self-abnegation which was absolute. At some moments the girl would have sacrificed her soul for him without a thought of consequences, without a moment of hesitation.

After her reference in that birth hour, she had never again mentioned the other woman, whose name she did not even know. She had tried to introduce the topic once but Stephen had thrust the boy he had been holding into her arms, and had harshly forbidden

her to refer to the subject again, and had broken away.

Picture them there one morning upon the high headland where the trees grew nearest to it, the baby, a year old, playing at their feet. They sat side by side. His arm held her close to him; with the other hand he played with her long, slender fingers; he even bent to kiss them, and laughed at some of her playful fancies. Some good angel possessed him for the moment. Felicity was perfectly happy. The moment passed. He lifted his eyes and glanced icily down the hill across the sand. There suddenly shot into the compass of his vision the white sails of a great ship.

She had come up from the other side. They had not thought to look that way, expecting nothing. They had had no warning; and here she was rounding the point, luffing to the wind for a beat along the reef toward the entrance, easy to be seen from the decks, for the sea ran blue and smooth there between lines of white-topped breakers on either hand.

For a moment Stephen looked amazed; then he sprang to his feet with such furious haste that the woman was thrown carelessly aside. He stood staring.

"Great God!" he murmured. "It is a ship at last!"

He forgot everything in his mad excitement. His heart throbbed; his pulses beat; his blood raced through his veins. He turned away—another second and he would have been gone. Felicity threw herself toward him and caught him securely by the ankle, as he had caught her by the ankle so many years ago.

"Wait!" she cried imploringly.

"I can't wait! Don't you see it's a ship? It might pass by!"

"Don't signal her!" cried the woman. "They will separate us; they will take you away!"

"I won't go without you," answered the man. "I will take you along; we will get back to the world."

"Where the other woman is!" cried Felicity. "I would rather stay here alone with you."

"Nonsense!" said the man roughly. "I am bound to you forever, and if they take me they must take you and—"

"But the other woman?"

"There is no other woman. Let me go; take the child and follow after," he cried, wrenching himself free.

He was mad with excitement. He turned without another word or glance and plunged over the cliff, and by the most dangerous way descended rapidly toward the beach.

Felicity threw herself down, buried her face in her hands and sobbed. Anxiety was followed by a premonition of danger she could not explain. It was the baby crawling near her, a tiny chubby hand upon her cheek, that recalled her to her senses. How long she had lain there she did not know; a few moments, perhaps, but measured in suffering a lifetime. She saw it all now. This was the beginning of the end. How tenuous, after all, was the tie that bound! Was there any real tie in strands that were not interwoven with cords of love? Felicity knew little of honor and of its so-called bindings, indeed.

She raised her head at last, drew the baby into her arms and looked down toward the ship. It was a heavenly morning. She saw Stephen standing upon the beach. He was waving frantically a bough of a tree which he had torn from its stem as he ran. Felicity divined that the world was knocking at her door and would soon effect an entrance. She must be there, too. How had she allowed him to escape from her? She must be by his side; she could not trust him alone with that world.

With a frantic terror she lifted the baby to her shoulder and started down the longer way through the trees. She was trembling so that she could not have ventured even had she been alone the steep descent of the cliff. As she left the plateau, she saw a small boat drop from the side of the ship and make its way to the shore. She must hurry if she would be in time.

What of Stephen? Who shall describe his emotions? They were sim-

ple for the moment; the unexpected, the improbable, had at last happened. Here were men who would take him from this ghastly spot with its two companions—baby and woman, who would restore him to his kind, enable him to do a man's work, to live again.

He was so excited and the distance was so great that he did not notice that the last person who descended the ship's side into the small boat was a woman. He threw aside the branch and stood, with clasped hands and heaving breast and staring eyes, at the very water's edge.

As the boat's keel grated along the sand, Felicity reached the shore. Coming down she had caught a glimpse of the boat and it seemed to her that one of those who sat in the after part was a woman. There was only one other woman in the world for Felicity. Therefore she stopped and lay hidden in the coppice a few feet back of Stephen. She would wait before she disclosed herself. She would see who this was and what would happen. She quieted the baby, and with every nerve tense, with her heart choking, dying, she watched the boat reach the shore.

An old man clambered out. With a sudden awful sense of shock Stephen recognized him. It was Foresman, the boatswain to whom had been submitted the charge of the woman he had loved and lost. And there by his side—God, could it be?—she stood! The sunlight on her bright hair, her eyes shining, her hands outstretched, poised on the gunwale for a moment like a bird, she leaped upon the sand, and ran toward the man standing petrified, rooted to the spot, incapable of motion.

"Stephen!" she cried. "Stephen! Thank God, I have found—"

"Julia!" said the man hoarsely. "My wife—great God, my wife!"

He fell to his knees at her feet; her arms went around his shoulders; she bent low over him. Crushed with thoughts tumultuous, terrible, which he could not control, he knelt before the brave and splendid woman who had been faithful to him, who had worked for him and at last had come

to seek him bringing deliverance in her hands. This was the woman he loved, whom he had so frightfully wronged.

But was this the only woman he had wronged? There was another watcher to that meeting; another woman saw the light in Julia Cleveland's eyes and divined what it meant. As in a flash the situation was revealed to her—this woman was his wife and he loved her!

Stephen lifted his face, and Felicity saw that in it which she had never been able to awaken. The world had come, the world and the one woman. She was dispossessed. There was no place for her. It was a big world, he had said, but it was not large enough for Felicity and Stephen Cleveland and that other woman.

She was a creature of mad and sudden impulse, this island girl, but she seemed to realize that whatever happened, however long she might speculate, there was only one conclusion to which she could come, she and the boy. They were too many; there was no place for them. She did not trust herself to look longer. She gathered the boy up, stifled his cry and slipped noiselessly away. When she got a safe distance she ran as she had never run before. So she breasted the steep of the hill and burst through the trees. For a moment she stood with her baby in her arms, silhouetted against the sky line. One glance backward she could not deny herself; one faint hope trembled in her bosom. But no; the man whom she had loved was standing now, his arm about the woman. It was all over. She stood poised, one foot thrust backward, one projecting over the dizzy edge. She stared down below at the wild sea breaking upon the rocks. What prayer came from poor little Felicity's heart to the unknown God, there upon the verge?

She loved much—perhaps that entitled her to the pity of Him who loved most of all—and she knew but little of that world in which she had no place. Perhaps in some other world they might find room for her and her boy.

For the first time since she had come

Stephen looked away from his wife. By some impulse his eyes lifted and he saw Felicity standing on the very verge, where he had seen her standing so many years ago, and she saw him. As he stared she waved a slender hand in gesture of farewell, then clasped the baby closer to her bosom. Stephen stood speechless, his wife by his side following his gaze.

"Who is that?" she demanded with sudden harshness.

"Felicity!" he cried suddenly, not heeding the question.

There was a white flash in the sunlight, and she was gone and the baby with her.

The man and the woman upon the shore stood appalled. He took a step forward, staggered, clasped his hands to his face and crashed down like a stricken oak. The woman stooped by his side. She did not touch him; she did not know whether he was dead or not; she did not know whether she would be glad or sorry.

"Oh!" she murmured, wringing her hands in agony. "Was it for this that I sought and found you?"

So in the very moment of hope's fruition for these two daughters of Eve, joy passed. Of two women grinding at the mill of life, one shall be taken and another left, and which shall be counted the more miserable?

XII

THEY buried Felicity and her baby on the high plateau whence she had leaped into eternity. Foresman read the burial service over what remained of the two. On one side of the narrow opening stood Captain Cleveland, on the other side Julia, his wife. He looked from the hard, set face of his wife into the face of the dead girl and wondered how it would all end.

He had longed for the coming of the world to that desolate island. Now that it was here, what had it to offer him?

Save for her breathing Julia Cleveland scarcely seemed more alive than

the other. As she gazed a slow tear ran unnoticed down her cold cheek. Never had doubt of him crossed her mind. She had made many pictures of the possible reunion; never one like this. Her heart filled with bitter resentment. Her own devotion had been so absolute that she made no excuses for him.

For the moment she was sorry for Felicity. Curiously enough the fact that she, too, had been a mother, the mother of this man's child, and that her child, too, was dead, inclined her heart to tenderness.

It was soon over. The small grave was covered with a huge mound of rocks and surmounted with a rude cross.

They rowed out to the ship and without further ceremony got aboard and began their voyage back to the world again.

Stephen stood on deck and watched his Island of Enchantment fade away like a dream.

There was a certain relief in his soul. The Gordian knot had been cut. Felicity had cut it in her own way, by her own act. He intended to keep back nothing from his wife; he counted on the love she bore him, and he hoped to win her respect again, without which he could not enjoy her affection.

Old Foresman broke his reverie. "Your wife wants you below in the cabin, sir."

XIII

"STEPHEN CLEVELAND—" began the woman. It was the first time that she had spoken to him since she had addressed that question to him just before he fell prostrate on the sand.

"Julia—" he began in turn, as she stopped short, apparently unable to proceed.

The woman shook her head, frowning. "What right have you to speak to me? After what has passed, I should think—"

He interrupted her quickly. "Unless you give me such a right, I have none," he said firmly with dignity that matched her own.

"You have no right in me or with me at all. What I shall give you," said the woman passionately, "I do not know. In my present state of mind, nothing."

"It may be true that, as you say, I deserve nothing at your hands. It is certain that I deserve little, and yet, perhaps I am not altogether so guilty and so disloyal as you think me."

"I do not wish any enlightenment. I can see it all—"

"No; that is just what you cannot see, and which I intend to tell you."

"Do you intend to shelter yourself behind the woman?" she asked scornfully.

"God forbid. The blame was mine," he admitted.

"You may as well tell me how it all happened," she said. "Suppress no details."

XIV

JULIA CLEVELAND threw back her head and laughed—a laugh in which there was neither joy nor merriment. Stephen looked at her in sudden amazement.

"Can you ever forgive me?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she said lightly; "I can forgive you easily."

He had not looked for such indifference. "I do not understand you," he said.

"You will when I tell you my story."

"Have you also a story to tell?"

"I have," she answered with sudden calm. "Do you think a woman such as I"—she rose to her feet and threw out her arms splendidly, as if inviting judgment and confident of an approving verdict—"could be alone in the world with a tie so tenuous as that contingent upon the remote possibility of your being alive, without having a story, Stephen Cleveland? You have been frank with me; I shall be equally frank with you. While your lovely spirit of the island wooed and won you, there were those who sought my heart."

She lifted her hand as she spoke and showed him her wedding ring. As he looked she slowly drew it from her finger and dropped it indifferently on the table

between them and slowly pushed it toward him.

"He loved me," she said, concluding the story of her rescue and her meeting with Hampton Ellison in San Francisco.

"But you?"

"No woman could be insensible to such passion as he manifested. He urged that you were legally dead and that we could marry."

"And did you?"

"No," came the blunt answer, "we did not; I had some scruples as to that, but—" She was white now; her voice was very low. She sank down in the chair. Stephen's face was a strange thing to look upon; jealousy, passion tore at his heart; the sweat stood out on his brow; one arm stole across the table toward her; his hand clenched, he stared a moment in silence.

"What am I to infer," he cried at last, "from what you say? Did you—did you give yourself to him?"

"Yes."

"As his wife?"

She made no answer—only shook her head. The situation was almost unsupportable. When she realized how she was tearing at the heart of her husband, she almost repented what she was doing. She began to realize dimly that his life with Felicity had been an episode, after all, and that she herself was the real object of his love.

"Damn you!" cried the man furiously, grasping her by the shoulder and shaking her with a force of which he was not conscious. "How dare you sit there and tell me news like that?"

"And how dare you," cried Julia, finding voice at last, "fresh from the clasp of another woman's arms, curse me for doing what you did? Take away your hand, Stephen Cleveland."

She rose and confronted him. This was her hour, after all; she did not mean to let it escape her. He had transgressed; it was right he should suffer.

"What difference is there before God between us?" she demanded impatiently.

"Had I a weapon," he cried, "I'd kill you where you stand!"

"You asked my forgiveness a moment since, and I gave it. Will you give yours to me now?" she persisted.

"No," he cried, "so help me God, never!" He leaned across the table and struck her on the face.

"You strumpet!" he cried.

Then he turned and hurled himself out of the cabin.

XV

Who shall describe that long voyage homeward? There was nothing to call Julia Cleveland back to San Francisco. Her affairs there were in good hands; her agents were reliable and to be trusted; she had only to draw the dividends on her shares in the great mine, which developed in richness beyond anyone's expectations. Her ship was amply provided for a much longer cruise than she had made, and there was nothing to prevent her going direct to Salem, a port neither he nor she had visited since they set forth in the *Swiftsure* so many years before.

Under other circumstances she would have consulted her husband before deciding such a matter, but now she felt that she owed him nothing. Besides, the ship was undoubtedly hers and she could certainly do as she pleased. She gave her orders accordingly. Stephen asked no questions and made no attempt to interfere with the navigation of the ship. Engrossed in his own troubles and therefore more or less indifferent to what had happened in the world since he dropped out of it, he mingled but little with the officers, and kept studiously aloof from his wife.

The voyage was uneventful. Strangely enough, they spoke no ships until they were within a few days from their home port.

One afternoon Julia heard a knock and her husband's voice at the door of the cabin, and with a nervous voice she bade him enter. It was spring and the room was full of light. Stephen stopped and stared hard at his wife. She was thinner, paler than she had been. Upon him in turn the anxieties and apprehensions of the voyage had sat heavily. He

was worse off than she, for she was conscious of her own innocence, and he was not; she could see a possible end to the situation and he could not; her love for him could bridge a gap that opened between them—his could not.

He stood very straight and erect before her. Secretly her heart thrilled to the recognition of his manhood. Insensibly time and distance had mellowed some of her antagonism. Her passion for her husband was great; to have been near him day after day, to have seen him, to have heard his voice even infrequently, had been enough to stir her heart to its very depths.

"There is something that must be talked over between us," said the man at last. "We are nearing home. And before the anchor is dropped some kind of life has to be arranged between us."

"That is true."

"I have thought it all over. We have both sinned, each against the other. Which has done the other the more harm I shall not attempt to say."

"I suppose," said the woman slowly, "that naturally you hate me, perhaps despise me."

"I don't hate you," he returned. "I don't despise you. God help me, I even believe that I love you still."

"You could not have done what you did"—he clenched his teeth and ground out the words—"if you hadn't—loved Ellison a great deal. I have figured it all out. I want to be fair. You bought this ship and came to see if you could establish the fact of my death so that you might go back and marry your—your lover."

"Having found me, and being thus far disappointed in your hopes, you cannot marry Ellison or continue your—your association with him unless I die or you get a divorce. Unfortunately for you, I have no present intention of dying, and I assure you that I will be no party to a divorce. I will fight it to the bitter end. You will still bear my name, as you will still be my wife," he continued a little more calmly. "My first business will be to seek Ellison and settle with him; when I have done that I shall get a ship somewhere and you

will see as little of me as possible until—"

"And you won't forgive me though I forgive you freely?" interrupted the woman.

"I am very thankful for your forgiveness—"

"Yet you won't forgive me?"

"Certainly not."

"And why not?"

"It's different."

"I can't see it."

"That doesn't alter the fact."

"In the eyes of God—"

"I am looking at this as a man."

"Stephen," said the woman, "it isn't true." She looked him squarely in the eyes as she spoke; her gaze was pathetic, appealing, wistfully hopeful.

"What isn't true?" he asked unsteadily.

"What I told you. I didn't do what I said I did."

He laughed contemptuously. "That is a pretty story to tell me now," he said. "Doubtless you are ashamed of it. Perhaps he has cast you off and you are bound to make the best of a bad bargain with me."

"Stephen, as God is my judge—"

"I am your judge now, and I don't believe you?"

"But Foresman will swear."

"He would swear black was white if you asked him to."

"Is there nothing that can convince you?"

"Ellison might, if I give him a chance."

"You don't understand. I told you—" began the woman passionately.

"Don't speak further to me about it," he interrupted harshly. "I would not believe you on your oath. But to arrange our future—"

"You won't have to work if you don't wish to," said the wife gently. "You know I am a very rich woman now, and of course all that I have is yours."

"I would rather starve than touch a penny of yours. You got it through him."

"I got it by my own efforts. I am fairly entitled to it, whatever—"

"And you can keep it; God forbid that I ever touch a penny of it."

"May I ask your plans, Stephen?" she asked after a pause.

"First of all I shall find Ellison and make him pay for what he has caused me to suffer."

"And who is to pay," cried the woman suddenly, "for what I am suffering?"

"One did pay her share back on that island," he returned. "And I am paying, too—good God, do you think I don't suffer? I don't know where any other hell may be, but there is one here. It doesn't make any difference into what mire I sunk, what I did, how disloyal I might have been in deed, if not in thought; I looked for truth in you; I trusted you as I trusted in God. I look at you now and I can scarcely bear it. Do you understand?"

At that moment the deep boom of a heavy gun reverberated over the water. Sudden calls came from the officer of the watch. There were sounds of hurried feet running along the deck, the creaking of ponderous yards.

"Something has happened!" she cried. She brushed by him and ran out on deck, where after a moment's hesitation he followed her. The ship lay motionless save as she was rocked by the ground swells. A short distance away and coming up fast they saw a large steam frigate flying the flag of the United States.

The frigate rounded to as they watched her; a boat was dropped and came rapidly alongside. A young officer mounted to the deck.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" asked Captain Crowninshield, as the officer stopped and saluted him.

"I am Lieutenant Wingate of the United States frigate *Roanoke*. We have orders to intercept all vessels," returned the officer briefly. "In time of war every vessel upon the high seas is subject to examination; your papers please, Captain."

"In time of war!" cried Captain Crowninshield in great surprise. "What war? Who is at war?"

"Where have you been?" asked the lieutenant in equal surprise.

"In the South Seas on a trading voyage. We cleared from San Francisco fourteen months ago."

"And you have heard nothing from the United States since then?"

"Not a thing."

"The Southern States have seceded from the Union, and are in arms against the United States. The Federal government is determined to put down the rebellion by force. Do you mean to say that you know nothing about it?"

"Not a word," said Captain Crowninshield.

"I beg your pardon, sir," Stephen interposed here, "but do you happen to know anything of a rich mine owner named Ellison, a Southerner?"

"I don't know Colonel Ellison personally," said the young lieutenant in some wonder and surprise, "but he happens to have made some little stir in the papers recently. He sold his share in the great Cleveland-Elison mine in California at considerable sacrifice and has placed most of the proceeds at the disposal of the Confederate government so called. The papers were full of it before we left New York. He has been given command of a Southern regiment, I believe. But, Captain, your papers, please. I have no doubt that a moment's inspection will enable me to give you permission to continue your voyage."

"This way, sir," said Captain Crowninshield turning aft and descending the companion way to his cabin, where the young officer followed.

"You cannot seek him now," Julia said to her husband. "That part of your plan will have to be given up."

"Can I not?" was the grim reply. "I will seek him through the whole Southern army. I will ask a United States commission for myself. Thank God he is on the other side!"

XVI

FOUR years have elapsed since Julia Cleveland stood on the street with the old boatswain by her side and watched a Massachusetts regiment march to the railroad station on its way to the front.

The regiment had gone forth eleven hundred strong. In that great throng of brave and spirited men she had eyes for but one man, her husband, as he marched at the head of a company. He had enjoyed sufficient influence to get a commission as the captain of a company, recruited mainly among Salem people, who had welcomed him as one returned from the dead.

He had little opportunity for independent action in the first years of the war, but as death depleted the higher ranks, he advanced in position until he now wore on the shoulder straps of his faded blouse the single star of a brigadier-general. He had made a name for himself in the army, for resourcefulness, for ability to think quickly in an emergency.

A dozen times fate had apparently conspired to place in his hand the coveted opportunity of meeting Ellison, only to whisk it away. He had stood with others at bay at Gettysburg and had watched the magnificent advance of Pickett's men, and he thought that he saw among the officers breasting the slope on that day the form of the man he hated. So certain was he that he had snatched a rifle from the nearest soldier and had aimed at the figure. But he had thrown aside the weapon; he did not want to kill him in that way.

Life in these four years had been one long agony to the unhappy wife. She had learned a little of her husband's career in several ways, chiefly by the mention of his name in orders and reports and accounts of victories and defeats. He had written her not one word. She had lived the life of a recluse in her own apartment in New York. Conscious of her dreadful untruth, of the fact that she had thrown her husband and his love away, she had long since forgiven him—had forgiven everybody but herself. She would have been willing to die if she could have convinced him of her truth and if he could have taken her but once in his arms and kissed her again before death came. But these things could not be; she could only wait and live on. The

Sanitary Commission afforded her finally a field for her talents and a place of disposition for her fortune, and in the end saved her reason for her. Every dollar of her private income she had expended for the good of the soldiers and for the help of the cause.

At last she wrote him.

No answer came.

After a while she wrote again, and presently every month she sent him a letter. In the second year of the war she inclosed a little packet bearing this legend:

To be opened after my death; or if you are desperately wounded and are like to die, to be opened and read by you.

Stephen was carrying that little packet in the breast pocket of his coat, as he rode into battle in the graying gloom of one rainy afternoon. Some of her letters had gone astray, but most of them he had received. They were cold, passionless, restrained, but they came from her. He knew that he loved her more than ever.

As he put spurs into his horse and led his command in a wild charge upon the enemy, he found himself thinking about the packet. What words had she written to him that he must read after she were dead?

He awoke from his reflections with a sharp and sudden shock; at the head of the men in gray before him rode Ellison, the man whom he had sought for four years and was now about to meet.

XVII

It was at the close of the fight when Stephen at last found himself face to face with his enemy. Ellison was busy with a Union soldier. Stephen spurred his excited horse and interposed between the Confederate and the trooper, who was plainly getting the worst of it. "Ellison!" he shouted with terrific voice.

The latter turned quickly to face the new foe. He raised his sword and found himself confronting a slightly crouching figure, presenting the point of a saber at his throat.

"Cleveland!" he cried in amazement. "I thought you were dead."

"I am very much alive, you hound!" was the answer. "On guard, unless you wish me to kill you without mercy!"

A look of great astonishment came into Ellison's face; mechanically he made ready to parry the thrust, which came with such swiftness that it needed all his strength and skill to avoid it. "I don't know what you mean," he shouted, parrying another lunge.

By this time, however, he had recovered from his amazement, and realizing that for some unexplained reason the other cherished a terrible animosity against him, he began to fight for his life. The lightning-like cut and thrust of his envenomed antagonist gave him no respite, and to complete his discomfiture his horse suddenly stumbled. Ellison pitched forward slightly and lost his balance. He felt the point of his adversary's sword at his throat—a thousandth part of a second and it would be all over.

Stephen's revenge was in his hands; he had but to extend his arm. Instead of that he drew it back. At that moment another blue-clad soldier, having disposed of one adversary, turned and drove his own blade under the right arm and into the lung of the brave Confederate.

"You are a soldier, General," said the surgeon gravely. "I am afraid—"

"I understand, sir," returned Ellison thickly. "And our cause is lost. I am glad to have died—at the head of my men."

"You are sure you can do nothing for him?" Stephen asked of the surgeon.

"Nothing, sir; he has hardly five minutes to live."

"Will you withdraw and leave me alone with the prisoner?"

The others bowed their acquiescence and turned away. Stephen knelt down by the side of the man he hated.

"Ellison," he said in a piercing whisper.

The other opened his eyes. "It's you, Cleveland," he said thickly. His hand went to the breast of his coat; he

fumbled with something a moment. "It's there," he added.

But Stephen was thinking about other things.

"What about my wife?" he asked.

Ellison opened his eyes. For a moment they brightened. "I loved her," he said brokenly.

"And she," persisted the man, bending over him—"what of her?"

"She—she—" began the man weakly. He was trying desperately to say something.

"Did you and she ever live together—as man and wife?" Stephen asked.

A little smile flickered across the pale face and paler lips of the dying man. Again his hand went to his breast. "I loved her," came clear and strong from his lips.

"I want an answer," cried Stephen.

He never got that answer. There came a choking cough, a rush of blood foam from the lips, and the dying man passed beyond speech or answer to any question.

As he drew the right hand of the dead man away from the breast, Stephen found clasped in the fingers a little packet. It was evidently that which had agitated him, and to which he now remembered the dead man had tried to call his attention.

He took it from the fingers of the other. His pale face flamed with sudden color when he saw that it was a letter well wrapped and sealed, that had evidently been carried a long time. It was the address that caused his blood to burn in his face and his usually steady hands to tremble, for this is what he read upon it in writing blurred but still sufficiently clear:

At the request of the dead, will the finder of this please see that it reaches Mrs. Julia Cleveland, the wife of Captain Stephen Cleveland, of Salem, Massachusetts?

All his jealousy and hatred flamed into life again, as he held that packet in his hand; he clenched his fist and looked down into the still composed face, all his anger welling in his heart again.

Then he laughed at the grim irony of

a fate which made him the bearer of the last message from the dead man to the woman they both loved.

XVIII

THE war was over at last. General Cleveland sat for the last time in his tent in the camp near Washington, with two packages in his hands—one blood-stained, addressed to his wife, another worn and frayed addressed to himself. What message had Julia Cleveland for him, and what message had Ellison for her? What did those packets contain? What protestations of one dying, what confessions of one living?

He recognized that, so far as she could, his wife had made atonement. He asked himself how far he was justified in committing her to a continuance of the lonely life she had led during the past four years. He knew nothing of her great work in the development of the Sanitary Commission.

He thought bitterly how much better it would have been if he could have died instead of Ellison, or even if he could have died with Ellison. Julia was young still and beautiful; save for his grief and his cares he was a young man himself. With one or both of them out of the way, life would have held much happiness for her eventually.

While he mused one of his staff officers opened the flap of the tent, saluted and handed him a paper. He opened it listlessly enough. It was signed by General Meade, the commander of the Army of the Potomac, and informed him in the brief phraseology of a military order that General Grant desired to see him at the Willard Hotel that same evening.

Amidst the throng who had seen the Union Army tramp down Pennsylvania Avenue that spring morning preparatory to its dissolution into peaceful, industrious units on the morrow, had been Julia Cleveland. As before when she had watched the regiment march away, she had eyes but for one man in the whole army. She marked him, lean, spare, eagle-eyed, bronzed, riding

in front of tattered guidons at the head of his brigade.

When he came into the field of her vision her knees shook so and she turned so white that she could scarcely support herself. She would have fallen had it not been for the assistance of bystanders. She had all she could do not to scream out his name. The repression of four years burst through the barriers, and but for the fact that the swift march soon took him out of her sight she must have called to him.

How she passed the long hours while the tramp, tramp of thousands of marching feet on the pavement beat upon her heart, she scarcely knew. As soon as a vehicle could make its way through the streets, she had herself driven to the War Department.

General Grant was not an unapproachable man, but there were so many demands on his time that it had become difficult to get access to him. But her simple statement that she was a soldier's wife in great trouble who begged for five minutes with the General sufficed, and presently she was ushered into the presence of a little man with a grayish beard and a beetling brow.

"General Grant?" she began.

The little General laid aside his cigar and rose to his feet as she entered. He bowed gravely in answer to her question.

"My name is Cleveland," she said. "I am the wife of one of your soldiers, Captain Stephen Cleveland."

"Captain?" inquired Grant thoughtfully.

"Forgive me; he is a general, but I knew him and loved him under the old title. He was a sailor before he went to the wars; we cruised together on his ship when we were married."

"You mean," said Grant inquiringly, "Brevet Major General Cleveland, of Custer's division?"

"Yes, sir."

"A good soldier," returned the great captain. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to see him; I want to speak to him."

"You are his wife, madam?"

"Yes, sir, but I have not seen him; I have not heard from him in four years."

"Why has he neglected you?"

"The fault is mine; he believes me to have been an unfaithful wife."

"And with reason?"

"Before God, no," protested the woman. "I have been as true to him since I married him and before as woman could be."

"What warrants his belief?"

"I have been foolish, sir; the fault is mine, but I am not guilty."

The General looked at her with those piercing eyes of his that seemed to have the power of seeing into the very heart of things. "Madam," he said at last, satisfied with his inspection, "I believe you."

"I have lived in absolute retirement in New York while my husband has been at the front, and save for the Sanitary Commission, I have—"

"Are you the Mrs. Cleveland who owns that mine in California, and who has done so much for the Sanitary Commission?" asked Grant, startled into loquacity.

"I have done what I could."

"The nation is indebted to you, madam: What do you wish of me?"

"I want you to order my husband to see me."

A ghost of a smile flickered over the grim, inscrutable face of the great commander. "I scarcely think that military authority extends as far as that."

Julia's face fell.

"But I have often been able to effect by strategy what I could not bring about by the application of direct force," he continued. "Where are you stopping?"

"At the Willard Hotel."

"My own apartments are there. I will order your husband to report to me at"—the General looked at his watch—"I will say at seven o'clock this evening. You will receive him in my place."

"Thank you, and God bless you, General Grant!" she cried.

"I hope for your happiness and the happiness of so good a soldier," he said, turning away, as if to indicate that the interview was over.

Stephen had no suspicion of what was

about to occur when he reached the hotel. He was a little surprised to find the room, which was furnished as a parlor, empty of occupants. He stood for a moment wondering, supposing the General to be in an adjoining room, the door of which was very slightly ajar. Presently he crossed the room to the window and stood looking down upon the brightly lighted street crowded with soldiers and civilians. After a moment he heard the door creak slightly, and he turned to face his wife.

XIX

JULIA CLEVELAND had so much at stake that she could not afford to neglect or overlook any point in the game however insignificant. She knew her beauty and she realized its power. She had laid aside the sober garments which it had been her custom to wear since they two had parted and was dressed that night in the most beautiful and becoming gown of the prevailing fashion of the day. Her red lips parted and she breathed his name; her hands went out toward him.

"Stephen," she said.

He found voice at last. "Julia," he said hoarsely, brokenly. "But I thought—General Grant—"

"He summoned you to me. I saw you this morning. I couldn't stand it any longer; I went to him to beg him to order you to speak to me, but he said this was the better plan and—"

"But why did you want me to speak to you?" he asked, staring at her, his pulses throbbing, his heart beating, his brain reeling.

"Because I love you," she answered, throwing out her arms. "Because I can't bear to be without you any longer. Because I want your forgiveness for the lie I told you—for everything. Oh, can't you see? Don't you know that I have never cared for anything, for anybody but you? Listen to me. Now—God help me—I can't help myself," she prayed. "I want you to forgive—"

"I'll forgive you anything, everything, if you will just tell me the truth."

"As if you were my God Himself, I will!" cried the woman.

She came closer to him, put her hands upon his shoulders and looked into his face. Her eyes swam with tears and shone with passion; her lips were slightly parted; the color came and went in her cheeks.

"Look at me," she whispered. "Can a doubt that I love you linger in your soul now?"

He stood trembling before her as he had trembled before no man in four years of awful fighting. He drank in all that the woman's soul gave to him in that moment. He clenched his hands; he held them down as it were with iron bands.

"And you can forgive me," he asked in a low whisper, "my past?"

"Name it not," said the woman. "Whatever you have done, whatever you have been, I want you and only you, for I love you."

"I can do no less," said the man, and only God knew what strain he was under, how hard it was. "Whatever has been is as if it were not," he continued. "I have been punished."

"And I, too," said the woman.

"But now I forgive as I am forgiven, and I love as I am loved. Oh, Julia!"

In the tight clasp of his arms, as he held her and kissed her, he strove to make up for that long decade of denial; and with a strength and passion that matched his own she clung to him.

By and by he sat down in a great chair and drew her almost roughly to his knee. While he held her close with one hand, with the other he drew from his coat two packets.

"After this hour," he began, "we shall not refer to the past."

"Stephen," interrupted the woman quickly, "there is something about that past I must tell you, that I have lived to tell you. I lied to you once."

She slipped her arm around his neck and laid her head upon his shoulder. She spoke in low whispers, her warm breath playing across his brown and burning cheek.

"I know," said the man, "and I have forgiven you."

"But what you thought was a lie," said the woman, "was the truth; and what you thought was the truth was a lie. Hampton Ellison did love me as I told you, but I never gave him a thought. He did ask me to be his wife. I scarcely considered his proposal even. He was nothing to me, nothing."

"But you said —"

"That was the lie. I wanted to punish you."

"Julia, do you mean to tell me that it was not true?"

"I mean just that," answered the woman. "I am as much yours, body and soul, as I ever was. I never have been anybody's but yours; I never could be."

He rose from his chair, swung her about until she faced the light and looked into her eyes. What he saw there gave him exquisite pleasure. He had been blind before but now his eyes were opened. He saw and believed—at last.

"Oh, Julia, Julia—thank God—thank God!" he cried.

"And do you believe me at last?" she said.

"Yes," said the man. "I was a fool; I ought to have believed you against your own words, against everything. I ought to have known that truth and honor and devotion were in your heart, but I measured you by myself and found you wanting."

"No more of that," said the woman tenderly, laying her hand on his lips. "Now tell me about Ellison."

He took up the stained letter. "I took this from his pocket when he died—and I deliver it into your hands."

"Will you read it?" she asked.

"It is not meant for me, but for you."

"And that other packet?"

"It is the one you sent me in a letter. Oh, those cold letters! If there had been one word of love—"

"I didn't dare," she returned.

She went to the table, took up the little package, tore it open and handed it to him. "Will you read this one now?"

"What does it say?" he asked.

"It says just what I have told you. I

couldn't bear to have you die not believing in me. I thought you would read it then, and it might give you a moment's happiness to know that I had been true."

He kissed it and laid it in the grate where a low fire was burning. "No written words can supplement what you have said. I need nothing more."

"And here," she continued, handing him another envelope, "is a letter from old Foresman."

"Where is he? How is he?"

"He died last week, peaceful and happy, save for our estrangement; and before he died he scrawled this."

"Have you read it?"

"Yes," said the woman. "It is an assurance that I told you an untruth when I made that confession. He begs you to hear me and believe me."

"Brave, true-hearted old sailor. Yet this letter goes to the fire with the other; I will take nothing but your word, my wife."

"And shall I?" asked Julia tremulously, extending her letter from Ellison toward the blaze.

"No," he said; "that you must read."

It was a short letter, just an assurance

that he had loved her and that he would die loving her; and as he had no kith or kin he told her of a will in which he gave her what remained of his share of the Cleveland-Ellison mine.

She laid the letter with the others on the live coals, and together they watched it burn.

There was a knock at the door. Stephen opened it; an officer stood outside.

"General Grant's compliments to your wife, sir, and could you receive him?"

The General must have been confident of the issue of his strategy, and of the woman's tactics, for he was close behind his messenger. He heard Stephen's reply and entered. He looked keenly from one to the other.

"All is well?" he asked briefly.

Julia stepped to her husband's side; his arm went around her waist; her hand slipped across his shoulder.

"Yes, General," she said smiling, "all is well."

The General brought his heels together suddenly, lifted his right hand in salute, turned sharply and left the room.



THE YOGI

By SADIE BOWMAN METCALFE

I AM the smiling sky, the tranquil sea;
The angry storm am I, that breaks o'er me.

I am the radiant star, lighting the sea,
Guiding my boat afar—over the wreck of me.

I am the land I seek, shining through mist and fire;
Aye, even the highest peak am I, of my desire.

Nor shall unfriendly gods, guarding its golden gate,
Lose me my port at last, for I, myself, am Fate!

THE WEAVER

By S. J. ALEXANDER

THE Weaver, weaving in a silent room
The iridescent web of Fancy's loom,
That opaline and changing Cloth of Gold,
For his soul's ransom, with his soul's sweat told;
With reverent awe, with foaming of the lips
He drew his dream forms from the black eclipse
Of primal voids. He saw his work unroll,
Compelled and guided by the Oversoul.
He fed the loom thread after shining thread,
His flying hand a Hand diviner led.
Exulting colors, ecstasies of light
Reft from some God on his forbidden height;
All lights, all shadows and all melodies;
All discords trumpeted by winds and seas;
All evanescent odors that are met
Within the faded chaplet of Regret;
A devil's prayer, that blistered where it fell,
And hell smut drifted on the smoke of hell,
A drop of sunlight from a dewy lawn,
Spilled from the golden flagons of the dawn;
A saint's desire, more white than shining wool;
The Scarlet Soul of the Sin Beautiful,
Flotsam and jetsam drifted to his hand,
Wreckage of all men's souls, from no man's land.
And good or ill, his fingers wove it in.
The God compelled; it ever must have been.
He heard His trumpet from an angry height
When the red lightning stabbed the heart of night;
A deeper silence on the silence falls;
A deeper shadow on the shadowed walls;
God and the Weaver and a silent loom,
And shadows dripping blackness on the gloom
Above his finished work; and over all
God's Shadow thrown above him as a pall,
Starlit, sun flaming, with its glooms unfurled
Between him and the shadow of the world.
And his work blossoms purple, gold and red,
And the white face above it of the dead.
The Weaver's web is woven; let him keep
Between the eve and dawn his tryst with sleep.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

By G. VERE TYLER

MRS. KIRKWOOD dressed elaborately, at any rate as elaborately as pushing her credit and occasionally being evicted from hotels would allow. Her tailor-mades were the envy of her associates, and her furs were really quite excellent in quality. Mrs. Kirkwood thought a great deal of her furs and caressed them frequently during her conversations.

At present Mrs. Kirkwood, to "tide over," was living in a boarding house, where she had her breakfast in bed and retained all the mannerisms that she had indulged in during one short stay at the Waldorf and many other short stays at lesser hotels.

Around the corner from Mrs. Kirkwood's boarding house and not too remotely removed from Riverside Drive dwelt Mrs. Upperman, an acquaintance of Mrs. Kirkwood.

"And now my dear," said Mrs. Kirkwood, disdaining her furs by throwing them back, "will you kindly tell me why you gave up your perfectly *fascinating* apartment in the Jamestown to take this perfectly *lonely* house almost in the suburbs? *Weren't* you simply wild?"

Mrs. Upperman looked for a moment surprised, and then her eyes traveled quickly about the room in which they were seated and even through the library to the dining room beyond.

"Why, Will and I have been wanting a house—a home of our own—for years," she exclaimed.

"You mean Will has been wanting a home for years!" Mrs. Kirkwood corrected emphatically. "My dear, *all* men want homes. And do you know what the word 'home' means to women? I will tell you. Care, trouble, and tied-

down. You can rest assured, my dear innocent girl, that homes were invented by men, *not* by women!"

Mrs. Upperman laughed a little and got up and drew a curtain halfway to shut out a ray of light that produced a sharp effect.

"Why, I thought," she ejaculated as she took her seat again, "it was just the other way! I know I was always worrying Will about the home, and—well, I do love it!" This last, in spite of herself, Mrs. Upperman felt was apologetic, but somehow she was always apologetic in the presence of Mrs. Kirkwood.

"Hypnotism pure and simple," said her caller. "Now, listen to me!" Mrs. Kirkwood raised a gloved finger. "Man, being the stronger animal, hypnotizes us every hour in the day. *They* want homes and make us believe *we* want them. Analyzed, my good woman, and at once it is a self-evident fact that a woman *couldn't* want a home. Now listen again! Home—servants; servants—trouble!"

"Strange to say," Mrs. Upperman interjected timidly, "I haven't had any trouble with mine. I have two sisters—Swedes; they get on beautifully together and the house goes like clock-work."

Mrs. Kirkwood again raised the index finger. "All I have to say to that," she aggressively declared, "is *wait*."

"And do you really think," asked Mrs. Upperman, "that the men get the best of the home life?"

"Just as I said," returned Mrs. Kirkwood; "*analyzed*, you would soon discover women *couldn't* want homes. Again I say, analyze and you will see why men *do* want homes! First, no

trouble—to the men. Second, not in them much, and *third* they know where to put their finger on their wives. He hypnotizes her into having pride about having things perfect for him when he gets to the home, and knows—unless they are rolling in wealth—it will take pretty nearly all of her time living up to his expectations. You see, my dear, in the dim distant past I have kept house!” Mrs. Kirkwood, who had gotten animated, threw back her furs again.

“And besides,” she continued, “home life isn’t modern; it’s going out so fast it may almost be said to be gone. And do you know *why* it is going out? I can tell you! Nothing ever *happens* in a home—that is, of course, unless you *make* it happen. Making things happen—money—trouble! Now in hotels and boarding houses things happen around you every moment in the day—and night, for that matter! Don’t you think it’s something to know that the elevator is running all night? I *do*. And boarding houses, why, somebody is likely as not to be falling up the steps all night!” Mrs. Kirkwood’s laugh was not as pretty as Mrs. Upperman’s, but it served. “To be perfectly *frank* with you,” she added—“and I know I can *trust* you—I prefer a boarding house; it’s more exciting, only of course one can’t afford to *live* in one. I term them ‘tide-overs,’ and I generally have a pretty good time during my ‘tide-over’ periods.”

“I haven’t any doubt of it!” agreed Mrs. Upperman pleasantly.

“The house I am living in is about the most animated little corner in the universe,” continued Mrs. Kirkwood with animation. “We have named it on the quiet, ‘Gossipy Arms.’ Isn’t that delightful? I bet if that name was put over the door in two weeks the house would be so packed the landlady would have a folding bed in the parlor! Well, Gossipy Arms is all right! And *furnished*—I know you won’t believe this, but I give you my word the place is sumptuous. *Real* Turkish rugs in the bathroom, and a chef—cooked seven years on a Pullman, and perfect. The

woman who runs it is Southern, and like all of those Southerners she *does* know what good eating is.

“But to get back to you! Seriously, don’t you find it awfully lonely shut up here?”

Mrs. Upperman’s courage failed her. “Perhaps I do feel a little lonely at times,” she admitted, “especially in the afternoons when I begin to count the hours before Will comes.”

“And do you find that a profitable way to spend the time—counting hours? Why not do the treadmill at once? Now, I’m going to tell you something! You are not looking well; you have a kind of prison pallor; what you need is to get out and have a good time!”

“But how?” smiled Mrs. Upperman, who was human.

“With *your* beauty?” Mrs. Kirkwood asked.

“Oh, I’m really quite happy!” said Mrs. Upperman, collecting herself. “You don’t know what the planning and making of this home has been to me! There isn’t a thing in it that was not thought out and selected by me personally. I dreamed shades and effects! Will says I’ve simply made the place a background for myself, and I never once imagined that I was not perfectly happy in it. You see, I suppose I am a bit old-fashioned, but I really am in love with my husband—I really am!”

“And do you find it exciting?”

“Not especially, no!” Mrs. Upperman’s pretty laugh seemed to be her defense.

“And don’t you think the human creature *requires* a little excitement?”

“We go quite often to the theater.”

“That’s *secondhand* excitement. What I refer to is the *real thing*.”

“What do you mean by the ‘real thing’?”

Mrs. Kirkwood stroked her furs and became thoughtful. “Well,” she said finally, looking up with a brilliant glance, “change is excitement—change of scene, change of acquaintance, change of— Now see here! I know a lovely artist; he has Tuesdays. Will you go with me there next week? He has per-

fectly *charming* people! I told you a voice spoke to me to be your friend, and if I don't tell you right out that you are simply stagnating here under the hypnotic spell of *one* man I am *not* being that friend! And you are too pretty a woman! Tell me honestly now, don't you ever think of any man but your husband?"

"Oh, I suppose so, yes, but only imaginary ones. Sometimes I take walks with these imaginary ones—and the other night when Will was playing the pianola I was having a conversation with a very handsome young blond on the sofa and didn't know, when Will asked me about it, what the piece was he had been playing! Oh, I'm not an angel by any means!"

"My dear, I know the very man!"

"What man?"

"Why, the one you were talking to on the sofa! Didn't he have blue eyes?"

"Yes."

"And light hair? And a perfect mouth and teeth?"

"Yes."

"Don't tell me I am not a psychic—I *know* the man!"

"Really?"

"I do! And do you know what I believe? He *sent* me here! His subconscious self spoke to me."

"Do you believe in those things?"

"Do I! Don't you?"

"No. But Will does."

"Oh! Never mind what Will believes; he's only the husband. Now will you go next Tuesday? Come over and have lunch with me and we will go together. You will meet lovely *original* people, just the kind you need to wake you up! And the man, your sofa man—wasn't he about twenty-six?—is nearly always there. By the way, I will send him a note and tell him this *entire* remarkable psychological experience. I will describe you to him and then I *know* he will be there—he simply *worships* beauty!"

"But I go out so little," demurred Mrs. Upperman, blushing a little, "and I am afraid I couldn't get back in time for dinner. Will and I have a rule—if

he will be home in time for dinner, dinner will always be in time for him."

"Life by rules! Why my dear, it's simply death, that's all—not life, *death*!" Mrs. Kirkwood rose and put out her hand dramatically. "*Death*!" she repeated. "Now, you are coming and that is all there is to it! Good-bye. Lunch at one. You'll see all the vaudeville artists, that is, the feminine part of the show; most of the men lunch downtown. Now I'm going to *look* for you; do you understand?"

"Yes." Mrs. Upperman again resorted to her pretty laugh.

"And you won't disappoint me?"

"No—of course not!"

"All right then. Where is my muff? Thank you. You *really* think it pretty? It is a fine skin! Well, good-bye, and I *must* say it, although I detest them, your home is beautiful. Did you ever stop to think, though, you could have put the money it cost in clothes? Give my very *kindest* regards to Mr. Upperman. I had quite a little chat with him in the Subway the other day. A perfectly lovely man, I can't deny that, while he is that most prosaic of things, a husband! And he *does* dress well! I should think you would be jealous of him!"

"Never!" answered Mrs. Upperman, who was very jealous. "I am not of a jealous nature."

"Well, you are fortunate. I am. If any woman even looks at Dick, I'm ready to tear her eyes out, and I always blame Dick. You can't trust men, my dear, except on the first round of a love affair; after that the best of them are shaky."

When the door had closed, Mrs. Upperman stood between the rose-colored curtains of her bay window from which the setting sun could be seen across the river, and followed her caller up the street with her eyes until she was out of sight. A vague unrest filled her.

II

THE studio was the usual kind, hard couches, tapestries, mended curios, corners, touches of betrayed poverty, ef-

fective lighting, a samovar, half-finished pictures, nudes and otherwise, on the walls and elsewhere; and the hour was that at which lights could be lit.

Mrs. Kirkwood and Mrs. Upperman climbed the two flights of carpetless stairs that creaked audibly, each one experiencing excitement in her own way. Mrs. Upperman was impressionable, and when she entered the studio, lit up to produce late sunset tints and shadows, and saw couples in the corners and a group consisting of a pale-faced girl in scarlet and four men around a table upon which were some eatables, a bowl of punch and pallid peppermints in a cracked dish, the charm of her beautiful home vanished, and she stood a moment within these strange portals Mrs. Kirkwood's self-condemned criminal.

There was no question about her beauty as she stood there. She was what Mrs. Kirkwood called the droopy kind, and her wide-open soft gray eyes and the silky ash-gold hair, with her fair complexion, made her flowerlike. She wore mauve, and a feather of that shade deepening into violet, also droopy, decorated the left side of a large picture hat.

"These people really *live*," whispered Mrs. Kirkwood, as she led her forward; "and over there talking to the girl in blue is your sofa man!"

Then the artist, who resembled his environment, as all artists do, greeted them and introduced his guests. Conversation followed, during which Mrs. Upperman was treated to a couple of glasses of punch and some peppermints. Mrs. Upperman felt herself in a dream and scarcely spoke. Her mind was filled with the existence of others in contrast with which her own seemed commonplace and wasted. When the girl in blue rose with languid grace and took her stand beneath a Japanese umbrella, above which a rose-colored Cupid held a light, a vision of Mrs. Upperman's clean pantry and the amount of care she expended on it crossed her mind and made her shudder. Mrs. Kirkwood was talking and Mrs. Upperman had a sickening feeling that other people, and

especially Mrs. Kirkwood, could be so brilliant while she could only stand silent and accept things that were handed her. She wondered if it was possible she had ever laughed at home and been gay and, as she had thought, entertaining, even brilliant, with her husband. And then she wondered if on the days when he was late he ever dropped into artists' studios—she recalled that he knew several artists.

"Mrs. Kirkwood tells me that you have decided to join the Bohemians," said a lazy voice over her shoulder, and Mrs. Upperman turned, to be greeted with a dreamy smile by the young man, the blond of twenty-six, with blue eyes, light hair and perfect mouth and teeth.

"Mrs. Kirkwood says I must," and Mrs. Upperman's little laugh echoed. "She says I live too quietly."

"And what do you think?"

"To tell you the truth, I had never thought about it at all—I had just *lived* until she told me."

"You are married, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Will you come over and sit in my corner? I always appropriate it, so Mr. Hazelton lets me call it mine; and let us discuss Mrs. Kirkwood's advice. Do you like Mrs. Kirkwood?" He was leading her to the couch.

"I don't know her very well. She is very brilliant, isn't she?"

"Won't you sit here? And now may I put this cushion under your feet? There! Did you say you thought Mrs. Kirkwood brilliant?"

"I asked if you didn't think so?"

"Brilliant!" The blond man pronounced the word slowly and then thought a while. "I think her worldly," he said, suddenly brightening up, "and well, wise in her generation. She is a good pilot for a beautiful dreamer like you. You know that you are beautiful?"

"My husband thinks so." Mrs. Upperman had blushed and was trying to recover her self-possession by being artful. She even put her head on one side and looked naively into the blue eyes as she used to do at her sweethearts when a girl. But when she turned and saw the

girl in blue looking bored and playing with a tassel of her gown while a man with burning black eyes seemed imploring a glance from her she felt her method of attracting old-fashioned.

"Now you surely don't count the opinion of your husband?" her companion was saying.

"Don't you think a husband's opinion *should* count?" she inquired, looking up.

"I don't think there should be any husband at all—in your case."

"Oh! But there is!" Mrs. Upperman flushed again.

"And you don't want to have him strangled, I infer?"

"Oh, please!" protested Mrs. Upperman. "You shouldn't say those things!"

"Too brutal? Divorced, then?"

Mrs. Upperman stood up. "Don't let us discuss my husband," she said.

The blond man, whose name was Fenshaw Hildegard, took one of her hands. "We won't," he remarked. "Sit down; we will talk of you."

"Isn't she lovely?" said Mrs. Kirkwood, coming up. "Have I exaggerated?"

"Not a bit!" said Mr. Hildegard. "You didn't tell me half."

"I told exactly what the voice told me to tell—it's all psychic, you know! Wasn't it funny about your sitting on the sofa with her? Have you convinced her that it *was* you?"

Mrs. Upperman flushed again. "You shouldn't have told that," she exclaimed; "it was all nonsense!"

"We are making up a party for the gallery at the Opera for tomorrow night," said their host, approaching. "May I put you down, Mrs. Upperman?"

"Tomorrow night?" said Mrs. Upperman, aghast. "Why, I never go out in the evening without my husband!"

"Oh! You muchly married woman!" exclaimed Mr. Hazelton. "Isn't it refreshing? Look out that Mr. Hildegard doesn't write you up, Mrs. Upperman; he is looking for fresh subjects."

"Are you really a writer?" asked Mrs. Upperman, turning with interest to the blue eyes fastened on her face.

"Oh, I do a few things!"

"Tell her about the kind of stuff you do, Hilly. And you're quite sure you can't go to the Opera with us? Quite sure? Then, Mrs. Kirkwood, will you come over and help us with the list? Miss Gracia is going to sing for us then. Miss Gracia is the young lady in blue, Mrs. Upperman; she sings without accompaniment and makes some of us cry."

"They turn out all the lights but one blue one when she sings," Mrs. Kirkwood whispered to Mrs. Upperman as she turned to leave. "Isn't it all too fascinating? She *always* wears blue."

"Does she sing well?" asked Mrs. Upperman of the blond man, and felt her remark rather stupid.

"She produces effects. You can see for yourself that she is not pretty, and yet she produces the impression; it's the same with her singing."

"But I think she *is* pretty!" avowed Mrs. Upperman generously.

"She *appears* so. *You* are the only really pretty woman here." Mrs. Upperman felt a glance from the blue eyes penetrate her own and steal through her entire being.

"Don't!" she protested as her eyes involuntarily closed a second. "I am stupid; I can't stand compliments."

"Why not? Your beauty compels them." As Mrs. Upperman opened her eyes she saw that his blue ones were very close to them, so close that she felt the touch and mingling of their glances. Her heart began to beat. "Don't!" she repeated and put up her hands between them.

"How can I? It's all psychic, you know; your little struggles at resistance are merely the efforts of worldly training trying to assert its feeble rights against the real rights of the universe. You can't resist me; it has all been arranged, perhaps centuries ago. Do you not feel the past enveloping us?"

"Miss Gracia will sing now," interrupted their host, who was stepping lightly about almost on his toes. "Do you mind taking this seat, Mrs. Upperman? Miss Gracia always sings standing in front of that couch."

"Certainly," exclaimed Mrs. Upperman.

man, rising quickly and going toward the chair he had indicated.

The next moment the lights had all expired, except the one blue one, and Miss Gracia glided forth from the gloom and took her stand before the couch where the blue light fell full upon her. Mrs. Upperman was experiencing a sense of relief from the intoxicating gaze of Mr. Hildegard and being penetrated pleasurably by the mystical effect of the moment, when she felt the gentle but assured pressure of two hands upon her shoulders, which continued all during the singing of Miss Gracia.

There was complete and painful silence of several moments, during which Mrs. Upperman seemed to feel the air pulsating, and then Miss Gracia's voice broke the stillness like the low pedal note of an organ before service. Mrs. Upperman had never heard singing like Miss Gracia's, which was not singing at all but a low melodious chanting of impassioned words, the breathing out in tone of a soul that had lost its bearings and was sucking death from over honeyed wild flowers in an untrodden forest.

When the singing was over the lights went up suddenly and all the guests changed position and smiled sadly as though awakened from some lotus eaters' dream. Miss Gracia herself, who had grown strangely beautiful and whose pallor seemed of a blueness of the light in which she had stood, half staggered to the table and put out a hand for the liqueur that was in stripes of color in a glass and that her host had set fire to. Later they all drank of that fiery beverage and Mrs. Upperman did not know how the rest of the afternoon passed. She knew that she escaped Mr. Hildegard after he had extracted a promise from her, and that many voices fell upon her ear like the swishing of a gentle ocean on the shore.

"And you won't disappoint me?" said Mr. Hildegard outside the door.

"No."

"You will surely be there? You know the spot—near the Fifty-ninth Street entrance?"

"Yes."

"Good-bye, then."

"Good-bye."

"Isn't it all as I said?" asked Mrs. Kirkwood as they put their feet on the sidewalk. "Isn't it perfectly fascinating? Don't you *see* how you have been wasting your life?"

III

"WHAT is the matter with you, dear? First you forget to give me my coffee, next you don't hear a word I am saying to you, and now you aren't satisfied with my appearance."

Mr. Upperman looked curiously across the breakfast table at his wife, who in more ways than one appeared unusual. Mrs. Upperman usually wore a shirtwaist to breakfast, but it had been superseded by a pale blue kimono with big bunches of flowers on it that Mrs. Kirkwood had insisted on her buying from an Armenian in Fourth Avenue. She had rather a pale look and somewhat of a restless expression.

"I suppose I am getting absent-minded," she returned, and affected a laugh.

"But you never were that," exclaimed her husband. "Don't you remember my saying always, 'My little girl for her eye on her number!'"

"We say a good many things," said Mrs. Upperman imperiously. "Will you have more coffee?"

"No. And if you don't mind I will say another thing. I know that thing you have on is pretty and all that, but don't wear it to breakfast again, will you, sweetheart?"

"But why not? Everybody wears them!"

"The very reason why you should not. And besides, I don't like it—I don't like your throat and arms all exposed at breakfast. In your room now—"

Mrs. Upperman sprang up and planted her two beautiful hands on the table. "Will," she cried, "do you know, you are a perfect tyrant! You manage me and browbeat me until I can't call my soul my own! I can't even put on a becoming garment—"

"*Lucile!*"

Mr. Upperman had risen also and was standing at his end of the table, pale and rigid. He had called her name as one jerks suddenly on the check rein of an unruly horse, and the two stared at each other.

"It's true!" she finally exclaimed. "Everyone says so!"

"Who?"

"Everybody!"

"That's absurd!"

Mr. Upperman went over to her, turned her slightly and took her face in his hands. "What's the matter with you?" he asked, looking deep into her eyes. "It's not like you to be cross; what's happened to you?"

On his face was a pained, surprised look that cut Mrs. Upperman to the heart, but in the same instant a pair of blue eyes that emitted flames came between his face and hers, and she looked into those eyes, above which she noted some gray hairs that had recently come about her husband's temples. They had come since he had bought the house, she knew that, but they hadn't stood out so before. She moved, but he continued to hold her gaze with his eyes a full moment, and then lowering his mouth to hers, he kissed her.

"My darling," he said, "you are not well, and perhaps you are right: why should I interfere with your little fancies? Wear anything on earth you want to wear; do anything on earth you want to do!"

He took her hands and slipped the kimono sleeves back. "Don't you know what a fool I am? I don't even like the servants to see these—they're too sacred!"

He turned and left her, and when she heard the front door close she ran to the front window and looked after him. And suddenly as he moved away he became a stranger, and she wondered if it was possible that for eight years she had been accepting her very existence and everything she had at his hands. With that peculiar injustice that the distorted mind can inflict there rose up within her a feeling of resentment. It suddenly seemed to her that she had

been the prisoner of this strong man, who had made her live and see and have her being only through him.

Might it not be true, after all, what Mrs. Kirkwood had told her about marriage and husbands, and was she really leading, as she had said, the life of her grandmother's days? Perhaps it was so! Certainly it was true that things were different now. She recalled that one of the gentlemen at the studio had said this was the age of flying machines, not stagecoaches. And then she mounted the stairs to her bedroom and began to count the hours before four o'clock, the hour for her rendezvous in the park with Mr. Hildegarde.

She had received a message from him the day before through Mrs. Kirkwood, that when next they met they would have an *intelligent* talk. She knew that was a reminder of her promise to meet him today and she wondered what the intelligent talk would be about.

During the morning she took out all her dresses. She even attempted to change the feathers from one hat to another, but her fingers trembled so that she couldn't manage it.

At two o'clock a messenger boy arrived with a bunch of violets for her, and she became quite excited over the idea of so delicate a compliment, but the card was from her husband. Some unexpected tears flashed into Mrs. Upperman's eyes when she put the violets in water and she had a funny aching feeling in her throat. She was glad her meeting with Mr. Hildegarde was to be in the open air because that choking feeling and a little sensation of suffocation kept returning.

She passed the day restlessly, and when the time came dressed herself with great care, but had to face the fact that she was not looking her best. A certain light that usually came into her face when she was dressing to go out was lacking and her complexion looked dull. "I might have spent a perfectly sleepless night!" she declared. And then a thought that seemed like an inspiration came. Her violets—they would light her up! She almost ran for them, but when they were pinned on and she was

again regarding herself in the mirror the suffocating feeling came over her and she went back and put them in the water with a rather subdued air. And then she couldn't recover from a kind of faint feeling which made her even less pretty. And finally she left the house.

The weather was perfect, an April day when summer seemed to already have arrived. The breeze that greeted her came in little wave gusts and she was sure the very air was filled with the scent of hyacinths. She had to take a car and go quite a little distance to the corner of the park that had been designated by Mr. Hildegard as their place of meeting.

Mr. Hildegard had arrived before her and was standing with his back to the west, where the setting sun was already beginning to tinge a few clouds a delicate pink. But the air was clear as crystal, warm and fresh, and the hyacinths really were blooming in all beautiful colors around a pretty circle of green-striped plants.

"Do you know," said Mr. Hildegard, advancing and putting out both hands, "I was almost afraid you would not come!"

"But why? I promised you I would."

He was holding her two hands, which she had not been able to resist extending.

"Do you always keep your promises?"

"If possible." Mrs. Upperman was trying to free her hands. "Always," she answered.

"That is most unfeminine. I never expect a woman to keep a promise. The Sabines were right when they took them off by main force. Shall we sit here on this little bench? Isn't it a pretty color? I think it must have been painted during the week especially for us!"

He seated her beside him. "Isn't the world beautiful?" he asked. "Look at that little cloud! It looks like a little sailboat sticking upside down in the heavens, and do you know what you look like—I mean in my eyes? A silent golden harp waiting to be played on."

She laughed and answered with nerv-

ous irrelevancy: "Why, I never looked worse!"

"You look beautiful," Mr. Hildegard returned, "but you look ill. Do you know why? You have been shut up like a flower in a dark cellar and not allowed to bloom. Mrs. Kirkwood has told me of it—you poor little girl!"

Mrs. Upperman, who had never thought of herself as an object of pity, exclaimed protestingly: "Oh, you must not pity me!"

"But why, since you need pity? We all need pity, dear beautiful lady, because two thirds of the time we are the slaves of enforced environment. Fortunately, many of us don't see it—fortunately, *you* haven't seen it. Now, I warrant it has never occurred to you that your husband is a tyrant, and yet Mrs. Kirkwood," he smiled, "to use her expression, says you can't call your soul your own. Is that true? Because if so you must break your chains, and I will help you!"

"What do you mean by breaking my chains?" asked Mrs. Upperman in alarm.

"Why, I mean free yourself from all restraint and enjoy life!"

"And will you tell me how?" Her little artful manner reappeared.

"Certainly, my dear child. By simply allowing the spirits to play upon you and bring out the music your delicately tuned little being contains."

"But how do you know that my being contains any music?" inquired Mrs. Upperman in a slightly tremulous voice.

"There is only one way of putting it to the test."

"How?"

"By giving yourself up."

There was an exquisite pause during which Mr. Hildegard smoothed the ends of a silken scarf that Mrs. Upperman had about her throat, and she wondered vaguely what his words meant.

"May I explain?" he said, suddenly dropping the scarf and putting his arm on the back of the bench and leaning toward her. "It is this way: We are all of us but the material instruments that the spirits play on—just as the

brass and wooden instruments of an orchestra are played on by those who understand them. The violin is a perfect instrument, but it is still and dumb until the musician plays on it. You are a perfect instrument, a little abused by rough usage, 'tis true, but still perfect and waiting for the master hand to set you into vibration so that you can burst into song." He leaned nearer to her. "I am a master musician in the art of love," he breathed, "and I will teach you all the wonders of yourself."

Mrs. Upperman did not speak. She felt incapable of speech. Her heart was beating hard and violently; the blood was coursing through her veins and it rushed into her cheeks until they matched his own. But suddenly a picture came before her that blanched her face and caused her to forget for a moment her companion and even where she was. She was looking at the artist's studio, seeing it all as she had seen it on the day she was there. The faded tapestries, the mended curios, the hard seats, the varicolored lights, the finished and unfinished pictures on the walls and in the corners, the strange drink that they set fire to and made blaze, the Japanese umbrella and the pale, haggard girl in blue standing beneath it; and in a flash all the faces of the men were grouped together with their eyes fixed upon her with the same look in them that was in the eyes of the man who gazed upon the haggard girl in scarlet. A cry escaped her and she sprang to her feet.

"Let me go!" she exclaimed under her breath. "Let me go!"

Mr. Hildegard took her hands in his and pressed them. "Let you go?" he said almost fiercely. "Let you go? Where? To your prison—to your jailer? Let you go back to wilt and perish in soul starvation? I will not let you go!"

"But you cannot keep me!" Mrs. Upperman's gentle gray eyes were blazing and her delicate breast was heaving.

"It is not a question of my keeping you," said Mr. Hildegard calmly. "You *cannot* go—you will stay of your own accord. You are experiencing only the transition period of being tuned

up; you have been left idle so long, so long unplayed on, that you have rusted and so the tuning is painful; it must be so. But wait!"—Mr. Hildegard's pressure on her hands increased as he drew her to him and looked passionately up at her—"wait until the music of you begins to sound. Then you will not want to go, you poor beautiful, wretched, tortured little dumb instrument!"

For one moment still holding fast to her hands he compelled her gaze. Her eyes against her will were fastened on his and the light in them that was really like flames in the dark. But suddenly these flames died out; the eyes grew dull and sank deeper in his head; the entire face underwent a change, and Mrs. Upperman was looking into the countenance of a monster lean and grim, who seemed about to devour her.

She screamed, and freeing herself, fled from him as one escaping from a fire. When she reached her car she boarded it while it was still in motion, and taking the first seat in the corner she sat pale and breathing hard with her eyes fixed before her in a stony stare.

IV

MRS. UPPERMAN passed her station and had to wait twenty minutes for a returning car.

It was growing late; the sun, that had been making clouds pink in the sky, now turned them to dark, threatening crimson. Mrs. Upperman's mind had changed just as the heavens had; it was lurid and threatening, effacing clear thought. When she reached her street she seemed returning home after a long voyage, and when she saw that all the lights had been lit her heart beat again. It must be even later than she supposed and her husband already in. She entered nervously, but the servant assured her that while it was past the dinner hour Mr. Upperman had not returned; also there had been no telephone message.

Mrs. Upperman's hand trembled so when she took out her hatpins that, disregarding her rule to "always put away

her things" she left hat, wrap and gloves tossed upon the bed. Then she went downstairs and stood at the parlor window.

When Mr. Upperman mounted the steps and opened the door she ran to the hall and confronted him.

"Well?" he inquired, looking into her startled face.

"Nothing!" Mrs. Upperman did not recognize her voice. "Nothing!" she repeated.

"Are you ill, Lucile?" His voice was sharp.

"No. Let me take your coat and hat. Let me hang them up! And come inside; I want to ask you something—I want you to tell me a few things!"

"What is it you want me to tell you?" he asked, peering at her white face. Then he frowned. "Why I was late? Well, I will tell you why. Today didn't seem to me like every day—I didn't want to come home. It was the way you spoke to me, I suppose, and that blue thing you had on. What was the matter with you?"

"You were angry and wanted to stay away to do something wrong!"

"Something wrong?" She was leading him through the door but he paused. "What do you mean?" he asked abruptly.

"Why did you say you stayed away?"

"I have told you. Can't a man not want to come home if his wife has offended him without thinking wrong?" Mr. Upperman looked stern. "Who has been putting such notions in your head?" He put his hands on her shoulders and repeated his question: "What is the matter with you, Lucile?"

"Nothing, Will! Could you do wrong?"

He released her. "I suppose so, of course. We can all do wrong and without much effort if we get the idea that we are inclined that way. Who's been talking to you? I always looked on you as one who never thought of these distinctions."

"But *could* you? Answer me that!"

He looked sharply at her. "I certainly could if my mental attitude changed toward you."

"You mean I control your actions!"

"Have you ever doubted that you did? That's what I resented this morning when I got out and got to thinking of it, the possibility of my changing my mental attitude toward you."

A look that Mrs. Upperman had seen cross her husband's features when dealing with others, a sharp, discriminating look that he had never given her before, now flashed upon her. It expired instantly. "Isn't dinner ready?" he asked quite naturally.

"Yes; I have been waiting for you!"

"Then, since I'm here, suppose we have it!" He turned to touch the bell but she caught him by the arm and detained him.

"No! Wait a little while! I want to ask you something—I want you to tell me something!" She dragged him as a child does a nurse. "Come sit here and let me sit opposite you."

She led him to a seat and took her own in front of him, but sprang up again and turned on the lights. "There, now!" she exclaimed. "I can see your face. Are you hungry? I know you are and you look pale, but never mind; you can wait—you've got to tell me first!"

"Tell you what?" her husband inquired a bit irritably.

"Tell me whether or not I haven't been happy—tell me that I haven't been leading a wasted life. I want you to tell me if I haven't been happy!"

"You have told me you were," remarked Mr. Upperman coldly.

"Don't talk to me in that cold way! I want you to tell me from your heart!" She leaned forward and took his hands. "Haven't I been happy—tell me that—haven't I been happy ever since the day I first met you? Wasn't I happy all those months when we were engaged? Wasn't I happy on our bridal trip? Wasn't I happy on all the little trips we have taken together? Wasn't I happy all those hundreds of times that I have stood at the window at dusk watching for you and knowing that you would surely come? Wasn't I happy all those hundreds of times I ran to the door to meet you and you took me in your arms and kissed me? Wasn't I happy every

time you brought me a book or a flower or a box of candy or a magazine? Didn't they all make me happy? No, no! Don't speak to me! Only tell me, tell me, haven't I been happy! Wasn't that happiness, wasn't it *all* happiness, every day, every hour! Tell me, tell me, haven't I been happy?"

Her hands went out to him and her pained eyes blazed into his.

He leaned forward and took her hands in a sharp grasp. "Yes," he said, "you have been happy, as happy as I could make you. But why do you ask these questions?"

"Because they say I haven't been—they say I have been wasting my life!"

"They! Who?" Mr. Upperman's grasp on her hands tightened.

"Never mind!"

"Never mind!" Mr. Upperman laughed. "Who has been telling you these things? Who have you—what serpent have you been admitting into our Paradise? Is it to be the old story? Is it always to be over and over and over again as it was in the beginning? Can't things change? Tell me who has been telling you these things!"

"Never mind who! You hurt my wrists, Will."

He dropped her hands. "I know who it is! It's that Kirkwood woman! I knew it and felt it when you told me she had been here! I told you at the time she was no fit associate for you! I told you that when you repeated to me what she said to you about homes going out of fashion. You laughed about it; I didn't. I know these people who can't have, and so try to make others who do have dissatisfied; and I've tried to keep such people away from you! What else did she say, except about the home? I can settle that, but what else did she say?"

"Must I tell you?"

"Yes, tell me!"

"She told me you were a tyrant—that you hypnotized me into believing I was happy but that I wasn't. She said I was wasting my life, and she took me to a studio where she said people really *lived*. And I met them, and they told me the same and that I must free

myself, and I met one of those people today—a man—in the park—"

"You met a man today in the park by appointment?" An ugly vein had swelled in Mr. Upperman's forehead.

"Yes. Wait! I did, and he told me again all those things and that you were a tyrant."

"And you listened to these things about me from a stranger—a man who has never seen me, who doesn't know the first thing about me? You did this thing?"

"Yes. They told me it was all psychic—that I couldn't help myself. But I did help myself! I broke away from him and I ran!"

Mr. Upperman sat a moment looking into the distorted face of his wife, and when he spoke his manner was changed and his voice calm. "I have been a tyrant to you, Lucile, because I understood you, your impressionable nature, and I wanted to protect you from the cruelty of the world. If I have kept you out of it, it was because I long ago decided you were unequal to the machinations of the world, and that your real happiness in life lay in me. Do you mean to tell me that I have failed? Is that what you are telling me?"

"No, no! I want nothing on earth but you! That's what I want to tell you!"

"At this moment yes. You're excited, shocked by what you have done; you have fled to me, but I don't know that you are right—I do not know that I can continue to give you the happiness you have spoken of. You may have robbed me of my ability to do so. It is by faith in ourselves that we do such things. It was my faith in myself that made me successful this long. I didn't count upon the serpent, but then neither did Adam. Now listen to me. I came out on the train with Jim Kirkwood the very day after his wife made her first call here, and he told me that he was sorry she had been here, that she had been worrying the life out of him for five years to buy her a house, but never being in a position to do so he had managed to put it off; but that now that she had seen yours it was all on again and there would be no peace for

him. He laughed, but he meant it. She's house mad, he declared. And now that's settled! I didn't tell you about it; I don't like you ever to know of the petty jealousies, the vile tricks that envy creates. She couldn't stand seeing you contented in your house and so wanted to pull it down over your head; she couldn't stand seeing your happiness in me and so wanted to see you destroy it with your own hand. And you gave her the satisfaction of falling in with her scheme." He paused and his gray eyes flashed. "And now here is something she didn't tell you! She didn't tell you that she has been calling me up on the telephone at my office for three months, and that when I had her shut off she wrote me this note! Read it!"

He took a note from a book in his pocket and handed it to her.

Mrs. Upperman rose without a word and went under the light and read the note through. Then she turned to him. "Neither did you tell me," she said.

"It's only one of *many* things I haven't told you. They meant nothing to me and I have had only two things in my mind about you—to love you and keep you happy. I may have been mistaken; I may have taken, through selfishness, the wrong view of things. I may have denied you much—I can't say. The world has much to offer; there are many bewildering experiences. I have no doubt the studio afternoon was full of fascination. You have had a glimpse of these things, and that glimpse may assume to you the form of repeated invitations. I am not denying the world's charms or its alluring gifts, especially to a pretty woman, but I am telling you that you have got to choose between them and me! If you don't choose me exclusively your choice won't amount to much, for one change in my mental attitude to you and the world may have alluring gifts to offer *me*! I have loved you and been faithful to you, but that doesn't mean that I haven't had women trying to make me love them and be untrue to you. Every man has. I repeat, I haven't told you these things because I didn't want you

to know them, and I repeat, it was because I wanted to keep you happy!"

The blood rushed into Mrs. Upperman's face, the blood that flows hot from sudden jealousy.

"And you think it was fair not to tell me these things!" she flashed.

"I thought it was wise. The world is never actually fair to woman; that's why I have attempted to protect you from it, and I had to take *my* way to do it. I have an old-fashioned creed that the only way for a good woman to find happiness is—in loving one man. I may be wrong; I have no doubt your studio friends would say so—they call it a man being tyrannical over a woman. I don't deny it. Shall we have dinner? I am hungry."

He rose and strode out of the room, and she followed him demurely. She staggered once, blinded by her passion for this man as her eyes rested on his square shoulders and erect form moving unobservant of politeness before her. All their past rushed through her mind like overflowing waters clear and confused, and a dim consciousness of the great gift of his love, this great gift that she had taken naturally as a right, overcame her and with it a sudden acute realization that all along this love had without her knowledge been in danger. A mad, overwhelming jealousy of those unknown women who had attempted to rob her possession, encroach upon her rights, confronted and terrified her.

When they were seated at the table and the soup had been served she looked about her as though the place were strange and she was in it for the first time.

"It's so light in here," she said; "I feel as if I had lost something."

"You *have* lost something," returned her husband coldly. "We have both lost something. We are like parents who have buried a child."

"But how can I live with this feeling?" She sprang up, affected by that same sense of suffocation, and put out her arms.

"Just as the parents take up life without the child. Sit down and eat your dinner. I am not condemning you,

Lucile; you have been for eight years the sweetest wife a man ever had. It is not the fault of either that we both forgot that you were a woman. Sit down."

She went over and stood by him. "I can't! I can't!" she cried. "Will!" She called his name as one in pain calls out.

"Well?"

"I tell you I can't live if—if things are different—I can't!" She dropped down on her knees beside him and he let her expend her torrent of tears against him in silence.

When she was quiet and only an occasional sob broke the stillness, he put his hand on her head tenderly. "Get up," he said; "you have let in the serpents but perhaps I can be wiser than they."

She dragged herself up and looked at him, her face distorted, her eyes wet with tears, and the cry in her heart which was for self now, self-preservation, burst forth. "But suppose anyone were to take your love from me!"

"No one can," he answered, looking up at her half wearily.

"But you said they have tried!"

"So they have."

"They might try again!"

He got up slowly and folded her gently in his arms. "It is possible," he said. "But if anyone should"—he had lifted her face and was looking into it—"and I were even to do what you call the wrong things, I would always love *you*. That is what I have to offer you over other men. Nothing that *I* might do could ever change my love for you—it's something even above myself. No one but you can alter it. If you did the wrong things—I would not love you. That may not be fair, but I have told you life is rarely fair to woman. Kiss me."

He lifted her face a little, looked long and deep into her eyes and then lowered his lips to hers. "Go now and sit down and touch the bell," he said, releasing her.

"I can't eat," she answered, staggered by her misery and his kiss of passionate command.

"You can sit at the table," he said, and they were the first tyrannical words he had ever spoken to her.



F A T E

By MARIE CONWAY OEMLER

OF dreams divine I built his shrine,
And washed it clean with tears.
I strewed before its golden door
The flowers of all my years.

My neighbor's fame was black with shame,
Weed-grown her shrine and bare,
Yet by her gate of sin and hate
He paused, and found her fair.

With careless eye he passed me by,
The love I might not win,
But knelt before her graceless door,
And prayed her take him in.

SUCH IS LIFE

By TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY

LIFE is what enables the baby to kick his feet about in infancy, and what he kicks most about during his adult days.
Generally life begins with a squall, and it often continues squally to the end.

There are four modes of life: bachelorhood, a fast life; spinsterhood, a slow life; matrimonial life, which is suspended animation; and the Reno electric life, a spicy variety composed of alternating currents of the married and single kinds.

The butterfly life is the gay one, but it is too short; the tortoise life is longer, but it is too slow; and if you try to strike a safe and sane gait in the middle of the road, you get run over by some joy rider going the pace that kills—such as you.

Life is the most necessary thing in the world—you simply cannot live without it. It is as uncertain and difficult to control as dynamite or a woman. Too much life will land you in jail, and too little in a coffin.

High life is dangerous, as one's aeroplane may have a "brainstorm" at any minute or altitude; and there is no longer much enjoyment in low life on account of the settlement workers and slumming parties. Apparently the only escape from *bourgeois* dullness is to marry as often as possible; and there is always danger of falling in love with your wife and settling down to a duckpond placidity.

If you are lacking in life, you are termed a "dead one"; if endowed with real life and ginger, you are dubbed "too fresh."

Verily, life is a picture puzzle, and there are always too many pieces or not quite enough.



OH, DEAR, DEAD DAY

By JEAN WILDE CLARK

O, DEAR, dead day!
I close thine eyes,
And I fold thine hands,
As the low light lies
Like a pall to thy feet and a veil to thy hair,
Oh, dear, dead day,
As thou lieth there.
But through the gloom of the growing night,
Beyond the rim of the year's slow flight,
Thou wilt live to me
In memory,
Oh, dear, dead day.

DISCIPLES OF ART

By ADELE LUEHRMANN

VENUS DE MILO

THE FAMOUS GREEK SHOWGIRL
SUPPORTED BY AN AMERICAN COMPANY
IN THE PERENNIALY POPULAR FARCE
"DOING THE LOUVRE"

PLACE: a gallery in the Louvre,
Paris.

TIME: a summer afternoon.

There is no change of scene, and the action is continuous, the dramatic unities customary in the star's native land being thus preserved by the author as a compliment to her.

At the rise of the curtain the star is discovered in the center of the stage with the limelight full upon her. She stands upon a pedestal in her world-famous pose, which she maintains throughout the action of the play.

Enter **CHORUS** of Guidebooks, Official Catalogues, etc. (The introduction of a chorus is also a flattering concession by the author to Greek custom.)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

The galleries of the Louvre are open to the public daily, except Mondays. They are so numerous that it takes two hours to walk through them all without stopping. At least six days (more if possible) should be devoted to these famous art collections, as they are the most important objects to be seen in Paris. If time is limited, it is better not to try to see everything, but a few things thoroughly.

(Enter **POPULACE**, who move about conversing among themselves. Their remarks do not delay the action of the play, as they are in French, German and other unknown languages.)

CHORUS

In the center, No. 136, is the Venus de Milo, the most celebrated of the treasures of the Louvre, and one of the finest classical works that survive in Europe. Its beauty is self-evident. The figure is powerful and majestic, the face pure and noble. It exhibits the perfect ideal of the nude female form. Examine it in detail; no object in the Louvre deserves closer study. (*Retires to the background. A party of TOURISTS enter but stop suddenly at the sight of VENUS.*)

TOURISTS (*in great relief*)

Why, we've already seen that! (*They depart precipitately.*)

FEMALE TOURIST (*rushing in*)

Oh, there it is! What luck! (*Addresses the POPULACE.*) You see, I had just twenty minutes to do this wonderful place, and the books say it is better not to try to see everything, but just a few things thoroughly. So I picked out Victory, Mona Lisa and Venus; and now I have seen them all and have time for lots more! (*Rushes out.*)

(**BUSINESS MAN** enters, followed by his WIFE. He strides across the stage, looking neither to right nor left.)

WIFE

Oh, John, look! There's the Venus de Milo!

BUSINESS MAN (*impatiently*)

Who? Where? Oh, that! Well, come on; we've got to get through here some time today.

WIFE

But, John, wait! The book says it is the most celebrated of the treasures of the Louvre, and one of the—

BUSINESS MAN (*stopping and turning*)

It says *that* about every damned thing in the place. Come on now; if we stop it'll take *more* than two hours. (*He strides out, followed by his wife, who looks back longingly.*)

(*Enter YOUNG MAN and YOUNG GIRL, strolling leisurely. They are obviously in love.*)

YOUNG GIRL

I wonder what's in this room? (*Stops and blushes at the sight of VENUS.*)

YOUNG MAN (*consulting guidebook to hide his own embarrassment*)

Let's see. No. 136, Venus de Milo. It says: "The figure is powerful and majestic, the face pure and noble. It exhibits the perfect ideal of the nude fe—" (*Stops abruptly.*)

YOUNG GIRL (*hastily*)

She *has* got a real sweet face. I wonder what's in the next room?

YOUNG MAN (*seeing statuary beyond*)

Let's go and see some more pictures.

YOUNG GIRL (*determined to avoid all risks*)

Oh, yes; let's go back to those funny saints getting their heads chopped off. (*They hurry out without looking back.*)

(*Enter MOTHER and DAUGHTER.*)

DAUGHTER

That's Venus de Milo, ma.

MOTHER

She's the one we saw in Italy, ain't she?

DAUGHTER

Good gracious, no; of course not!

MOTHER (*apologetically*)

Well, they've got the same name.

DAUGHTER

They've got the same *first* name! But I ain't Mary Jones just because my name's Mary, am I? That one was Venus de Medici, a sister of Catherine de Medici. 'Tain't the same family.

MOTHER

Oh, no, of course not! I see the difference now. This one's got some clothes on. (*They go out. Enter two smartly dressed girls.*)

FIRST GIRL

My goodness! Just look there! Don't you remember her? She was in the art room at school.

SECOND GIRL

Of course! Well, who would have expected to see her in Paris?

FIRST GIRL

This one has the arms broken off, too, in almost the same place. Isn't it queer?

SECOND GIRL

It certainly is. But isn't it simply splendid to come across a work of art we know *all* about? Did you take art at school?

FIRST GIRL

Yes, I took it. Didn't you?

SECOND GIRL

Indeed I did! I've always been crazy about art!

FIRST GIRL

So have I. Just think, we've been through ten rooms already!

SECOND GIRL

I counted eleven.

FIRST GIRL

Did you? Well, I was so absorbed I must have lost count. Isn't it graceful the way that drapery hangs over her knees?

SECOND GIRL

It certainly is. The French are so artistic. I'm just crazy about French clothes.

FIRST GIRL

Oh, so am I! Aren't you tired?

SECOND GIRL

Simply dead. Let's go and get some tea.

FIRST GIRL

And some cakes. I love French cakes; don't you?

SECOND GIRL

I'm just crazy about them. (*They hurry out.*)

INDEPENDENT CRITIC (*entering, with TARGET*)

This is the Venus de Milo.

(*TARGET listens.*)

INDEPENDENT CRITIC
The *famous* Venus de Milo.

(TARGET *listens again.*)

INDEPENDENT CRITIC
I consider it the most celebrated of the treasures of the Louvre, and one of the finest classical works that survive in Europe.

TARGET (*thoughtlessly*)
What else does the book say?

INDEPENDENT CRITIC (*startled*)
The book! Why care what books say? Its beauty is self-evident. I can see it. (*Pityingly*) Can't you?

TARGET (*hastily*)
Oh, yes, indeed; yes indeed, I certainly *can*! I think it's exquisite!

INDEPENDENT CRITIC
Well, yes—perhaps. But words mean so little. Why talk at all? Look at it! The figure is powerful and majestic, the face pure and noble. I consider it the perfect ideal of the nude female form. But why speak? I see, I feel; but I, for one, prefer to gaze in reverential silence. (*Reverential silence of one second.*)

Guidebooks are for those incapable of forming an independent opinion. In

defiance of them all, I do not hesitate to say that I consider the Venus de Milo a *work of art*. (*Impressive pause of two seconds. TARGET is impressed.*)

Let us examine it in detail; no object in the Louvre deserves longer study. (*Pause of three seconds for detailed examination.*)

TARGET

I saw some postals of that over on the Rue de Rivoli.

INDEPENDENT CRITIC (*enthusiastically*)

Did you really? I am going right over and get one! Then I am going back to the hotel and sit right down and study it. (*Exit excitedly.*)

(Enter GUARD. He addresses some unintelligible words to the POPULACE. The accompanying gestures, however, indicate to the audience that the time for closing the galleries has arrived. The POPULACE and the CHORUS leave the stage. The GUARD remains alone with VENUS. There is a long pause, during which he stands gazing up at her. Then slowly and unconsciously he raises his hand and removes his hat. There is another pause. A clock is heard to strike five. The GUARD turns, and with head still uncovered leaves the stage as the curtain falls.)



DEBTS are like automobiles: we rush into them and crawl out the best way we can.



A REAL friend will stand by you to the last dollar. But it has to be your dollar.



MISFORTUNES are sent to annoy us and amuse our friends.

THE KISS OF LOVE

By HUGH W. GAYER

AT the kiss of Love on the brow the flame of life sprang forth in bud and blossom of the purest joy.

At the kiss of Love on the eyes there fell a shower of tears amidst the grass, and even the ox-eyed daisies stared their mild surprise, whilst the light shone out from behind the great throne in revealing beauty.

At the kiss of Love on the hands there rose a mighty fabric, butterfly-hued and myriad-turreted, Castles of Spain and highways of old Venice beyond the dreams of Ruskin or of Walt.

At the kiss of Love on the feet swiftly ran the tidings of great joy—"On earth love, the brotherhood of man."

At the kiss of Love on the lips there soared a song of Truth's most perfect thrill, and all the stern courage of his passive face broke forth in rippling laughter, the courage of the gods.

At the kiss of Love on the heart rose a strain so solemn, low and sweet, with harmonies so vast and so minute, that every corner of the universe pulsed with rhythmic beating of that dancing heart, then fell transfixed, shimmering in tones and moods of purest beauty, as all hung trembling around the throne of Love, perfect-orbed, full-throated, passionate.

At the kiss of Love on the soul there flamed in golden letters thwart the sky, "Perfect love casteth out fear and bringeth understanding;" and once again there flashed, "*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.*"

And then we knew our souls, our journey's end.



YOU may not be able to borrow money, nor even an umbrella; but you can always borrow trouble—and you'll be welcome to keep it, and you'll never be asked to give it back.



"GO to the ant, thou sluggard." But he usually prefers to go to his "uncle."

THE WIFE WHO WASN'T

By LOUISE E. EBERLE

IT was not a quarrel, but worse. When a battle is over the field will nourish roses as well as before—better if blood has been spilled. But this was a split, a rift, and they stood on either side gazing across with frightened eyes and knowing that neither could ever cross to the other.

Love practically at first sight, an almost immediate marriage, a two months' wedding trip and now, where the climax of happiness should have been, came the end.

Gibraltar, Algiers, Egypt, Malta, Sicily, Italy, then France and Paris—surely no trip had ever been more joyous, but now, when Kent had brought his young bride to Paris to end extravagantly at the Exposition an extravagant tour, they were ending their happiness instead.

Three hours ago his weightiest problem had been to choose between two suites in the hotel. He had chosen the more expensive because the harmony of greens fairly made alive the glowing white of Elsie's face, in its frame of cloudy brown hair. Now he was wondering whether joy's broken cup could ever be mended so as to hold more than the lees of the wine.

He had asked Elsie what gaiety she would choose as the beginning of the Paris round, but she, for the first time since he had known her, was tired and had no zest for merrymaking. So he made a nest of the cushions on the great divan and laid her in it and sat beside her, and soon they were wandering hand in hand through the alluring paths of their first long talk together. They had stopped for a moment with a little catch of laughter at the delightful discovery

when they made it. There had been time for laughter, for happiness, but not time for that type of conversation where each word, uttered in the reverberating sphere created by the joining of the hemispheres of sympathetic minds, measures the depths as a plummet.

But now there were broken words and silence. We make least noise over the dearest dead. The blow did not hurt Kent the less because it only struck him through Elsie. To him it was no tragedy that one should be a believer, the other an infidel; he did not see why the chance discovery of what he had not even thought enough of either to tell or hide should shock her, but the fact that it was tragedy to her opened the wound in him.

"I feel guilty," said Kent at last, "not to have told you before. But, dear, it never even occurred to me that it could matter, and if it had, I should probably have thought that, as long as you knew me to be a scientist, you would expect me to think as I do. And, after all, it is not much more than a difference of terms. I have meddled with mental machinery so long that I have seen all that you attribute to an extra-mundane deity explained and proven as phenomena of the brain. I have sent too many minds wandering through space to seek data for me, not to explain practically on the basis of hypnotism and its kindred phenomena, telepathy and clairvoyance, all that to you seems supernatural. I call it Will, and locate it in the brain. You call it God, and locate Him—somewhere. I call it Will, and can, in an ever growing degree as I learn more, command it. You call it God—and pray."

Kent stopped abruptly, ashamed of the hard blows he had been directing against Elsie's belief, but Elsie only smiled a flushed little smile.

"Dear," she said, "don't imagine that you have investigated the soul and found it lacking. You have but wandered in the slums of the human mind. The soul you have yet to know."

Kent scarcely heard her, so intent was his thought on the rift between them. "But need we love each other the less?" he asked.

"Not less—more." Her voice was uneven. "But can love make itself heard across the chasm?" She paused, then rose inspired, prophetic. "Yes," she exclaimed, "for God shall call you across." She turned as if flinging a challenge. "Will, which one commands, or God, to whom one prays—we shall see," she said.

Kent bowed gravely, "We shall see."

II

LYING on one's back gazing up at the stars, one receives the same impression of limitlessness that came to Kent when he plunged that evening from the steps of the hotel into the Paris crowd. The hotel was not far from the Exposition grounds, and the great mass of people moved solidly toward that center, already blazing in the dusk, the dazzle of its million lights giving the effect of motion, till it seemed a giant, slowly turning millwheel, on which swarmed fiery bees without number. There was every nation there from north to south, from east to east again, but among them all, dominant, insistent, restless, electrical, moved in a vivid network the Americans. Vital among the settled English, beautiful among the French, like a stinging breeze among the stolid Germans, like flashes of light among the subtle shadows from the Orient they moved in the great circle that swung around that blazing center.

But within the great fixed current were counter currents burrowing worm-like ways through the mass, and it was one of these that Kent joined, for he

had nothing to do with the monstrous millwheel of gaiety, but belonged rather to this smaller undercurrent that ran beneath the nether millstone. At the edge of the crowd the stream dissolved, so that suddenly, as if dropped bodily from one world to another, he found himself on a side street, dark in blazing Paris, deserted where all the world was. For, as a ragged lump of metal melted runs together in a glowing whole, so did Paris draw in its edges and concentrate itself in that molten knot.

Kent stopped at a small cafe and ordered wine. He would pass the evening here, for he had felt keenly that Elsie, for the first time, wished to be alone. Food he could not touch, but he sipped fitfully at the light French liquor the waiter brought.

There were three men at the next table, a stray couple or two farther on, and a woman singing on the tiny stage. A man of the commoner sort entered with a girl in bright blue, an unabashed stare in her eyes. After them came a woman, harassed, vapid and worn out. Kent dully recognized the type. He had spent much time proving its phenomena explicable on a natural basis. The woman was a medium. She was crying out that that was her husband with the girl in blue, and she went into a long string of abuse, to which the couple paid no attention whatever, but seated themselves and ordered wine.

"My man!" exclaimed the woman. "I saw them—I found them in the dark! I did not need to be told. I have the other sight. They cannot hide from me!" She turned to the three men seated together. "My man, messieurs, my husband with her! What devils!"

Kent remained in a torpor till a touch on the arm aroused him. The woman who had been singing slipped into a seat at his side, letting her hand slide slowly down his arm. Without waiting for an invitation she ordered wine, and chattered to him above the din which a tinny piano began to make under the hand of a strenuous "artist." She got no response from Kent, and by and by left him in irritation. An hour later, when her "turn" had come and ended

again, she passed Kent, still huddled in his chair. She leaned across the table.

"Good monsieur ass, why not bray?" she inquired. At the same time she raised his glass to compel him to drink. Kent sprang up with the suddenness of an electric shock, his face livid. The tension had snapped too suddenly. He raised his arm over the terrified girl, seized the glass and shattered it on the table between them. In another instant he was defending himself from the three men from the next table. When more joined the battle against him he made a bolt for the door, for he knew what a Paris brawl was, and in another second was flying down a dark street before several pursuers.

When he stopped he had no idea where he was. Neither did he care particularly, but suddenly he wondered how any anxiety could make him leave Elsie so long, for it must be midnight, he thought. He looked at his watch under the nearest street lamp. It was three o'clock. When he found his way to the hotel it was nearly daylight.

III

HE did not wait for the elevator, but ran up the one flight of stairs to their room. Receiving no answer to his knock, he turned the knob. The door was unlocked, and he entered quietly, lest he disturb Elsie asleep in the bedroom beyond. Then he stepped out of the room hastily and looked up at the number over the door. Yes, number nineteen. He looked into the hall. Yes, the only door opening to the front on this side. He stepped into the room again.

Blue! But he had picked out this suite the day before because the shading of greens brought out so wonderfully the whiteness of Elsie's face in its cloud of brown hair. He looked about slowly at the blue walls and draperies, then walked across to the bedroom door and opened it. Blue, and the bed made and no sign of an occupant.

Kent stepped out into the hall. The manager, who had himself shown them

to the room the day before, was there, his eyes heavy, either just up or just retiring. Kent called to him, then hesitated what to say, but the man broke into volubility: "*Oui*, monsieur, it is a wonderful suite, more expensive than monsieur's. If monsieur wishes to change—"

Kent wondered how he spoke calmly. "No," he said; "I entered by mistake. Among so many—"

"But naturally, monsieur," the man hastened to say. "I will myself conduct monsieur."

Kent followed. They stopped farther down the hall at a door numbered twenty-nine. The room was as strange to him as the one he had just left, but there were his personal belongings arranged as if he had left them about, but no single feminine article was there.

Kent turned to the manager, but he was gone. He waited a few moments on the stairs before going to the desk, for there was in his throat a lump he could not manage. He realized it as something he had never known before—fear, paralyzing, numbing fear.

When he had mastered himself he went to the office. He spoke quietly to the clerk, for there were loungers there even at that early hour.

"Will you please give me the number of my wife's room—Mrs. Buford Kent?" he said. "I thought it was nineteen, but in this big hotel—" He broke off.

The clerk stared at him, yawning slightly, for he was just at the end of his night duty. "Monsieur wishes to change his room? He expects madame, his wife?"

"I wish to know," said Kent very distinctly, "what room in this hotel my wife is occupying at the present time."

The clerk shrugged his shoulders. "We have no Madame Kent registered," he said. "If monsieur wishes to examine the register—" He pushed the book toward him.

Kent ran his finger jerkily down a page of names. Halfway down he found the legend, "Buford Kent, New York, U. S. A." That was all. He stared at the page. He did not know that he was pressing his fingers upon the book till his nails were white. But the

name that should have followed his did not appear.

He at once put the affair into the hands of the chief of police. He was beginning to feel that it belonged rather in the hands of an alienist, but he carefully refrained from a word that would give him the impression that he felt himself the victim of some monstrous delusion. The police searched Paris for a week in the endless, ever-changing mass of people that had settled on the city like a swarm of locusts, but at the end of a week they openly hinted what Kent had told himself, that the affair did not belong in their hands. A candle flame blown out could not have disappeared more completely than the bride with the white face and the cloud of brown hair. Every night Kent threw himself into the midst of the throngs, searching, seeking, he scarcely knew whether a wraith or a reality. The wonders, the marvels of wonderful, marvelous Paris *en fête* before the world passed before his eyes, but he saw nothing of them. But the one thing that did not pass before his eyes he saw, saw till he believed madness near, a white, small face with soft, brown hair about it like a cloud. And none of the din of laughter, of riot, of delirium of the world's greatest playground did he hear, for one unuttered sound drowned it all, a quiet voice calling in love his name, again and again and again.

Then the Exposition ended, and Paris, the crowds melted, seemed fairly to reverberate in emptiness. The daze of the throngs gone, it seemed to Kent that he had been in a dream, and now with the awakening came a renewal of energy, and his brain, spurred from its lethargic weariness, denied the possibility of a being, an entity, being blotted out without mark or trace, and began to demand of life his wife or an accounting of her.

He went straight to the hotel office and to the manager.

"I wish to see Mrs. Buford Kent," he said in a positive tone, looking straight at the man.

The manager looked at him a moment, then motioned Kent to follow.

He led him into a private room and closed the door.

"I had not intended to tell monsieur," he said, "but I see that it is imperative now that monsieur should know the truth."

Then it was that Kent listened to the story of a hurried call for a doctor an hour after he had left the hotel that night. The tale went on, terrible, sinister, like tales of the subtle and swift-dealing Orient.

It was the plague. There in a hotel in the heart of Paris, in Exposition time—the plague! Would anyone, would even monsieur in his grief, have it that all Paris, that all the thousands of all the world who were there should be plunged into panic, that the Exposition should be ruined, that all Paris and all the world should suffer and be struck with terror on account of one woman? It would have been nothing less than a national disaster, an international shock, as monsieur would concede if he would but consider. And—and the hote would have been ruined. And if they had told him, monsieur knew, before God, that he would not have been able to keep still. He would have summoned every physician in Paris. He would have cried aloud for help. The secret could not have been kept. It was terrible, but it was necessary.

"We worked that night, monsieur! Madame was conveyed secretly to some isolated spot in the country. No, I do not know the place. We had only time for fear and work—and to pray that monsieur would not return. And God had answered, so it was right. When it was over we disinfected the room and repapered and redraped it ourselves, and changed monsieur's things as he saw—and all in a couple of hours, though we sweated for it. We worked that night, monsieur! And all secret, quiet. But it was all needful, as monsieur must concede. It was the doctor himself who launched the plan—who swore that it was needful—before God, monsieur! And he has evidently been smitten and died himself, for he has never returned as he promised. Even his name I did not know; he was a

stranger who had been lounging in the wine room, whom we knew for a doctor by his appearance. But for monsieur's sake I have done what might be since then to find a clue—police, detectives, hospital records, all; but there is nothing. I had intended to tell monsieur later, but then he left Paris. But now, as I have said, I see it to be imperative. But we have suffered, too, for it cost, how much monsieur could not believe, to do that work so quickly, to burn those furnishings of the most expensive, to silence those few who knew, to get them out of the city. Oh, yes, monsieur, we were thorough! And the hotel would have been ruined." He stopped and stood muttering.

Kent had but one question, but he looked instead of speaking. The man's hands twisted and his voice shook as he answered.

"Monsieur, I do not know. We depended on the doctor, and when he did not return—" He stopped, stood a moment in miserable embarrassment, then turned and left the room.

Kent followed him. He had something to seek. A woman, was it, or—a grave?

But when, with the endless days, he retained no real hope of finding either in Paris, Kent flung himself after an imaginary hope. His despairing whim was that perhaps Elsie was seeking him in the old paths they had trod together. He went to Gibraltar, the first place they had visited, and there, step by step, he went over their path. Not a corner did he leave unexplored, and not a step did he take that was not hope before him and despair behind. More and more deeply did he become absorbed, obsessed, the victim of a dream of despair and fear, till outward realities were becoming the most unreal of all things he had to do with, and ghosts and shadows made the real world of this, the man of matter.

But at Malta, whence the path led to Sicily, he suddenly dropped the trail to go back to Paris, for here memory took on a poignancy he could not endure. Out in the sun-dazzled streets that run blindly between high, narrow walls she

was but a shade. Against the shadow of the cathedral's crypt he saw her a pale luminance. In the twisted and tortured darkness of the Catacombs he saw her as dazzling a presence as the flame of the candle that guided him. He was tempted, tempted to back away from the mysterious foe, to run from this battle with an unguessed enemy, to escape altogether into a world of dreams—this man who believed that even dreams keep to this side of the veil separating the real from the unreal.

Kent vaguely heard the guide explain in his broken English that they could go no farther, that the guides themselves knew no more of this buried horror that spread itself seven miles from Citta Vecchia to Valetta. The man stopped, protesting, as Kent went on.

"Wait where you are," said Kent. "I want to look down into this passage. Your light will guide me back." A few more yards, another turn or two, and the gates of the world would be closed on him forever. There would be nothing to hold him from union with that dream. He knew keenly what the mere dropping of the candle would mean, and he reached out to claim darkness and the dream. "For there is nothing to hold me," he said aloud in triumph.

But there was one thing to hold him—Elsie. He almost believed that this at last was not the creation of his tortured brain, that Elsie rose beside him as in that last moment they were together. And he saw her again fling down the challenge, and heard the words: "Will, which one commands, or God, to whom one prays—we shall see."

And again Kent, gravely bowing his head, said, "We shall see!"

IV

KENT went straight to Paris. But when he neared the hotel where that swift evil had befallen him, he found he could not enter. He turned again and plunged into the crowd. He went among the gay, happy passers-by like a dull, dark moth seeking to escape a circle of butterflies. He only knew that to-

morrow he would challenge—what? Space? Mind? Life? In the meantime he sought only darkness.

It was some queer sense other than memory that told him he was in the self-same street he had gone to that other night, for he had no conscious recollection of its appearance. When he reached the cafe door he went in and blindly sought and found the same table. How long ago was it, measured by pain? He heard a hard voice singing, and when the song was done a burst of laughter made him look up. There was the woman of that other night, and, as on that night, she leaned over the table and exclaimed hilariously:

"Ho, monsieur, solemn ass, have you brayed yet?"

Kent's rage may have resulted from the mere suggestion of memory, but, as on that other night, he sprang from the table in anger and made for the street. Then, as if incidents were purposely duplicating themselves to torment him, when he had gone a few yards he heard footsteps following him.

Kent broke into a run, but still he was followed, a torrent of excited French pouring from his pursuers, but as on that other night, he soon outdistanced them, and was alone in a deserted side street. When he looked at the hat in his hand he found the cause of the pursuit. He had taken someone else's hat. He laughed a little for the first time since—he never said since what, when he came to that word now. But suddenly his laughter stopped, for all his consciousness was riveted on one fantastic question—the wildest whim of all. What did that parallel of incidents mean? He stood still, as if afraid to disturb his own thought. And then he spoke aloud, hushed, intense.

"This night has duplicated that other night so far. Half the night has returned. Why cannot I recall the rest of it and find out where—she is?" He stood a moment rapt, almost unconscious of a touch, but when he looked it was the medium, shuffling and breathless, the fumes of cheap wine reeking about her.

"I followed," she gasped, "for I had

a gleam—I saw—and I know that monsieur is sorrowful. He shall send me after what he seeks, for he has the power—and I shall find. I shall find it," she repeated, mumbling.

Kent drew a deep breath. Here was vindication; here was triumph. Will, which one commands, or God, to whom one prays! And here, meeting him when he had turned back to life to accept the challenge, came the tool needed to do his will's command. The links of this wonderful chain of suggestion and subconscious action that had brought it all about flashed before his eyes like dazzling entities.

"Come," he said to the medium.

V

THEY entered the hotel by the side door he had used that other time, and reached the room without observation. At the door Kent paused, strangely afraid to lay his hand upon the knob, lest it be locked and this one thing break the chain of coincidence. When he turned the knob and found the door open, he stood still, realizing that he was allowing himself a tension the snapping of which would be the final break. He entered hastily, drawing the woman after him and closing the door.

He fumbled in the dark till he came to a table, a chair beside it, and in this he seated the woman. His fingers sought a nerve and pressed it; they passed here and stopped there, and gradually the woman under his hand became an annulled creature, a nonentity.

He knew in the dark when to speak to her, and quietly came back the answer.

"I see a gleam—white." She paused. "A white face and brown, cloudy hair."

"Elsie," whispered Kent.

"I see her sad, alone. Now she is asleep, but quivering, and she cries out as she wakes. And—now—she has fallen. She is ill. And now I see others, hurrying, terrified. They take her away. One man goes with her to the country—no, I cannot see where. Then"—the vision and words were swift—"I see her cared for by a peasant

woman, and—yes—the man dies, and she—”

Kent dared not ask; he could only wait—wait that eternal second. Then—then!

“She is searching. She is searching—and weeping—and praying.”

A sob broke from his lips. Elsie praying, but seeking! “Never mind, darling,” his heart cried out. “I’m seeking, too, but finding! I will!”

“She returns to Paris, but does not find what she seeks.” Kent quivered at the irony that had made him leave Paris to seek Elsie, just coming to Paris to seek him. “Now she is in a strange place, where there are tunnels in a rock going up and up.”

“Gibraltar!”

“A city of white—where again she seeks and weeps—and prays.”

So he watched, through those other eyes, his wife do as he had done, going over their route, hoping that he in turn was seeking her, and would seek where they had been together. And he saw, too, that she was just behind him on the search, that sometimes a day’s wait—once an hour’s—would have brought them together.

Gibraltar, Algiers, Egypt, what step did she not know? And what step was not hope before her and despair behind? He could see fate’s terrible masterpiece of satire as she sent messages ahead that missed him by an hour, as she missed news of him by chances that were miracles.

Then at Malta she, too, lost heart. He knew, beyond the bareness of the medium’s words, that his image went with her as hers with him, and it was her dream, too, that she might find him in some place where his shadow had fallen.

But his hands must not tremble. He must not think. He must only keep control of this vagrant mind that was doing his bidding. But Elsie—Elsie!

“Speak!” he whispered tensely. The woman stirred uneasily under his hand.

“I see—”

“What—what?”

“A light—the flame of her candle.”

“Is it moving?”

“I—think so.”

“Away—or close?” He must know—he must. Yet he must not let his agony break that control. His fingers were clutching like talons, trying to hold by physical force what his will was losing its grasp on.

“The flame—” murmured the medium again. Was it Elsie—back to Paris, or on—into the dark? As if in answer, the word “darkness” came from the medium’s lips, and she slipped, a shuddering heap, down into the chair.

Kent had failed. “Failed!” The word was wrung from him aloud.

The medium cringed toward him, after a dazed moment. “It was not my fault, monsieur,” she whined. “I could but do what monsieur willed, and it was monsieur who stopped me, so that I could not see. He could make me see what he willed.”

Kent gasped. This, too, to mock him! Of course, he could make her see what he willed—if he only did not want to know it so much that the hot longing melted the cold wall which must hold his will away from all emotion. Will, mighty Will, had brought him just where he was before, to the beginning of a search for a woman—or a grave.

He groped his way to the door, drawing after him the woman. He closed her limp fingers on some money, and then silently shut the door on her and felt his way back to the table. He had a revolver in his hand.

He was grateful for its cold touch on his temple. This time nothing should prevent, since nothing had helped, since there was no help. No help—not even in that vast consciousness he had forced his way into. But in a second he would not care.

Then whence came help? It was coming. He did not ask whence or how, but lifted his head in amazed wonder, as one might breathing a new element, and submitted to the force that held that death-pregnant finger still—waiting—still waiting—

Then his lips began dumbly to form an unused syllable, and then his voice gave it utterance, faintly, faintly trying the word and marveling, “God—God!”

and again, "God!" And still he was to wait.

Then with a shout he flung his arms above his head and cried out—in wonder—in triumph, "God, God give me Elsie!"

There were hurrying feet in the hall, and a cry, an answering cry of love.

The door opened wide and Elsie, seeking, hoping, praying, was in her husband's arms.



FLOWER SOULS

By IRENE ELLIOTT BENSON

AFTER the roses have faded away,
 Poppies and asters with coloring gay—
 Once in their splendor so gorgeous and fair—
 Lie in dead heaps on the earth brown and bare.
 After the birds have deserted the trees,
 After the frost has done kissing the leaves,
 After the brooklet refuses to flow,
 Where do the souls of our dead flowers go?

Up in the feathery clouds of the sky
 Soft downy blossoms appear, floating by.
 What are the snowflakes that fall to the earth?
 Spirits of lilies awaiting new birth.
 Rainbows of violet, yellow and red,
 Are mirrored in tulips with colors bespread,
 While tropical flowers that bloom in the night
 Are found in the sunset, gay, glowing, and bright.

In clouds then, or rainbow, in sunset or snow,
 'Tis there that the souls of our dead flowers go.



THE CABBAGE—Were you ever on the stage?

THE EGG—No; but one of my family was once cast for the villain and made a big hit.

WHO PAYS?

By T. D. PENDLETON

IN the smoking room of the Press Club the talk had got to the sex problem. Vorhees thought the woman usually paid; Jimmy Dickson, on the staff of the *Earth* for twenty years and a bachelor by predestination, held that she rarely did pay, taking into consideration the unutterable havoc she wreaked at will; young Clay thought—But what matter how he thought? He was a Kentuckian and struck out in defense of a petticoat instinctively. Vorhees was in a combative mood.

"You say the woman doesn't pay, Jimmy. Take the case of Macklin."

"Well, take the case of Macklin," said Jimmy.

"Who is Macklin?" asked young Clay indifferently.

Jimmy lifted the soda bottle carefully before he answered:

"My boy, Macklin, the finest, cleanest brain I ever knew, is no more."

"Yet the woman paid—" began Vorhees obstinately.

"Let us have Macklin's story," broke in Withers and Kemp in chorus.

Jimmy mixed his usual scant pony with the soda and drank it.

"It is not a pretty tale," he warned. "Its setting was the New York of twenty years ago; it introduces no motor cars. You want it? Well, here it is, then, as I myself saw it:"

The rest of us wanted to get to the top—we had ideals, too, when we came here. But Macklin *would* get up. His wagon was firmly hitched to his star and already his book had made good. But, true to his honest self, he was working out his second year on the paper. Always he had been helpful to us strug-

glers; every man on the staff liked him and was proud that he was of us.

One day I saw Macklin's star. After all, twin stars drew his wagon; they were gray-black-blue, the kind that promise heaven or the other place, you don't know or care which, if only you may look into them. She was in a hansom; she called to Macklin and we approached the curb. I am afraid I stared a good deal, but she scarcely noticed me. No wonder Macklin could write!

One day late in November Macklin said to me: "Mr. Dickson, will you do me the honor of attending my wedding? It will be absolutely private; we have no relatives here." Macklin's manner was the somewhat florid courtesy of the Southerner: I should have spelled honor with a "u" had I written down his little speech to me. I wondered if his fiancée was Southern, too.

That night the "detective" of our staff, a good-natured, red-headed fellow named Jones, volunteered:

"Macklin's girl is a working girl. Today I interviewed the president of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, and I found that Macklin's fiancée is Mr. Cullom's private secretary. She's got a good job. What she says goes with the old man; it didn't take me long to see that."

A week before the date set for the wedding Macklin took me to call on his fiancée. She lived in a high-priced apartment, too high-priced I thought. But it was all right—Evelyn Wing loved Macklin; anybody could see that. She was Southern, too. She told me that she and Macklin had been born in the same neighborhood.

If I ever saw two people apparently physically made for each other, those two were. The pair of them might have just stepped down from a Parthenon frieze, so superbly were their bodies proportioned. Miss Wing's manner was very charming, and her Southern speech was the prettiest I had ever heard. I lingered, but her eyes were all for her lover. I could have sworn Macklin owned her soul. And, God, how he loved her! In the way that clean men do love.

All that week he made good at the office each day. But I saw how slow to him seemed the hours separating him from his Day of Days, and I was glad for him when the last Saturday came.

But that night he came to me in the dismal little four-by-eight hallroom where I kept my household gods and told me that his wedding was postponed because of the illness of Miss Wing's mother. Miss Wing had taken the nine-twenty train for the South, he finished.

Macklin's poise was wonderful. So strongly had he held himself that it was not until after he was gone that it came to me something had gone wrong. Why had not he married and taken the girl South himself? Surely she needed his protection in this crisis.

The next morning, when I reached the office, the wires were hot with news of the wreck in which the president of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad had been killed in his own car.

He had started West; but twelve hours out from New York the engine hauling the train to which his car was attached stopped to repair a broken coupling, and suddenly the Harrington Express, which was following as the second section, crashed into the private car, reducing it to splinters and telescoping the cars ahead. The negro porter was the only one of the occupants of the private car who escaped instant death, and he was fatally injured. The body of the president of the road, Culom, was burned beyond recognition. He had met death while he slept.

It was evident that Macklin had read the bulletins in the street, for when he

entered the office he at once spoke to the Chief:

"Mr. Aaron, do you wish me to take the Atlantic and Pacific wreck?"

Every man's tongue stopped from sheer astonishment, but I alone understood: for all his superb poise, Macklin's disappointment was devouring him; he must have action. Then he turned to me.

"Dickson, will you come along?"

It was unprecedented. Two men, one of them the best on the staff, going to do a wreck whose scene they could not possibly reach for ten hours. But the Chief would have sent Macklin to China to do the spilling of a cup of tea had Mac asked for the assignment. We made a train within the hour. Mad-deneying delays lengthened the ten hours to fourteen; it was midnight when we left the train at the diminutive station that was the scene of the wreck, and walked a half-mile to the fatal siding.

We saw at once that there was no copy. The wreckers had just finished their work. The orders of a wrecking crew were then as they are now, to "clear the rails" at any cost, and this crew had pushed over disabled Pullmans with small ceremony. Their work done, the men sat smoking around a great fire they had made from the wreckage, before turning in at their dormitory car, which stood on a switch at the station.

The captain of the crew was the oldest one in the service of the road and the men were above the average in intelligence. I was struck with their loyalty to "the road," the monster that each year consumed the blood and muscle of so many overall-clad bodies. The men talked of the wreck in detail; told graphically how the invading engine of the second section, after plowing through the private car at the end of the first section, had rebounded, bringing out with it nearly everything that was inside the private car—mattresses, mirrors, mahogany paneling, bodies, all piled promiscuously on the running board, and all very shortly afire.

The wrecking train had made the

twenty-mile run from the division end to the scene of the wreck in record breaking time, but by the time they had reached the fatal siding there had been little left of Johnston Cullom's car or its occupants.

In respectful words, these rough men told how they had found the human bones so charred that it was difficult to know when they had the requisite number of pieces for a man's body. There was some discussion as to how many bodies had been taken from the wreck of the private car. Some of the men thought there were four; but the official report of "three" was corroborated by advices from New York that Mr. Cullom had with him in his car only one person—his Japanese valet—beside his chef and the negro porter, who escaped alive.

"Conroy knows more about them bodies than any of us; he did most of the handlin'," said one of the men in the circle around the fire. "And Conroy says there was sure four bodies in the wreckage of that car."

"Conroy was mistaken," cut in the firm voice of the gray-bearded captain of the wrecking crew. Then looking steadily into the clean cut face of the stalwart figure next to him in the circle, he went on: "No, Conroy, there were just three bodies taken from Mr. Cullom's car. You handled those dreadful things until you got too sick to count."

It was evident that Conroy was unconvinced. His manner was sullen, I thought, as he said: "I found two bodies in one heap on the running board of the Harrington Express engine. The rest of the bones were in two piles twenty feet apart. I know there were two bodies on the engine because there were two skulls in that heap."

The captain looked into Conroy's eyes and spoke deliberately: "There were just *three* bodies taken from the wreckage of Mr. Cullom's car." Conroy lowered his head.

During all this discussion Macklin stood silent, watching the flames. How well seasoned mahogany paneling burns—as brightly as driftwood, with rain-bow flame! He made no move to leave;

I said nothing. When all the men but a lone watchman had gone and the fire was embers and it was gray daylight, we walked back to the station. Much to my relief the bulletin board showed an eastbound passenger train at seven o'clock; seasoned as I was to strenuous work, this strange night had rather taken it out of me.

On the switches there at the station was the best of the salvage from the wreck. There stood the engine that had dealt death to Johnston Cullom and his companions. It was twisted, warped by the fierce flames, but still stood on its own wheels; it had been shoved here after the wreck.

The wreckers had had an hour or two of sleep and a hot breakfast, and stood in groups, cheerful at the prospect of getting back to the division end, which was the only home they knew; a slip of a girl was busy with her notebook making copy for some paper. In those days a girl reporter was rare enough to make men look after her, and this one was pretty enough to be sure. In her slim daintiness she looked scarcely more than a child; Conroy carried her tripod for her. The air was good; one felt glad to be alive, glad of his appetite for breakfast. Macklin, as he talked to the gray-bearded captain of the crew, looked as if just from his bath—he was iron.

The sun was rising. Against the flaming sky the black derrick of the wrecking train looked like some monster machine for the punishment of the damned. The first rays of the sun fell on the hideous, warped engine and gilded the head of the young girl reporter who stood close by it. She looked up at a man on the running board who poked in the cinders with a leg of the tripod.

One of the wreckers saw the little picture and laughed. "Conroy's got it bad; he is hunting relics for the girl. You know the engine rebounded after she ran into the private car. Conroy found the biggest heap of bones on the running board. Maybe he'll find a finger or some other pretty little souvenir for the girl."

The little girl with the innocent eyes left Conroy poking industriously in the cinders on the engine, approached the captain and spoke in her high, childish treble:

"Look what Mr. Conroy found on the running board!" She held up a tiny piece of blackened metal. Everybody drew near.

"It's a finger ring," one of the men said.

"No, it ain't," said the captain roughly; "it's a part of a brass hook."

The girl turned away, and her mouth seemed to tremble with childish disappointment. The captain put the piece of metal in his pocket and turned to the crew.

"Hurry, boys; we must get away from here."

The men busied themselves about their train. It was nearly seven o'clock and I was longing for the comfort of the Pullman. Suddenly Macklin said to the gray-bearded captain:

"Let me see that ring, please." The old man looked hard at Macklin, then handed him the bit of metal. People trusted Mac instinctively. It was a finger ring, all right; the stone was gone, but the peculiar design of the old-fashioned setting was plainly traceable.

"You understand, sir," said the captain, "that that is a *man's* ring? Mr. Cullom's wife loved him, God help her!" he finished tensely.

Macklin held the twisted, blackened ring and looked at it like a man in a dream. Suddenly he handed the thing back to the captain and strode across the tracks to the cottage that had been transformed to a hospital; mechanically I followed. A nurse stood in the doorway. I did not hear what Mac said to her, but I heard her reply.

"You may not see the negro porter," she said firmly. "He is dying."

Macklin walked past her as if he did not hear what she said. We entered a room where a negro with ghastly, ash-colored face gasped on heaped white pillows. Macklin spoke to him very gently.

"How many people were in that private car with you?"

"Jes' three," said the dying man in a whisper—"Mistah Cullom, de Jap valet an' de chef."

The negro was nearly gone; he closed his eyes. But the appeal in Macklin's voice was compelling.

"In the name of God, tell me how many people were in that car!"

"Don' ask me, boss. Fuh de lub uv Christ, don' ask me no moah! My ole mammy is a Wing niggah."

When the nurse saw Macklin's face as we left the cottage, she covered her eyes, for that of the negro on the heaped white pillows was scarcely more like gray stone.

One more twist of the knife was reserved for poor Macklin. Before the wheels of our train had stopped turning at the first stop we made I heard the cry of, "Extra! All about the finding of a woman's body in the wreck of President Cullom's car!" You see, the little girl reporter with the innocent eyes had got the truth from Conroy and made good for her paper.

Jimmy Dickson cut the end of a fresh cigar carefully. He looked as if the telling of the tale had been painful. However, after a minute, he went on evenly:

"This, gentlemen, is the story of Macklin, as I saw it. There is little more to tell.

"When it happens that a woman plays false while a man is in the early twenties, the going of the rest of his life is a matter of the quality of his love. Macklin, who was already putting into his work the best that was in him, striving to attain for Her, strove yet harder. Now it is axiomatic if stale, that a man can get no more out of the machine called self than he puts into it. Unable to look up at the ideal and draw refreshment therefrom, Macklin still worked as if he must distance something that raced with his brain.

"There can be but one end to such a race. The close of the year found Macklin all in. One morning he walked quietly to a shady spot in the park and ended it.

"We all followed poor Mac to the

grave, of course, and heaped the mound with flowers."

Jimmy lighted his cigar and leaned back.

"Yet you say the woman paid, Vorhees. How could her little moment of physical pain—granting that she did suffer at all—pay for the murder of a man's soul? I leave it to the others. Gentlemen, in the case of Macklin, did the woman pay?"

"No, she did not pay," agreed Withers and Kemp.

Young Clay sat silent, dreamily blowing smoke rings. He was far away from the Press Club. A long dormant brain cell had suddenly bloomed into activity, and he was again a very little boy in a sleepy Southern village. The ancient family carriage was got out of its cobweb-draped room, and in it the very little boy and his mother were driven to a funeral at the tumbledown Wing place, where a frail, white-haired lady and two old negresses were the mourners—no other woman appeared—a funeral where the face of a tall man, whom his mother greeted as one unmet for long years, made the little boy's throat ache with pity for the strange man; somehow it was like the face carved on the tomb in the little old village church, the stone face—yes, that was it; *it was a stone face on a living man.*

The family burying ground at the Wing place was water-soaked and inexpressibly dreary. From his earliest memory funerals had depressed the little boy, but the *unusualness* of this one thrilled him strangely. It did not alone depress; it oppressed. Its gloom was stifling, as if iron bands held bursting hearts. The service seemed interminable. Through it all a mocking bird sang. He sat in a young walnut tree and sang gloriously, triumphantly, while the clods fell in the gaping black hole.

The little boy felt, even while his Presbyterian conscience chastised him for the sin, that the song was better for the man with the stony face than was the service. The minister's voice was strangely repressed, as if he read the beautiful promises doubtfully. An invisible something held the little assemblage in strange thrall. Men did not look at each other; they looked down at the ground. The little boy could have screamed.

Arrived at home, he went to the kitchen for comfort. As he opened the door he heard one of the negro women say:

"I heached that theah wuzn't enuf lef' uv her to fill a peck measuh." The door creaked and silence fell on the dusky group by the fire.

"There wasn't enough left of *who*, Aunt Malviney?"

"Go 'way chile an' don' ask questions 'bout things chillun ain't got no business knowin'."

Looking fearfully over his shoulder at the black shadows on the stairs, the little boy sought his mother's chamber.

"Mother, why were there no ladies at the funeral?"

"Dear boy, there are some things love would keep from young hearts. Do not speak of Evelyn Wing; her mother wishes us to forget her."

Evelyn Wing's mother wished her forgotten! The awful magnitude of a person's mother wishing her forgotten gripped the little boy. He burst into a storm of tears.

In the smoking room of the Press Club the others were waiting for young Clay's answer. Sitting silent there with the far-away look in his eyes, he seemed very young; almost he might have been still the little boy at the strange funeral. Suddenly he spoke:

"Yes, I think the woman paid."



THE BROIL

By WILLIAM R. BENÉT

RAPIERS, clash over the wine cups!
(Guard, gallants merry!)
Fling the flincher to bait where the swine sups!
(Ward, gallants merry!)
Here in the House of Fray flickers good steel.
Room for the lunger's way, elbow and heel!
Drunken night pales from day, doomward to reel.
(Huzza! Thrust and parry!)

Watch where the windows grow lighter!
Candlelight shrinks on the tables.
Dawn lays her chill on the fighter.
Ho! Our steeds stamp in the stables.
(Thrust, gallants merry!)
Wine stains or blood stains are ruddy.
Whip over guard to the heart!
Wrists all, so supple and bloody,
Play a brave part!

Harry it home in the tierce!
(Hasten and harry!)
Serpents our swords are, to pierce.
(Close, gallants merry!)
Crouch—ward—a brave clash of steels.
Look you; he topples—he reels!
Death beats tattoo with his heels!
(Huzza! Thrust and parry!)



CRAWFORD—Isn't it strange your wife hasn't spoken to you since the night you came home late?

CRABSHAW—I don't think so. She said enough to me then to last a month.

THE GREATER MOTIVE

By VIOLA BURHANS

BOB HAMMOND sat in the cheap restaurant tranquilly regarding his underdone steak. A smile flickered over his face as he reached out for the twist of bread and abstractedly crushed an end of it in his hand. The glazed crust snapped, dropping a shower of crumbs over the tablecloth. Brushing them away with his fist, he picked up his glass of water, and taking out the lump of ice with his fingers, laid it in the neck of the half-emptied water bottle. Then he glanced at the clock above the cashier's desk.

"Three hours yet before I can go after him," he commented to himself, his nostrils dilating suddenly. "Three hours of waitin'—and feelin' like this! I could lick *anything* tonight!"

At that moment he looked as if he could, as Youth always looks when put to its chosen test. Yet the power to destroy, which seemed to lurk under every inch of him, crouching like some live thing waiting to be released, had come suddenly into life. A moment before Hammond had shown no trace of it. He had seemed then merely a mild-faced, bunch-shouldered youth, a hungry boy who had ordered a double portion of steak, and who smiled as he sliced off extravagant mouthfuls. Nothing about him had suggested the squared ring. The transformation had come when he looked at the clock. Then his fist had clamped suddenly down on his knife handle, the muscles under his coat sleeve jumped up in bunches, and his eyes glittered like steel tires.

Hammond from the time he was sixteen years old had fought in one and two-round bouts, growing from class to class until finally his size had compelled

him to be matched against heavier men. With one of these he had experienced his first defeat. In a contest that had taken place two years before, Frank Werra, an Italian "hitter" known to possess an uppercut and a short right that never failed to bring his bouts to a whirlwind finish, had beaten Hammond badly in the fourth of a scheduled six-round contest. The spirit alone of the youth had survived; while his seconds had been blowing cold water over his blood-spattered body, that spirit had prompted him to cry out: "I'll get him next time—see if I don't!"

But before he had a second chance, the other had beaten all the men in his class and had won the championship, so that before he would condescend to accept Hammond's challenge, the youth had a long list of opponents to put away.

An athletic club of Pittsburg had matched him that night against Jim Kelly, a local man. Bob did not know much about Kelly, but some of Hammond's backers remembered that before a sprained thigh had cut short his career in the ring Jim had been a tough, rapid fighter, with a fair and square blow that had earned him the reputation of a coming man. The fractured thigh had kept him out of the ring for the past year. As soon as he dared, however, Jim had gone back to the gloves; and six months of hard training, of grim bouts with his sparring partner, had put him in condition. Hammond had heard that he was trained to the minute, and he smiled over his steak as he laid out his plan of attack.

Here was a man that Bob Hammond knew he must whip. The purse alone attracted him but little, although he

had the customary number of uses for the two hundred dollars that would be his if he should beat Kelly. What he wanted chiefly was a better man to fight—the whole long list of better men—until he should again stand up to Werra in the ring. The joy of that anticipated moment gripped him again. He could see Werra looking him over while they waited for the bell; he could see himself returning the champion's speculative gaze. Hot over him again came the desire to beat this man in another fair, clean fight. He would do it, too, this second time. Hammond lived for that end; he worked and trained for it; the lust for the championship ate at the core of his soul. Kelly was merely a step toward that goal. Hammond must get him; there were to be no odds for failure.

A girl at a table across the way was ordering butter cakes and coffee. Her voice reached Hammond and caused him to look in her direction. He did not know the girl, but his eyes fastened on the ripple in her reddish hair; and as he watched her face, a fresh-colored face, with a soft cheek line and patches of shadows under the eyes, his own underwent a slow change. A winning mystery of expression settled in his eyes, and that challengingly sweet smile, the dower of boyhood, grew about his lips. As she made unconsciously her inevitable appeal to him, Hammond experienced a slackness of physical fiber. The law of the ages gripped him, gripped him more powerfully for the moment than did the law of the squared ring. He gazed steadfastly at the girl, the unashamed youth in him showering her with silent questions.

She reminded him of Maggie Dowling—and with the thought of her his mind whirled under a rush of memories. Maggie had been just such a soft, mysteriously molded being, and he realized that night that he loved her in a deeper, tenderer way than he had supposed. As he sat reflecting, the girl picked up her punched check and started toward the cashier's desk. Hammond watched her abstractedly as she left the place. He thought that she walked as if she was tired.

His thoughts went back to Maggie. Probably she, too, was tired by this time, tired of the factory in which for two years she had worked. A stain of red came into his face as he remembered the impatience of his love making then. He had asked Maggie to marry him and she had refused. He recalled the night as if it were yesterday. He had walked two miles through a storm, picking his way across a swamp, a short cut that led from his home to hers, his mind intent on the errand of his love; and as he approached her father's house he had seen the light from the front room window shining down the rain-wet road and seeming to beckon him to hurry.

A half-hour later he had made his way back through the rain. His wooing had been a failure. Maggie had called him a boy—and *laughed!* Rage had stirred in Hammond, and a kind of fierce tenderness; yet Maggie had never looked prettier than she had at that moment, laughing at him, her mouth a red curve running around her even teeth, her cheeks indented with dimples, her red hair shining under the kerosene lamp.

She had been right; he realized that now. He *was* just a boy at the time, with all a boy's hot sensitiveness and capacity for foolish, quick action. What was it, if not his youth, that had made him take her laugh as he did? He had left home yet that night with a queer confusion of exciting visions—visions of Maggie laughing at him, visions more exciting still of the Far West, the big squared ring where gritty little fighters like McCormick and Farrell won their honors and were lauded by the newspapers as "comers." These were the thoughts of a boy. Men did not go away in that fashion; they stayed on to protect.

To protect! He had gone and left the girl to a factory destiny, if not to something worse, when if he had patiently endured that laugh by this time he might have had the right to hear the wonder of it often. As he leaned remorsefully over his steak suddenly it seemed to him that Maggie had brought

him back from the West, that she had been calling to him steadily for two years. He forgot about Kelly at that moment; his ambition to fight was soothed. Poor little Maggie, whom he had left for two years to the factory grind, her soft body hurt in the harness, her patient eyes watching the monotonous machinery, strange calling and service for a woman! He resolved to go to her yet that night—after he had whipped Kelly. He still pictured her as living in the outskirts of the town; he could see the rain-wet road winding up to the house—and the lamp beckoning him to hurry.

A man came over to his table and sat down in the seat opposite him. Hammond thought he had the thinnest jaws and the biggest trunk that he had ever seen on a man; and his hand, as he reached out to hang his hat on a near-by rack, was acrawl with muscles. The ring instinct in Bob immediately awoke, and he stared in unconscious challenge at the newcomer.

Hammond could watch his face undisturbed by a return stare. It was a queer face, nervously white and hard, suggesting almost that its owner was suffering from a lack of nourishment. The eyes were handsome, their expression a little strained yet resolute with some want that the watching youth sensed but could not have put into words. The mouth, too, with its well-cut lips and boyish upward twist, seemed set to this same want. Bob wondered what it could be. He was seldom curious about strangers, but this man with his bony, patient face—patient to lie in wait only until the time came to spring—awakened something within him that was more than mild interest.

The waiter came up, and slapped the newcomer familiarly on the back. "Feelin' pretty fit, Jim?" he inquired, with both pride and respect in his tone.

"Never felt better in my life," the other responded quickly.

"You'll get 'm all right! You've got the long end of it, Kelly. If you just cut loose like you used to do, you'll soon have Hammond eatin' lemons in

his corner and askin' what's the matter. I saw that bloke fight once, about two years ago, before I came East."

"What's his line?" the other asked laconically.

"Oh, he's got an uppercut that ain't so bad—if he could land it. But he ain't got no head on 'm. He was pretty young when I saw him fight, and Werra certainly did walk into him that night! Hammond was gritty, too—carried on like a little tiger; but he couldn't do nothin'. He was too tender to last. The kid's got steam, all right. And you can't hold him after he once sees blood."

"That's all right," said the other. "I ain't worried any about gettin' him. Bring me a beef stew and a couple of fried eggs."

Then for the first time he looked across the table at Hammond, and his glance, at first casual, became at once interested. Bob, mad through and through, was a sight to look at. His face was red from his hair to his collar; his eyes had a traplike glitter in them, and his fists, straining at the opposite edges of the table, made it quiver compactly as they bunched up the cloth.

"Well, I'll be damned!" came involuntarily from the man, who was watching the spectacle as if fascinated. And then, "Say, what's the matter with you, anyhow?" he asked in blank curiosity.

Hammond lost some of his grip and color. His anger seemed to leave him suddenly at the first sound of Kelly's voice directed toward him. He began to straighten out the wrinkled tablecloth with something of apology in his attitude. Youth in him smiled half sheepishly, half sweetly, and youth's tongue proffered the ready lie.

"I—I heard what that fellow said," he stammered, pointing in the direction of the waiter, "and I got hot to think I'd been fool enough to put my money on—on Hammond."

Kelly helped himself to a radish without replying. "Well," he said finally, "suppose'n he wins?"

Bob laughed a trifle excitedly. "You don't seem to think he stands much chance."

Kelly leaned on his elbow and regarded Hammond gravely. "Where'd I be," he questioned finally, "if I didn't think I could knock him out?"

"But *do* you think so?" the other persisted.

"Sure! I've *got* to send him home. I don't know what *he's* fightin' for, but I'm after that two hundred!" Suddenly his eyes glowed; his thin face jerked up and down in emphasis. "I'd fight like—like *damnation* for that purse!"

Bob felt bewildered. "Then you don't care about—about fame?" he questioned slowly. "You don't want to beat so that you can get matched with a better man next time?"

Kelly laughed queerly. "Oh, what's the use?" he flung out, fixing him with his burning eyes. "I'm goin' to tell you a thing or two, youngster. Ever been in the ring yourself?"

"On—ce," Hammond stammered.

"Never got stuck on it, eh? Never felt that fightin' was the biggest, finest thing in the world! Two men locked together like cats, breakin' apart and tryin' to land body punches, clinchin' again, leanin' up against each other when your legs get weak, the referee sweatin' to pry you apart and the house yellin' for you to quit stallin'. And when you get your strength back, and help the referee to break the other fellow's hold, and you come for him again, slam-bangin' him till the bell rings—and the house gets on its feet and yells for you to go in and get him and you know you can—that's the time you feel better'n you would if you owned all the sugar and steel in the market!"

He stopped, his body hunching itself tensely over the table.

"It used to be—that way with me," he went on, bitterness coming into his voice. "I didn't care about the money then; what I wanted was the fight. I saw ahead of me what you were talkin' about a minute ago—fame, and all that sort of thing. Then I got hurt in a fight with Henley—a fractured thigh; and I had to quit. Well, maybe you don't know what that meant—layin' in bed and readin' about the game goin' on the same as ever, and you not in it!

Sometimes I'd get right on the point of endin' it all—and then Maggie would come over—"

"Maggie!" Hammond's face turned white. "What Maggie?" he questioned faintly.

"Maggie Dowling, then. She was my girl. She used to come over after the factory was closed, and somehow, after I'd talked with her awhile, I always felt ashamed of my longin' to end it all. She was just like a bracer for me. Such hair she had—red as field sorrel! And such sharp white teeth showin' when she laughed! Say—what *is* the matter with you, anyhow!"

"Nothin'—a sick spell for a minute, that's all. Go on—about her."

Kelly looked down moodily at his plate.

"I got out on crutches after a while. Even after I'd finally chucked 'em I was lame for a long time. On my weddin' day I limped like a broken-legged dog. Can you imagine a big bruiser like me leanin' on a little girl like her—and she laughin' and pretendin' that I wasn't no heavier'n a feather!"

"Well, we went to housekeepin'. Times wasn't very good for us. I couldn't get work for a time—I'd never learned a trade—and when my leg got right finally, I wanted to go back to the ring. I couldn't get it off my mind. I'd wake up in the night with the feel of the gloves on my hands. My muscles were as soft as sponges, but that didn't stop me none. I wanted to fight; I just felt somehow that I'd get bitter and old and dead—yes, *dead*—if I didn't get back to the ring. Well, I started in to train; the fight fans in the town all know me, and they helped me. I had one deuce of a time. But Maggie, bless her, was an angel through it all; she just seemed to understand—without our havin' any trouble over it. We was pretty low in funds, but we counted on makin' 'em last until after my fight to-night."

He shifted restlessly in his chair.

"I should have watched that girl better'n I did. She had a little trick of sayin' that she'd had her supper when I'd get in nights; and then she'd come

out with a spiderful of bacon and eggs, or maybe a steak for me. One night I came in earlier than she expected. She sat by the table eatin' a fistful of them good-for-nothin' corn flakes and soppin' 'em down with condensed milk. Lord forgive me, youngster, but that's what that girl was eatin'!"

Hammond's brows contracted, but he said nothing.

"She pretended she wasn't hungry," Kelly went on, his voice husky. "I realized then that that was how Maggie had planned to make our money last—feedin' herself on slops and me on the fat of the land; and by the time I'd got hard and fit again, she'd gone off a little. But she only laughed at me for worryin'."

He stopped again, his face softening strangely. The struggle left his eyes; his expression seemed touched by some reverential quality of peace.

"We had planned on makin' our money hold out for us two," he said softly, "but we hadn't counted on—another. When we found—that a kiddie was comin'—we had to plan a little closer. Maggie wanted to take the short end, as usual—poor little girl—brave as a squaw, and sayin' that she'd soon have *two* boys to laugh over. God!" Kelly's arm struck down on the table. "You're wonderin' why I'm goin' to fight to-night for that money! Do you know now what I want it for? I want it to get Maggie things with, things she's needed for six months and that I ain't had the cash to buy for her!"

Hammond regarded him dazedly.

"A while ago you said somethin' about fame," Kelly went on, motioning the waiter away from their table. "What do you suppose that means to me alongside of helpin' Maggie through this deal? Why"—he laughed again queerly—"the first thing I'm goin' to do after I get that purse tonight is to go down to Piccato's and get her a bunch of them hothouse grapes that he's got hangin' in his window; and I'll take a shad home with me, and a pie and a bottle of claret. We'll have a spread!" he finished boyishly.

Hammond said nothing. He kept

seeing the girl's red hair as he had seen it last under the flicker of the kerosene lamp.

"She'll be waitin' up for me," Kelly concluded; "so you see I've *got* to lick Hammond."

Bob pushed away his half-eaten steak, feeling that everything in the world was at a standstill. He poured out a glass of water and drank it.

"I guess you'll get him," he said slowly. "You've—got a lot to fight for."

Kelly assented grimly. "Goin' down to the clubhouse?" he asked as the other rose to go.

"I—yes, I'll be there."

Hammond stammered out his reply, coloring noticeably. He endeavored to get a grip on himself but failed.

"Say, you've been stringin' me," Kelly said bluntly. "What is the matter with you?"

"Nothin'—only—well, you've got to know it some time, and maybe it ain't fair to spring it on you in the ring. I'm—Hammond."

Kelly started in his chair. The two stared at each other.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Jim said finally, and he repeated it. It was the only comprehensive thing that he could think of to say.

"That's all right," Hammond said uneasily. The words were inadequate, and he knew it, but words were not his strong point. He took his check and started away. "See you later," he called back over his shoulder, but Kelly did not reply.

When Bob came to—the interim had seemed to him like a mental swoon—he found himself clothed in a raincoat and sitting on a folding stool in his corner of the ring. The crowded house looked like a fog, and for the first time in his ring experience the tobacco smoke sickened him. Men passed him carrying water bottles, towels and sponges.

Suddenly cheers stormed as Kelly hopped lightly through the ropes and went over to his corner. He wore a dingy blue bathrobe, wrapping it nervously about him as he sat down on the edge of his stool. His face was flushed.

It stained a still deeper red as a large floral piece was handed him; evidently he was popular among the fight promoters of his town.

Hammond's seconds came over and laced on his gloves. "Feel a little nervous?" one of them asked him in a concerned whisper. He shook his head in the negative.

Both men stood up and their bathrobes slipped to the floor. The referee, Billy Hines, came into the ring and called the men to the center for instructions. This preliminary over, he signaled to the timekeeper, who in turn directed everybody to get out of the ring, and then yanked his bell.

The fight began. Both men sparred for a few seconds; then Kelly tore in with a demonlike rush, swinging his right arm like a flail and just managing to miss Hammond's jaw. In the clinch that followed Bob realized how strong his opponent was, ring-trained to a muscle. His body felt like a hot, hard projectile shot against him; his shoulders drove into his ribs like hammers. The referee strained to pry them apart. The two broke carefully, Hammond springing clear of a right uppercut that went past him an inch out of the way.

In the next round Kelly came on again, resolute to force his opponent into attack; but Bob clinched just in time to avoid a left that shot out for his chin. He hugged Kelly in a steel-like grip while the house roared to the referee to tear them apart.

Hammond knew his strength; setting aside the possibility of a chance unlucky blow, he knew that he had Kelly. Thus far he had given no blows, being content to use his enormous strength only to avoid punishment. But his mind seemed to be dead; his brain had balked. During those first two rounds the fog of faces, the calls of the excited house, Kelly's hammering fists, his sweating, determined body against his ribs, meant little to him. What he saw constantly was a girl's red hair, her head lifting toward him in a laugh—and the shine of a lamp down a rain-wet road. In the next round the picture seemed to shift; he saw the girl again, but she was

not laughing now. Anxious-faced and alone, she waited up for Jim—waited for the news of the fight that he would bring to her.

Maggie! *Maggie's coming child!* The house seemed to rock as Hammond held his man in that death-straining clutch. He was fighting his battle not with Kelly, but with himself. If he whipped home a blow to Jim that would send him down to the mat, deaf to the ten seconds' count, he felt that he would be striking the girl. A curious tenderness came over him as he hung on to Kelly's inborn body. This was Maggie's chosen mate, her caretaker, the father of her coming child! He forgot about Werra—that Kelly was one of the men he had to walk over in his approach to Werra. He sensed only the loneliness and the need of the woman waiting for Jim.

For the next three rounds he covered up, clinched and ducked, slipping round the ring like an eel and avoiding Kelly's leads. To the disappointed spectators he seemed merely a mild-faced, panting boy defending himself instinctively from an attacking fury. At the end of the seventh round Kelly got in a blow that fairly lifted him off his feet and threw him against the ropes. At that moment the bell rang, and his seconds ran with him to his corner. They chafed and slapped his body, doused it with water, and held sponges soaked with ammonia to his nostrils.

"Why don't y' go after him?" a faction of the house called. "Lost your nerve? Goin' to let 'm get y' in the next round?"

Hisses and sibilant exclamations of disgust ran from mouth to mouth. A stain of red rose in Hammond's cheek. His soul tasted of a bitter moment; as he closed his eyes during that needed moment of rest a thousand impulses to destroy awoke within him. His seconds were urging him in nervous whispers to go after Kelly. But as the gong struck and he jumped up white-faced and fresh, he seemed again to see Maggie standing between himself and his opponent. She was all over the mat at once, her body shifting like lightning to protect Jim.

Then he saw Kelly coming on in one of his terrific rushes clear across the ring, his head held high, his hair dropping water into his eyes and his body slippery from perspiration. Hammond, attempting to block his blow, was a fraction of a second too late. Jim had struck out straight for the mouth and his glove went home. Bob reeled backward, dyed instantly with blood. The house stormed in applause.

Kelly came on again, hot to follow up his advantage; but Hammond, baffling him with a clinch, pulled his arms down and tossed him savagely toward the ropes. In that instant his brain seemed to clear. He got a taste of blood as he streaked it away from his mouth with the back of his fist, and at that his face changed suddenly. An angry red leaped into his cheek; his eyes squinted and blazed; his teeth smashed viciously together. A beast of the open at the core, that one stinging blow which had hurt Hammond had aroused all his chloroformed fighting instincts. The house, which for a second had been deathly still, now noting the change on Bob's face, broke into excited cries. The noise went to his head. With a snarl, he fell into a crouch and lunged toward Kelly.

The other saw him coming. Hammond's breath was going in and out in snorts; his thighs were quivering, his arms swishing about like flails. The house, yelling in crescendos, was on its feet to a man. Exultation bounded in Jim Kelly. Here was fight in Hammond at last. He sprang halfway across the mat to meet him.

From that moment the fight became spectacular enough to satisfy even the veteran fight fans. The two men were panting demons, striking merciless blows or blocking in grips that took all the strength of the referee to break. Not once did Hammond remember Maggie. Then he struck squarely. It was the first solid blow he had landed; it hurled Kelly nearly through the ropes and forced him to take the nine seconds' count.

Just as Jim went down he spoke her name—spluttered it out in a mouthful

February, 1911—6

of blood. Bob's fist had driven home to his jaw, with all Bob's strength behind the blow. Kelly squirmed feebly and attempted to rise; but his seconds warned him to take the count. The referee was tolling it out plainly, the house meanwhile as still as death.

At the sound of the girl's name Hammond staggered backward, clutching in a daze for the ropes. For the first time in four rounds he realized that he had completely lost sight of his intention; he had forgotten the greater motive which at first had urged him to endure rather than to attack. The ring instinct had conquered.

He stood slackly near the ropes and listened to Hines tolling out the counts. "Three—four—five!" Shame and sorrow went over him as he watched Kelly roll over on his face, refusing to take his punishment.

"I must have been out o' my head to have struck him that blow!" he said to himself in an agony of compunction.

"Six—seven!" went on Hines monotonously. At the eighth count Kelly crawled to his feet, reeled a little and then resolutely attempting to regain his fighting attitude, advanced toward Hammond.

"Go in and get him now, Bob!" yelled the crowd. "He's yours all right! Land him another like that last, and you'll have him!"

Hammond smiled a little wistfully as he clinched, baffling a short jab that otherwise might have done some damage. Like a sweet-tempered boy he hung on to Jim's slippery body, hugging it against his own, his huge strength bearing up his exhausted opponent.

"Take it easy," he whispered into his surprised ear. "You've got me all right. I'm all in."

"Make 'em break!" the disappointed spectators demanded of the referee.

The excited Hines did his best. Clutching them both by the shoulders, he made a crowbar of his body and tried to pry the two men apart. But Hammond hung on doggedly, fairly supporting Jim in his grasp until he judged from the other's resistance that Kelly had regained his fighting strength. And

during that time it seemed to Bob that he was holding something in store for Maggie.

He allowed the referee to sever them finally; and Kelly, the moment he was free from the other's clutch, sprang at him furiously. The short respite had freshened him incredibly. Straight out from a challenging crouch his body shot like an arrow, his rigid arm directed to his opponent's jaw. Hammond saw his danger. His ring experience could have saved him, but feinting dexterously, he pretended to avoid the punishment of Kelly's destructive fist—timing his defense the fraction of a second too late. With a queer flash of a smile he took the blow. He heard the noise of the applauding crowd hush suddenly; something seemed to crack in his head; and as he went down to the mat he saw Jim

going home to Maggie with the fish, and the grapes and the bottle of claret.

He squirmed back to consciousness after a while. There seemed a lot of fuss being made over him. His gloves had been taken off, and Kelly was pumping his hand up and down and talking excitedly. Hammond tried to smile in return. He recognized his seconds who were working over him, and saw some men trying to climb into the ring. They were shoved out by policemen. A man, who had evidently just come in, was bending over him, one hand fumbling into a black leather case that was lying on the floor by his side.

Hammond smiled again faintly. He did not know that he had obeyed the greater motive—nor yet what the penalty was to be.



FROST (*gazing at new dwelling*)—So this is your last house?
BUILDER (*sadly*)—Yes, last but not leased. *



BREVITY is the soul of wit—but a brevity in your bank account finds you at your wits' end.



THE only secret that seems to be well kept in this world is that of success.

SOCIETY—INSIDE AND OUT

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

NOWADAYS people are very fond of saying that Society is going to the dogs; but it seems as if the dogs were going to Society. One has but to look at the favorite companions of smart women on the Avenue to make this trite discovery. But the curious part of it is that the dogs have been going there for some time, while Society, they say, has been going to the dogs only recently—since the death, perhaps, of its acknowledged leader, and the dismissal of that phrase, so precious to us all, "the Four Hundred."

But it is doubtful if Society is doing anything of the kind. It takes a certain amount of thought even to go to the dogs, and the sharpest critics of what we choose to call Society have ever been loud in their denial that brains of any sort have a place in the upper part of the Upper Classes. One does not go downstairs, any more than one goes upstairs, without first giving the matter consideration; and a man does not reach the gutter unless he has deliberately gone there himself, or been pushed there by someone higher up. In the case of Society, there seems to be no one in it, I have heard, who has sense enough to ponder; and the elect would be far from admitting that there was anyone higher up to push them down.

So we all come out from that same door wherein we went. We do not know about this important matter ourselves, never having been in Society—except at rare intervals, and then only for the rarest interval. Perhaps we could not stand a second meeting; or, more probably, Society could not stand a second meeting with us. There is no way of finding out, however, for Society

has been polite enough to hold its tongue about us, and we, despite the example of a robust modern poet, having broken bread with it, are not going to be so rude as to tell our real sensations.

One thing we all know, however, and that is that, while many people wish to get into Society, few in it ever care to get out. We know of people who have wished to leave jail, none who have cared to be freed from the gay chain of dinners, dances, bridge parties, operas, week ends and the indescribable something that seems to constitute that magic circle for which we have no other name.

What is this fascination that Society exerts over all of us, whether we are inside or outside? Why is it that so many of us wish to get in, and none—no, not one—ever wishes to get out? What is the free masonry that so undeniably exists among a certain select few in a country like ours, that has no written laws, no ritual, and wears, of course—and thank heaven for it—no emblematic aprons? What wonderful power does Society hold that it can control columns every day in our newspapers, and set practically every tongue in the land wagging over a monkey dinner or a *recherche* ball?

First, we ought to ask, what is Society? And perhaps no one knows. You can no more define it than you can define style, or charm, no more than you can see the invisible, though no less existing line of caste that is drawn in every country on the globe. You can no more explain its undoubted relation, or, say, lack of relation to you and me, than you can definitely tell me why this man should be a waiter and that one a

gentleman. But Society does exist; and a force that can breed such constant comment and command so much of our time and attention is certainly to be reckoned with, and not to be laughingly dismissed as inconsequential. Inconsequential things attract our attention for a brief time only; there must be some stamina to an organization that keeps before us so insistently. The papers may laugh; but they give up their valuable space. And you must remember that they laugh at other things far more serious than Society—at plays that were written in good faith, at books conceived in sincerity, that died through the insincerity of so-called humorous reviewers, at women who sought freedom from a matrimonial snarl only because they could endure its ignominy no longer. The laughter of our astute daily press often drives one to tears—and we are not speaking now of the comic supplements.

When you consider that there are several papers in the land devoted to nothing save the chronicles of society folk—papers which thrive and prosper—you must pause and laugh, not at Society, but at those who perpetually read of its doings and chuckle over its grossly misreported escapades. That "set" is not worthless which supports a small army of writers and editors, printers and proofreaders, newsdealers and paper manufacturers. A playwright once told us that he had never until recently considered how much machinery the production of one of his plays set in motion, and how humble he felt at the thought of the number of people his brain children supported—actors, ushers, scene shifters, ticket sellers and so on, far down the line. And the giving of a ball in the season starts many another ball a-rolling. It puts money into caterers' pockets, and you never hear the florists and cab drivers complaining. So even Society, brainless as it may be, has a certain use in the world, and many of us have not only talked of it but written of it—for some of the very lucre we condemn it for possessing.

Yes, I suppose we would be more tolerant of Society if its "inmates" were

not apt to be so fabulously rich. This is the secret of most of our wrath against it, our tirades in print and out of print concerning it. We are, at heart, a little jealous of the wealth of these people, who seem to have such a constant good time, and who spend money as we spend our honest energy. But wealth, and the dignity that almost invariably accompanies wealth, is the blood and life of Society; and without riches there could, of course, be no Society as we have it today. Not that it is necessary for everyone in the fashionable group to have money, but it is necessary that he should have an appreciation of the value of money, and the gift of knowing how and how not to spend it—two talents quite important in themselves. While the rich constitute what goes to make the bulk of Society, the poor on the "inside" are equally necessary in the completion of the circle; for all great families are not wealthy, and while some of the wealthy get in, all the aristocrats, if we have any, must.

The curious part of the situation is that everyone who is in knows why he is, and everyone who is not, though he may never admit it, knows why he is not. Just as fine clothes never quite lose their fit and the air of having been originally well made, so the most worn-out ne'er-do-well of an established house shows the pattern from which he was cut. You cannot escape it; the fabric is there, frayed, it may be, but forever the real thing. And they who are not thoroughbreds are as quick to recognize those to the manner born as kings themselves, however often they say they "cannot tell." A servant knows instantly and instinctively if his master is—his master, not in name, but through generations of claim; and servitude, in such a relation, ceases to be servitude, but a beautiful tribute of respect rendered gladly by one individual to another. There will be class distinctions until the end of time; and those who smile at caste are not those who serve the rich, but those who might serve the rich if they could—the insincere toadies of the world, who cringe before royalty while they secretly laugh at its ermine

and its scepter. No man of breeding has ever laughed at those who, for lack of a better word, he must call his inferiors; but every gentleman has in his heart deprecated the accident of birth which has made a faithful servant the menial that he is, while luxury and light days belong, in some mysterious way, to himself.

Society, like most things, is not so interesting from the inside as from the outside. If it should try to chronicle its own affairs, it would probably find them far less worth writing about than you or I would think. But if Society is dull to those in it, there must be a certain satisfaction in being bored *en masse*; and two thoroughbreds alone on a desert island would probably be more congenial company for each other than a bricklayer and a king. It is awful to be bored at any time, in any place; but as we all must be bored sooner or later, let us choose our companions, at least. So, doubtless, Society urges; and no one can blame it or call it unreasonable.

But if Society is utterly without reason, as so large a part of the world would aver, it is then, it seems to us, somewhat in the position of the Man with the Hoe, who must have been unconscious of all the furor he created, of the pity lavished upon him in his unhappy state, when a modern singer made him the subject of some striking lines. But while humanity, as a whole, condoled with him, and raised its socialistic voice in protest and shed its ready tears, we notice that the Man with the Hoe has hoed on quite unconcernedly, oblivious of the sensation his bent back and generally dilapidated appearance aroused. Newspapers may report the sudden madness, or the eternal madness, of Society; but the frantic frolic does not cease. Perhaps—who knows?—Society, like the Man with the Hoe, does not read!

Yet if Society does not read the published records of its own fatuous career, it surely reads assiduously the lists of those more foolish persons whose desire it is to pass through the golden doors—and who never succeed. We have all seen the piteous outskirts of the shining

city, where have foregathered the *nouveaux-riches*, with nothing to recommend them but a passionate genius for hope and a marvelous display of industry, which, invoked in another cause, would bring them more than rubies. We have seen such people snubbed and never know they were snubbed; and we have heard them tell of a meretriciously successful tea that they gave for the Duke of This or the Prince of That, which cost a thousand dollars and led nowhere save to the Valley of Derision. Poor creatures, who forget that even such a trivial organization as Society cannot be won by a tea—or a horse's neck—but must have brought to it either its most obviously absent asset, brains, or the indisputable breeding of several generations.

Nothing is more tragic than the spectacle of someone who *can't* thinking he *can*. An English author, who had been quite a failure in his own country, is once said to have remarked, after his books had failed to sell at home: "Well, there is always America." And oddly enough, he came here, much heralded by a clever press agent, and made a mint of money. So some people, weary of their native heath, have said in their hearts: "Well, there is always Society." But even the youngest Society in the world, that in the United States, demands of its postulants, as we did of the British author, brains and—novelty; and unless it gets them, it shuts the door in their faces. Remember, O social climber, that the English author had, after all, a certain amount of wit, which had simply been unappreciated on his own shores.

Stevenson says somewhere: "God give me the young man with brains enough to make a fool of himself!" A young society man is reported as saying that this sentence had heartened him more than any other in the language; that frequently, before going to a dinner or a cotillion, he would quote it to himself, and take courage when he consciously became a buffoon.

Now, no one can be quite utterly a fool who with malice aforethought puts on the cap and bells; for to do so betokens a real sense of humor, and lunatics have no humor. They often have

a knowledge of the ridiculous, so far as their attitude toward the world is concerned, but they are absolutely devoid of true humor. If we label ourselves fools, we immediately disarm others of similar criticism; if we mention our own defects, we at once silence our enemies, who really, in speaking of our physical deformities, reveal the fact that they lack humor and—humanity.

Society is full of conscious fools; and that same Society cannot be wholly foolish itself which encourages so much harmless fun—we had almost written “comedy”—so much innocent merriment that is akin, after all, to the artistic temperament and the youthful heart.

But Society has its serious side. The possession of the real artistic temperament—or the artistic temperature, as we might basely say—is essential to its leaders. The humble butler who arranges the floral decorations of a dinner table has no little of an artistic nature. And the woman who can plan with ease and brilliancy an entire season at Newport, dovetailing her various functions with cleverness and a beautiful realization of their relative importance to her entire household, is not lacking in a minor form of genius. Her dinner dances may not be important to you and to me, but they are to her and her friends. It is the life she has mapped out for herself, or, more often, the life that has been mapped out for her; and a society leader must have many of the qualifications of a monarch—tact, diplomacy, finesse. You may call her insincere; I would call her sincerely insincere. In this day and degeneration few of us are even that.

We hear much of Society's misdoings; we hear little of its goodness. We hear all about its monkey tricks; nothing, or comparatively nothing, of its serious moments. We hear of the slander and the gossip; nothing of the charities of hundreds of men and women who make up the fashionable world. Mrs. So-and-So's divorce is screamed over the land; you never hear of the days when she quietly takes her carriage to go and see the shut-ins she has looked after

ever since she was a girl. You read of champagne orgies and *al fresco* dissipations—yes, the reporter, heaven help him, was peeping through the fence and saw it all with his newspaper's eyes—but you do not read of the gentle dignity of that same hostess's daily life, of her love for exquisite French literature and her passion for the highest in music and art. No reporter ever happens to see her when she drops her cheque into the poor box. But Venus is beautiful, even when she is not on view; and virtue is not fond of letting the world know of its existence.

Great actresses are so often maligned and discussed in the press that we grow to believe they are twice as old as they are. We hear their names so everlastingly, that “Bernhardt must be every day of ninety,” and you finally come to believe it yourself. They are legends almost before they are *ingénues*. So society folk, being in the public eye, have their peccadillos mentioned so often that finally we think they have lived years of luxurious sin, æons of purple folly. A man accidentally drunk is seen once on the streets in that condition; he is forever after a drunkard—and might as well in reality become one, so little heed will be taken of his reputation.

Formality, though upon it in some measure the lives of every one of us is based, is always sneered at when we are criticizing either Society or the Anglican Church—but never when we speak of the Army or the Navy. Yet you will notice that informality, by which is meant Liberty Hall, so-called “Bohemianism” and joy riding, lead to just as much insincerity and to far greater disaster. We smile at a butler's solemn yet authentic announcement that “dinner is served,” which is only a nice bit of form, like “Present arms,” after all. We call the one tommyrot, the other splendid; and then we go home and write that little note to our friend Jones, whom in our heart of hearts we despise, and begin it “Dear Jones.” And doubtless we sign it “Yours sincerely.”

Personally, I like a parade, whether military or Easter, because it typifies a

unity of feeling somewhere. I may not be in it, but I am of it, nevertheless; and some of us must look on, or there would be no parade at all. I like to feel that there are pomp and splendor somewhere in a world sadly destitute of ceremony and glitter. I like all processions save funeral processions, which is my own silly business, so long as I do not force you to look at them with me. And I like to feel that Society, even as we have it today, exists, if for no other reason than that it is made up of a band

of conscious comedians who have set out to be exactly what they are—the Guild of the Joyful-Hearted. There is pain there, but we do not know much of it; there is debauchery and other vileness, just as there is everywhere else in the world; but there is beauty—there is laughter—there is enough of brains to keep the golden spectacle moving; and above all, there is physical cleanliness; and cleanliness, we are told on excellent authority, is next to godliness.



THE LAST WALTZ

By RAY P. BAKER

WHEN the last of the waltzes is over,
And extras are being delayed,
How delightful to linger discussing
The music the orchestra played!

How delightful to sit for a moment,
Away from the glare and the heat,
And encloister your partner's attractions
While secretly easing your feet!

Oh, it's pleasant to chatter of nothing,
To sit with your eyes on a slant,
To pretend you are righteously dreaming
While furtively watching her pant!

But the ultimate passion of living
Is crowned when the orchestra swings
With the revelous feet of the dancers,
The crash of the overture brings!

It's a whisper, a ripple of laughter,
A nod to your partner before,
And you're threading the riotous mazes
That checker the shimmering floor.

THE BRAG OF THE "ANCIENT GREAT"

By OSCAR LOEB

THE "Once Was" brushed his beaver's brim,
While he puffed on a three-cent "rope,"
And these were the words that rose from him,
And they seemed to be sincere dope:
 "I've been some heavy in my day
 For I was lead in 'Led Astray,'
 An ice floe once in 'Uncle Tom,'
 And a fairy queen in 'Fairydome,'
 Pa—dead before the curtain rose—
 The maker of the wind that blows
 Front legs of an ancient 'property' horse
 And an echo—far 'off stage,' of course;
 But I have never fallen so low
 As to sing at a five-cent picture show!"

The "Former Star" he heaved a sigh,
And he wore a thoughtful frown;
Then, as he rolled his piercing eye,
These words I copied down:
 "In advanced 'vodeveel' I've been,
 And a chorister in 'Lohengrin';
 I've dined at a hurry-up café bar;
 I've trod the ties neath the Northern Star;
 Oh, times there were I dropped my weight
 Upon the floor of a flying freight;
 I circled the arc of the one-night stands,
 Where the invalid egg on the occiput lands,
 But never shall I fall so low
 As to sing in a five-cent picture show!"

And after he'd sprung this sadd'ning rhyme,
He sought *his* show—where they charged a dime.



MANIPULATING speculators have succeeded at various times in cornering all the markets of foodstuffs—except the grain of truth.

A LADY OF THE HAREM

By JULES ECKERT GOODMAN

HALF past six and a foggish, sloppy evening. Helen Darcy walked hurriedly through the Quartier Latin, listening disinterestedly to the noises which seemed to belch forth from the greenish yellow entrance to the cafés, and trying to avoid collision with pedestrians who, like herself, were rushing through the gray gloom. At length she reached the Rue St. Bevis, turned the corner, went three doors south and stopped before a doorway. Madame Bernard, as she met her, looked for a moment at her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, then at the bit of canvas protruding from the cape of her mackintosh.

"So zee peecture ees finished, mademoiselle? And it is *un grand succès*?"

Twelve years in the Quartier had not been without their effect upon Madame Bernard. At first the inherent motherliness of this kindly old woman, direct from the provinces, had received many a shock and fright, but gradually experience had taught its lesson. She knew now by manifold example the student whose picture had been praised and the one whose work had been censured. In one case, there was that short, quickened breathing, that peculiar snapping light in the eyes, that full, rich color to the face; in the other, a bent head, a half cowardly, half-heroic flash to the eyes, burning, sallow cheeks and tightly clenched fists. The first had rushed home, all eager to tell the news to the world at large and to dream; the second had lingered and looked long at the dark waters of the Seine. Both were youth's eternal comedy.

"Yes, Madame Bernard, Monsieur

Chatros was very kind. He said— Did anyone call?" she asked over her shoulder as she hurried up the passage.

"No, mademoiselle, no—oh, *oui, oui*! I have forgot myself! Monsieur—Monsieur—Vat you call him? I have forgot the name."

"Not Monsieur Constance?" Monsieur Constance was an art dealer.

"*Non, non*, it was ze tall man *avec les yeux bruns*—ze *Anglais*."

"Oh, Mr. Wordsworth?"

"*Oui, oui*, mademoiselle, Meester Wordsworth."

"Did he leave any message?"

"I was to tell mademoiselle that he would call again tonight."

"Tonight?"

"*Oui*."

"Very well; I shall be in. You may send him up as soon as he comes."

"*Oui*, mademoiselle."

Meanwhile she had hastily unbuttoned the lower part of her mackintosh and gathered up her skirts in one hand; with the other firmly grasping the canvas, she made a dash up the three flights of stairs. Madame Bernard, veteran as she was, fairly threw up her hands in amazement as she saw the brown-stockinged legs vanishing above her. Other students had acted so many, many times, but Helen Darcy, "ze cold lady, nevaïr, nevaïr."

"*Ma foi*," sighed the *concierge*, "*le succès*—what it does, eh?"

Helen reached her room and quickly lighted a lamp. She unwrapped the canvas and leaned it, face toward the wall, upon a stand without even looking at it. Hurriedly and nervously she took off her hat, mackintosh and rubbers, exchanged her heavy street boots

for her plain, low-heeled slippers and, placing the kettle on the little kerosene stove, began to prepare supper.

As she passed with her clothing into the small side room which did duty as a pantry, boudoir and storeroom, she caught her reflection in a mirror that hung upon the wall, and mechanically stopped before it. Her hair had been blown about somewhat during her walk, and in her haste she had forgotten to smooth it. As a matter of fact, Miss Darcy's hair, deep, rich, wavy puffs of auburn that caught the sunlight, was very much more becoming when it was ruffled and strayed over the temples, thus coming into contrast with the dark blue eyes, than when it was dressed smoothly back. She was artist enough to know this, but thanks to Puritan training, she held it vanity; so she brushed it carefully down with her hands and turned toward the preparation of her meal.

Cold chicken sandwiches from a chicken that had already done valiant service for two days, and which she bought already roasted in a little shop four doors below; a plenty of anchovy sauce because it came in large serviceable bottles and was so hot it lasted long; two rolls procured in the morning and now warmed at night; a generous supply of tea, which she drank without cream or sugar; a final bit of cake, and Miss Darcy's supper was ready. She ate it almost convulsively, choking at times over bits of chicken or the hot anchovy sauce. She fairly crammed down the rolls, which she first soaked in tea, and she forgot the cake altogether. Then, still sipping at the tea from time to time as she returned to the table, she removed the dishes, gulped down the last half-cupful of tea, which was so hot that it burned her tongue, and so finally finished.

For a moment she stood in the center of the room, her eyes closed, her hands pressed to her temples, swaying gently back and forth in an ecstasy of silent emotion. It had all the lure and fascination of an opium dream, and she would have liked to glide away upon it in gauzy enchantment. She felt her

mind slipping into a delicious state of semi-consciousness, and there came into her heart a desire to surrender herself to it; but with a jerk and a laugh she flung herself free from the mood and ran toward her easel. All girlish now, in spite of her thirty years and strict training, she dragged the easel to the middle of the room, where the best light would fall upon it. Alongside of this she pushed the table, and upon it, by way of supports, she stacked up two piles of books. Then, rushing into the side room, she brought forth two canvases and leaned one on each pile of books, and last of all, she took the painting which she had brought home and placed it upon the easel in the soft, mellow light.

With a *moue* of delight, she glanced from one picture to the other. All three were of the same subject, each marking a stage of evolution along one line of endeavor; but what an improvement, what a development in sureness of touch and technique, what progress from the amateur to the trained hand they exhibited! In the first the workmanship had been so crude that it was hard to decipher the underlying idea. There was a vast betterment in the second. The picture had been done upon a larger scale and with no little power of expression. Crude yet in some places but with unquestionable merit and promise. Then came the third. Weeks upon weeks had she worked over it. The little two by four canvas had given way to one four by six. Every spare moment had she devoted to it. To the detriment of her other work, she had thought only of it. Her life and her soul she had put into it. And the result! That exquisite soft flesh color, so vivid that one might almost feel its warmth, that full, voluptuous beauty of the form, a symphonic poem of sensuousness, contrasting with the sad, dreamy call of the oval eyes steeped in the mysteries of the centuries and mirroring some tragic sadness too deep for words; the glossy blackness of the hair curling and twisting in tangled meshes about the exquisite grace of the shoulders and the firm softness of the bosom,

a headrest for an emperor; above and over all that atmosphere of dreamy Orientalism mingled with sadness and the very poetry of suffering. It was a problem worthy of the highest art, this that she had attempted—to portray a creature of the harem, but no ordinary creature. Beneath the husk of form she had delved for the kernel of soul. It was the soul beauty, not the form beauty, of the woman of the harem that she had tried to depict. What were the thoughts and the innermost struggles and the heart wrenchings of such a creature of pleasure? She looked at the canvas. They were all there in the sad weariness and longing of the eyes. It was the beauty of the siren with the tragedy of the sea. It was worth the months of patient toil, even had she won no more than the words of Chatros. He had spoken long, and all that he had said had not been praise. No student ever expected that from critical old Chatros. One favorable word from him was unusual. And so what clung in her memory were his last words:

"It is exceptional, mademoiselle, very exceptional, and you must work now harder than ever, for you have a great gift. The line work, excellent! The flesh tints, exquisite! It has much that is charming. Indeed, it lacks but one thing to make it great—a little thing which you can learn. Take it home with you tonight and look carefully, then come to me tomorrow. But your 'Lady of the Harem' is exceptional, mademoiselle." And even after he had gone from it he had turned back for a final look.

Never before in all her work under Chatros had she received so flattering a criticism; never had she heard of any of his students who had been given such praise. "It is exceptional, mademoiselle." How the words rang in her brain like a salvo of applause! And best of all, it was deserved. She was artist enough to know that. Her cheeks flushed and her breath came fast as she looked. Visions of the Salon danced before her imagination. She saw her picture surrounded by wondering groups. She saw her name in all the papers—

"Miss Helen Darcy, an American artist, this year has proven the sensation by her wonderful, etc., etc." She could almost feel the small gold medal in the palm of her hand. Then gradually her thoughts glided to her New England home far up in Vermont. How proud of her her friends would be! And her father and mother—her eyes filled with tears as she saw the tears in theirs. Her cup of happiness was brimming over, and she drank it to the dregs, just as many another has done and many another will do until youth and fire shall be no more. In her rapture she had quite forgotten one thing Chatros had said: "Indeed, it lacks but one thing." She remembered only: "It is exceptional, mademoiselle, very exceptional."

As she sat lost in reverie there came a knock at the door. She started slightly, and then remembering, called without rising. "*Entrez.*" A tall, well built man of forty entered. He was Mr. Judson Wordsworth, an American art critic, who had been sojourning for four months in Paris. He had known Miss Darcy almost since childhood.

"Good evening, Helen," he said. By way of salutation, Miss Darcy extended her hand. He took it and looked over her shoulder at the picture. "So it is finished after all, eh?"

"Yes," she said eagerly; "what do you think of it?"

"Very good, excellent!" he answered lightly, though he was looking intently at the canvas.

"Yes, I know, but I really want your opinion." She looked up at him and for the first time realized that he still held her hand.

He withdrew his gaze from the picture and smiled down at her. The deep violet eyes and fluffy auburn hair were fascinating in the soft light. "I think it is very beautiful. Why don't you always let a few locks stray that way over your temples?"

"Stop joking," she said, somewhat hurt, and drew away her hand.

"But I'm not joking."

"Then stop—"

"But I'm not."

"Stop talking nonsense."

"It's good for you, Helen. You need some nonsense. You take life altogether too seriously."

"Won't you take it just a trifle more seriously for a moment?"

"And praise your picture?"

"That's not fair," she said angrily; "that's just brutal."

"Forgive me. You're right. You will pardon me, won't you? I didn't mean anything—on my word I didn't."

She was all smiling now. "Of course," she said.

"Now what is it?"

"I want to know about the picture. I want your opinion above all others. Be quite frank."

He looked intently at the painting for a few minutes without saying a word. Helen watched him nervously as he stood immobile, his forehead pursed into a frown, his eyes narrowed as though they would pierce the canvas. "It is not conventional, you know," she finally interposed. Still he said nothing, but only looked the more intently. At last his face cleared as if with sudden inspiration. He looked eagerly at the two pictures against the books, then back at the picture upon the easel, and finally his eyes rested in the same critical way upon Miss Darcy herself. She felt her cheeks color, and, try as she would, she could not look up at him.

"Well," she said at last, "what is it? Why are you looking at me like that?"

"What did Chatros say about it?"

"He said— No, I want your opinion first. Never mind what he said."

"Very well." He looked at her with great tenderness, though he spoke harshly. "I'm leaving for New York tomorrow."

"Well?"

"Won't you come along with me?"

"Please, please, tell me about the picture."

"Won't you come?"

"Of course not. I must finish my work here."

"Why?"

"Because— Why should I go back to New York?"

He was very close to her, his cheek almost touching hers. "Because I want you to."

"Mr. Wordsworth!" She moved away from him. "Look here! Let's settle this thing once for all. I won't—I never will!"

"Please don't say any more. I understand. Your picture now?"

"Yes."

"Shall I be very frank?"

"As frank as you can."

"And you won't misconstrue me?"

"I promise."

Their eyes met for an instant. "It is exceptional, very exceptional," he said. Her heart gave a jump. Those were Chatros's words. "The technique is perfect; the idea is splendid. But"—he paused a moment—"it lacks one thing of succeeding, of being great." He stopped.

She felt a shock go through her. For the first time she remembered in full Chatros's words. She whispered: "Well, why don't you go on? What does it lack?"

"Can't you see? Look, look!"

"I just can't see what you mean." All the enthusiasm had gone out of her voice.

"Then wait and I'll show you." He started toward the side room. "There is a hand mirror in here," he called.

"Yes," she answered wonderingly, "on the table."

He fetched the mirror and held it to one side, between her and the picture.

"What are you doing?" she asked with a touch of anger in her voice, fearing that he was joking again, but his seriousness reassured her.

"Now look," he said; "look intently at the picture. So. Now look at the reflection in the mirror. Don't you see?"

"See what?"

"So you think that that woman in that mirror can paint a woman like that in that picture? You think that the offspring of the *Mayflower* can portray the soul of the creature of the Orient? There are ten generations of Puritans wagering that you can't. Come here." He drew her to the first picture.

"Throw art and its lingo to the dogs. Let us merely use our eyes and common sense. Look at your first attempt. It is a clay model. Your second? The clay model has come to life, but she is as stiff and angular as if she wore cheap American corsets. You realized this yourself, for it is all changed in this last one. Here is, in a way, a splendid piece of work. Here is rare technique and talent. But don't you see that the creature is an anomaly, an Ibsen heroine in an Oriental garb? The work lacks real voluptuousness and innate understanding. It is simply technically good and artistically sentimental."

While he was speaking she had looked from one picture to the other. She now gazed at the third as if hypnotized. She feared to withdraw her eyes lest she should burst into tears. Her color came and went, and in her throat there was a dryness which seemed about to choke her. Her exaltation of half an hour before had become a depression, a sickening, awful nightmare, and she was too proud to beg a sop of comfort from the few commendatory sentences. The bitter truth that she had failed in her great aim stared her in the face.

When she had finally mastered herself, she said, without turning toward him: "You are right. I must begin it over again."

He placed his hands firmly upon her shoulders. "You must do nothing of the sort."

"If you think that this makes any difference, you are much mistaken," she said, and drew away from his touch.

"I was not thinking of myself," he answered.

"Then you mean—"

"I mean that you have endless patience and you have ideals. You have also talent, great talent. But you simply haven't it in your nature to work out that problem. You are too big a woman and too little a genius. You simply can't do it, Helen." Her teeth shut close and her lips pressed firmly together. "Forgive me," he said, "but it is better to be cruel than to be kind. You are wasting your time, and I am sorry for you. Forgive me."

"It's all right," she said with a little quaver in her voice. "I understand—only, you're mistaken; I'm not beaten yet." The words were almost a challenge. "Give me another year. Next summer, when you come again, you'll see."

"As long as you please since I must, and my best wishes. By the way, how much do you get for your landscapes?"

"Eighty francs at Monsieur Constance's, seventy-five at Charnod's."

"Ever try portrait work? You ought. I fancy that you'd do it rather well."

"I haven't the time. What with the landscapes and my work at the school and this"—she pointed at the canvas—"my time is pretty well taken up."

"I see. Well, good-bye. You know, Helen, that, in spite of my little lecture, I wish you all sort of luck, don't you?"

"Of course. You really leave tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"And for a whole year?"

"Yes."

"It will be lonesome without you. I know how kind and good you have been to me all these months—always. And I do appreciate it. Please believe me. I shall miss you."

"Thank you. Any messages for home?"

"No, I think not. Good-bye. I will write you about the picture."

He took her hands and pressed them warmly in his, and passed out. She looked for a moment at the door through which he had gone; then she laid her head upon the easel and wept.

II

Miss Darcy prefaced her conversation the next morning with Chatros by a reference to Wordsworth. The Frenchman pricked his ears at the name. "Wordsworth! Ah, a clever young man and a clever judge of pictures!" Then she told him all. Chatros smiled slightly as he listened. "Very clever, very clever, that Mr. Wordsworth. But you must not be discouraged. Work on. Try again."

She did begin in a more or less disheartened way. She was not at all discouraged, but she was for the moment cast down by what she felt to be only a temporary obstacle; in her ultimate success she believed as firmly as ever.

Meanwhile the work progressed so slowly and with such effort that she determined to give it up for the time being—until autumn when she would have had a whole summer's rest. She now devoted herself entirely to her landscape work which brought her in a fair living and was already winning her some little reputation.

As spring advanced and the weather became more settled she went twice a week into the country to sketch. The place which she chose was a little spot some fifteen miles from Paris and a full two miles from any station. Wordsworth had taken her there often. It had been a favorite haunt of his in his student days, "a refuge for a storm-battered conscience," he called it.

In spite of these trips and her work, Helen began to grow very lonesome. She had never realized how much help and comfort Wordsworth had been until he was gone. He had been a link, as it were, connecting her with home. His thoughtfulness and kindness had guarded her and saved her in many a discouraging hour. She seemed to see his every act of tenderness in a new light, now that she was quite alone. She was not a girl to grow "chummy" with anyone. As for young men, not one ever crossed her threshold. One look at the cold beauty of that face, with its uninviting reserve, and the warmest glance fell.

She herself was unconscious of this. Down in the recesses of her being, deep under the covering of ice, there bloomed the tenderest womanhood. New Englandism might be a powerful influence, but far beneath lay the eternal woman. More and more often, as the beautiful spring days mellowed into early summer, she found her hands idle in her lap, her mind fixed dreamily upon her home. There was too much of the heroine in her to permit her to regret not having gone back with Words-

worth; but there was just enough of the woman in her to make her wish to be loved.

As she passed down the boulevard and saw men and women sitting at little tables and sipping their wine amid joking, laughter and kisses, Puritan as she was, she could not but envy them. Her stern sense of judgment said that they were immoral; her placid common sense maintained that they were absurd and foolish; but somewhere deep down in her inmost heart, there came unconsciously a feeling of longing, a desire to lose herself, if only for a moment, to forget the loneliness and the doubts and the despair.

Then an event happened.

One Wednesday morning as she sat sketching, she chanced to look across the meadow to her right. What she saw first startled and then amused her. At a distance of about twenty yards sat a young man at his easel, and he was engaged in sketching nothing more or less than the patch of meadow and Miss Darcy herself. While she looked at him he paid no more attention to her than if he did not see her, not so much as smiling; but when she continued to stare he called out petulantly in a nicely modulated voice: "Please, mademoiselle, turn; I wish the profile."

Miss Darcy, in her amazement, did as he asked. She began to sketch again. Her attention, however, was fitful and her hand nervous. Finally she determined to stop work and eat her lunch. As she rose from her stool he called out coaxingly: "Oh, mademoiselle, you could not be so cruel. Just five minutes more—just five."

She looked at him coldly, fully determined to snub him, but as she gazed at his boyish face, somehow hers relaxed, and scarcely knowing what she did, she took her seat at the easel.

"Ah, thanks, mademoiselle, thanks," he said. He had come up and was now standing close beside her.

"Ah, it is very kind of mademoiselle," he said and sat down beside her.

In spite of herself, Miss Darcy smiled. "You are rude, monsieur," she said.

"I am glad that I am pleasing to mademoiselle," he answered.

"You flatter yourself. I don't like you. You are impudent."

"Ah, then so much the better. Rude and impudent? Then I am disliked, and dislike oft leads to pity, and pity to love, and so I am glad."

"Again you flatter yourself. You are quite indifferent to me."

"Ah, that is best of all. Then it cannot possibly make any difference to mademoiselle whether I go or stay, I prefer to stay; so I stay. It is a pretty landscape that you are doing, mademoiselle—full of color and spirit, full of poetry."

"I am honored," said Helen.

"You give my judgment too much credit," he answered as though he had not noticed the sarcasm. "But I can tell you something." He waited for a reply, then went on. "You have not put half the meaning into the picture."

"Pardon me, monsieur," she said haughtily, "I have no wish to discuss my picture with any but my friends or instructors."

"Naturally; only, I am not discussing the picture. I wanted to tell you of the grave of Nicolette. Do you know the story of the marguerites?"

Helen realized that she had been rude. "No," she said.

"It is a pretty story. Once, you know, there were no marguerites in the meadow—not a flower. Then came Nicolette. You did not know her? Beautiful. Like the cup of the lily. She used to play all day beside me here while I sketched. Sometimes she put her pink fingers in the wet paint and daubed my beautiful canvases. What mattered it? There were many pictures but only one Nicolette, you see, with eyes of the violet and cheeks of the poppy and hair of the cornflower. She was more of the flower world than of ours, mademoiselle. And so, when she came, up for the first time came the marguerites of the meadow and the daisies and the buttercups, thick, so thick that you could not walk without treading upon them. It was strange.

Never before had they grown there, and now you could not find a spot a foot square without them. All day she played in the flowers, and when night came she went to sleep with a bunch of them held tight in her arms. I know that, for when she grew sick I sat up and watched with her. Then she died, you know. And Monsieur Grattan and madame and I, we all felt as if something had flown like a bird right out from inside our hearts. I went into the meadow to gather some flowers to place in her hands, thinking that she might be lonesome without them, and, mademoiselle, it was wonderful; they all drooped. And just in the midst, where they had grown thickest, there was a little bed where they lay quite dead. So we buried her there, where now the flowers grow the tallest and the finest. That's why I said what I did—because you have not Nicolette in your pictures. What do you think of Guilbert? You like her songs, eh?"

With a sudden start Helen came back to herself and the situation. She had been impressed with the story more than she liked to acknowledge, for she felt that she also had been tricked by it. Again she looked coldly at him. There were tears in his eyes. Her heart softened. "You loved her?" she asked gently.

"She was the one sweet thing in my life—she and my art. And art is cold, eh?"

"I am sorry."

"Mademoiselle, will you have some sauterne?" he asked suddenly.

"No, thank you," she answered rather stiffly.

"You Americans," he cried, "miss half the joys of life. It is heaven. Life without wine is worse than life without woman. You will not have just a taste? It is very mild and refreshing," he said and offered her the bottle.

Something in Miss Darcy's heart whispered, "Take it," and so while her lips sternly refused, her hand made an involuntary movement. He noticed this, and before she had time to retract he put his arm about her neck and thus brought the bottle to her lips. And

Miss Darcy laughed at the boyishness of the act and drank.

"You go back at five?" he said.

"Yes," she replied.

"Very well, I will wait and go with you."

Miss Darcy did not do much work.

A spirit of recklessness came over her. She was lonesome, tired and homesick; she longed for a kind word. It was only an afternoon's flirtation. For an hour or so she would forget her loneliness. Then her New England conscience began to work. No one would know—that was the knob of the crime. If she feared that someone would know, then it was not right. "For shame!" said her conscience. "I am so tired and lonesome," sobbed her heart. She suddenly began to cry.

"Mademoiselle, *ma chérie*, what is it? Tell me. Let me help you. Are you ill?" The words were as soft as those of a woman and tender with sympathy. "Your hand is hot and trembling, and your forehead is wet with perspiration. You have worked too much. You are tired. We will go back to the station. Come, I know a way through the woods, cool and restful."

Miss Darcy went to bed that night with mingled sensations. She confessed to herself that she had enjoyed the day with rare pleasure. The walk through the woods to the station had been to her longing soul almost an enchanted journey. At times he sang, and his songs had a wide and startling diversity. The contagion of his exuberance finally affected her; and when he offered her a wreath which he wove from ferns and decked with flowers, she took off her hat and put the wreath upon her head, dancing with an abandon which she had not felt in twenty years. It was lost youth pulsing again in her veins.

"I always sleep going back," he said, as they settled into opposite places in the compartment. "You will wake me at Paris?"

As he lay there with the broken light of the sun upon his face, Miss Darcy gazed at him with peculiar fascination. The voluptuous, yet clean cut features,

the heavy penciling of the eyebrows, the hair a mass of black curls, the full, thick lips with the slight droop of sensuality—who was this man whose disposition and whose features reminded one so much of a satyr? That he was an artist was obvious. That he was without any sense of morals it needed but a glance to guess; and as she thought of this she drew further away into her corner. Then she noticed again the spirit of perennial youth which seemed to pervade his countenance. If she was disgusted, she was nevertheless attracted. Then came an inspiration. She must help this man, must reform him! It was the calling of centuries of Puritanism echoing in her breast. She must teach him. She must lead him to the light. Out of the West had she been sent, and here was the clay given into her hands. She would accept the trust gladly, willingly; and with this determination there came over her a great joy, almost an exaltation.

They arrived at Paris. Miss Darcy called to him timidly.

"Just five minutes longer, dear heart," he murmured, half asleep; then he rubbed his eyes, looked out the window and then at her. "Ah, it is you! And we are in Paris!"

Miss Darcy heard his half-conscious words. All the way home they troubled her. She almost decided to give up her resolution. Yet she could not help wondering who this man was, how much she would have to fight woman as well as man in her battle for morality. Was she pretty? Miss Darcy caught a reflection of herself in a shop window. Was she an artist? Miss Darcy clutched her paint box more tightly. Was she moral? Miss Darcy blushed.

Meanwhile, they were hurrying toward the Quartier Latin. He was chatting as gaily as ever, pointing out places of interest, which he adorned with anecdotes.

"You see that queer little hole? Well, that's where Darnot used to live. You remember his frieze in the Salon two years ago? Beautiful, eh? The girl lying asleep on the tips of the fall blown poppies, you remember. Strik-

ing, eh? He called it 'Death in the Poppy.' Clever that. But I can tell you a secret. I knew Darnot. It was Madame Darnot, not the poppy, that killed. She was forty and fat, and had a greasy nose. No wonder poor Darnot loved to paint the beauty that he missed in reality."

As they neared her lodgings he asked if she would dine with him. She declined with an excuse, and walked on hurriedly. When they reached her door she said, "Won't you come in?"

He looked at her and smiled. "Thanks, mademoiselle, I live but across the block, you know. Our windows face each other. You go out again?"

"Saturday."

"We will go together. Good night, mademoiselle. It has been a charming day, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Very. Good night, monsieur."

That was the beginning. Thereafter, every Wednesday and Saturday, they went out to sketch together. Between times she saw little of him, though occasionally he would call across the roofs to her. Twice they had gone to the theater, each paying a share. There was an equality and freedom from sentimentality in it that appealed to her.

The summer slipped past almost before she was aware of it. She confessed that she liked her new friend immensely. His optimistic good humor had proved a tonic to her jaded spirits. She had done better work and more of it, enough, indeed, to support her during the coming winter, so that now she could devote her entire time to her big picture. She had already begun it again with new energy and new inspiration, and she felt herself glow as she noticed with what clearness and sureness the work progressed.

It had been two weeks since the last trip to the country. In that time she had not once seen Eugene. She began to wonder what had become of him. Perhaps he had gone away, having wearied of a summer's flirtation which must have proven very tame to him. Somehow, her heart grew heavy at the thought. And yet he had a perfect

right. It had been an open game. He was quite free to do as he liked. Then she began to wonder if he were ill. How inconsiderate of her not to have thought of that before! He might even then be lying in bed! Of course, he would not have dared to send for her. Well, she would show him what a good friend she could be; and it would be another lesson in his schooling in morality. Just as she went to get her hat and gloves, there came a knock at the door, and the next minute, out of breath, he was seated upon her couch, fanning himself with his hat.

"Well, well!" she cried. "What have you been doing? Why haven't you been to see me?"

"I have been busy, very busy, settling up some affairs—and moving."

"Moving! Where?" She felt her heart beating against her breast.

"Across the hall. I am moving there. I thought that, now when winter is coming on, it would be cold talking across the roofs."

After that Miss Darcy saw a great deal of him. At first he would come in now and then in the evening for a chat. Later he grew into the habit of seeking out the *concierge* and letting himself into her room when she was absent, giving as an excuse that he liked to look over her American magazines and newspapers. He seemed unaware of any indiscretion or presumption. In the beginning Miss Darcy was somewhat shocked. She felt uncomfortable when she came home at night and found him lounging on her couch, reading, or, as soon came to be his custom, cooking his supper on her little kerosene stove.

She came at last to look upon him as quite impersonal.

The picture was finished at last, one day in March. She had counted on having it done before Wordsworth should return.

Chatros came at last. He raised his glasses in his peculiar critical way. Miss Darcy stood in the corner, grasping the two walls for support, her throat throbbing with pain, her breath stinging her nostrils. Long he looked, carefully and critically; then he turned to-

ward Miss Darcy and extended his hands.

"It is magnificent, mademoiselle; and this time it is really a success, a great success. Your picture will certainly reach the Salon. After that, I will be glad to purchase it if you care to sell it. You may count on me up to thirty thousand francs."

Miss Darcy took his hand and sank to her knees, sobbing convulsively.

Eugene was preparing supper. He had put the water on to boil, had fixed the salad, with his own kind of dressing and was just bringing out a bottle of sauterne from the little side room when Miss Darcy rushed in.

"Eugene, Eugene," she cried excitedly, "only think—my picture—the Salon—and—thirty thousand francs!"

For a second he stood spellbound, eyeing her nervously. The next instant he had caught her about the waist and was waltzing up and down the room with her. Then he kissed her and led her to a chair.

"Ah, *ma chérie*, I knew it, I knew it!" he cried.

The supper was almost over. Eugene had been chattering incessantly but she had caught only part of the conversation. Then came a knock at the door.

"Come in!" cried Eugene, thinking it was the *concierge*. "Come in and see the 'Lady of the Harem' and the Lady of the Salon."

The door opened and Wordsworth walked in. Helen looked at him for a moment half dazed; then, her eyes all glistening, she ran to him with outstretched hands.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you! Success without you wouldn't be success!" she exclaimed. "Chatros has offered me thirty thousand francs for it!"

"I will make it fifty thousand. May I have the picture?"

She looked up at him, her eyes filled with tenderness.

"You want it for my sake?" she said.

"No," he replied; "I want it for my own sake."

"You mean— You see, I—I am different now."

"How?"

"Well, I seem to see things clearer, to know better the values of life, as it were."

"And you learned them—how?"

"I don't know; they just came, I guess, from companionship." She extended her hands to him.

"Who is he?" he asked bluntly, pointing toward the door.

"He is—he is"—the slightest of smiles played about her lips—"he is only Eugene."

"Helen, dear," he whispered and folded her tightly in his arms. "Helen, sweetheart, who are you?"

"Helene, Helene," sang out Eugene from the next room, "I am coming!"



MY LADY TANTALIZE

By HAROLD SUSMAN

I NEED not off to Egypt go
If I a Sphinx would view;
I can stay here at home, you know,
And puzzle over you!

MRS. MALLORY

By MRS. JAMES CARSTAIRS, JR.

I MET Mrs. Mallory at Santa Barbara the winter I spent there with grandmother. I expected Jack home on the *Wentworth* in May, and the fact that Commander Mallory came home about the same time drew us together. Mrs. Mallory said it was like having the same disease to talk over.

She had a house near the Mission. A small house with a pergola at one side, and an old rose-grown, flower-strewn garden about it. She generally lay there in a low chair in the sun, watching the light and shade over the mountains or the changing blue of the sea. It was very quiet. So quiet, Mrs. Mallory said, that she could distinctly hear what her neighbors thought. Then she laughed.

Grandmother was always so busy that I had plenty of time to talk to Mrs. Mallory. Sometimes her garden and sitting room were filled with people, and sometimes they were empty. I liked it best that way. The bees humming over the rose bushes, the wind stirring the palms, around us the purple line of mountains, and the glittering sea stretching off in the distance. When people were there it all changed and one even forgot the mountains and the sea, although Mrs. Mallory never changed. She would move about in her quiet way, a small thin figure, always in white. She seldom laughed. Her eyes would wrinkle up and her mouth go sideways, but that was all. She had a curious trick of saying things; of clipping them short and then looking up suddenly square at you. At first it frightened me into saying things I had no intention of telling her. That was when I first knew her. Afterwards I told her, anyway.

Grandmother says fascinating women are dangerous. She says they are never interested in anything but luring people on. Grandmother is always interested in something, but moral things, which of course are never alluring. Grandmother believes that the stamp of good woman is the wearing of red flannel dressing sacks and woolen stockings. She saw Mrs. Mallory once in a love of a lace negligee, her slim feet in white satin mules. It was then she told me that fascinating women lured people on. Grandmother is very strong-minded. She is always reading somebody on something, and going to lectures. I have often thought that if I were the cook instead of a near relation I would leave.

I was staying with Uncle Arthur in Providence waiting for Jack's return, when one day grandmother appeared with old Lorinda, her maid, and packed me up in an hour. On the way to the station we met Uncle Arthur. Before he could say a word, grandmother lowered the carriage window and snapped, "California," at him, and slammed the window up again. You can see from so small an incident that Mrs. Mallory and grandmother could not possibly have much in common.

There were lots of grandmother's cronies in Santa Barbara. They had a literary club which met twice a week to discuss great men and their works. When Mrs. Mallory heard of it she said she was so glad to be able to sit quite idle and still feel that the art of the world was not being neglected.

I used to bring my work and sit on the steps while Mrs. Mallory read aloud or talked to me. She had the loveliest

voice, very clear and low. Her face in repose was rather cynical and just a bit old, but when she was reading or talking it grew all alive and young. I thought for a long time that her eyes were brown. Suddenly I discovered they were a dark violet. I told her my discovery, and she said she thanked goodness it wasn't her hair.

We grew to be very good friends. I read her parts of Jack's letters and told all we planned to do when he got back. I told her how I had met him, and how I had had no thought of his loving me, being so much older, and how he told me he did, with grandmother dozing over a "Life of Voltaire" across the room. I told her how we were married, and above all how I loved him. She was awfully interested, and asked me about the bridesmaids' frocks and Jack in the nicest, friendliest way. I never had a mother, and I never told anyone about Jack and how it all happened, my love and his, till I told Mrs. Mallory. Her eyes had a queer shining light in them, and once she laughed.

Grandmother never cared about hearing all the small things that made up Jack's and my love. She thinks marriage a moral duty; she thought it a proper time for me to marry, and evidently my moral duty was owed to Jack as well as to any other.

And I guess by now Uncle Arthur cannot remember whether Jack is my husband or a new mining stock.

Therefore it was good to tell Mrs. Mallory, good to have her want to know.

She asked me a hundred questions, such kind interested ones. It seemed odd that she did not know Jack, as she knew nearly everyone in the Navy. I said so, and she said after all one knew so few people. She asked me if I had written Jack that we had become such good friends. I was sorry to tell her I hadn't, for Jack had sailed and would not receive mail again. I asked her if she had heard from her husband. She said she knew pretty well what the weather was like in any part of the world, so there wasn't much use telling her.

We would sit every afternoon in that quiet, shadowy garden, the air heavy with orange blossoms, I at my sewing, she with a book. Wing would bring tea just as the shadows began to creep, and when the mountains grew deep and purple we would walk to the old fountain at the Mission to watch the sun set. The great flare of gold in the west, the pink clouds that drifted over the mountain tops, the ocean that reflected a thousand colors, and the wonderful darkness that crept so slowly over it all. Mrs. Mallory said it was the silence that was golden.

Afterwards we would go back to the little sitting room where Wing had lighted the fire. Mrs. Mallory would fetch her violin and play to me. I used to sit in a big chair by the fire and think of Jack and his return to me, and of our life together. Somehow through it all ran Mrs. Mallory's music, and although it was awfully nice, it used to make me sad.

She would stop suddenly, lay the violin away and I would have to go home.

Once she said to me: "It is a tragedy to believe as much as you do. It is a comedy to believe as little as I."

She told me bits of her own life. How she married very young and lived the world over. How her boy died. How she was in a plague stricken town, and had hundreds die around her. How her husband lay ill miles from her, and how she dressed in men's clothes and went to him by a commissary train, since there was no other way of getting to him. All of it told in her light way that made it seem very funny, except about the boy, and then her voice broke a second. So you see we were very good friends.

It happened that grandmother and two other women planned a trip to the Grand Canyon. She saw in me a hindrance, since she knew I would not go, and since she could not leave me quite alone behind, so Mrs. Mallory asked me to stay with her.

Grandmother had a very stiff turn before she sufficiently unbent, but she did give her consent at last.

I said, with some asperity, that I was a married woman, and could do as I chose. Grandmother replied calmly, tying her bonnet strings, that if I supposed marriage brought discretion she hoped age would teach me to recognize folly. When I told this to Mrs. Mallory she said that evidently grandmother could handle other clubs besides literary ones.

I stayed with Mrs. Mallory a week. We had a very gay time—dinners and drives and teas and long rides. Several ships came in, and, as Mrs. Mallory knew most of the officers, our sitting room and garden were filled nearly all the time. It was awfully nice. Nice, too, to think of grandmother having a good time seeing the Grand Canyon. I told Mrs. Mallory, and she said having seen so many Grand Canyons in life, for herself she preferred late suppers—they were more filling.

The last day I was with her we sat in the pergola, I sitting on the steps embroidering handkerchiefs, she idle in her chair.

That night grandmother came back, and the day following we left for Monterey, so it was our last visit. I felt very lonely and just a bit sad, as I had grown fond of Mrs. Mallory; although grandmother says I am just like her elder brother Abisha, who took fancies to people and then wondered why afterwards.

I looked up at Mrs. Mallory and found her eyes on me. She laughed her rare laugh and leaned further back in her chair.

"Was it a time to hold my tongue?" she quoted. "Oh, sages and poets, one and all, say: 'Was it a time to hold my tongue?'"

She laughed again, although I could not see anything so very funny.

Her hands moved restlessly. She had beautiful hands, and when she was excited they quivered almost like birds. So I asked, "What is it?"

She slid down to the edge of the chair and clasped her hands about her knee.

"Is it a time to hold my tongue?" addressing the handkerchiefs, rather than me.

"No," I laughed, "I am sure it is not."

She looked a second at me, with her eyes wrinkled up, and then moved back in her chair.

"Listen," she said very gravely. "Here's a story I watched, and helped make. It's a puzzle picture. Find what's hidden. It is in plain sight, but that is the difficulty. Are you listening?"

"Oh, yes!" I said, for her stories always made me laugh.

"We are off," she said. "Hold fast!"

When I was young enough, and you too much so, John Mallory and I rented a bungalow where the sea curved in and made a port and the hills rose up almost from the beach, so that one's back yard tilted up most precariously. There were a lot of bungalows along by us. The main street ran from the water's edge up into the hills, standing on end. Another street crossed it, running parallel to the sea, and on it all the bungalows faced, with their gardens spread out nearly in front and their backyards hanging on the hillside.

Everybody lived close together, and every so often we used to hold a *grande fête*, with lanterns and music. It was very simple, for we were all young and nobody wise. Ships would come in and sail away and come back. There was always laughter and plenty to do, and the moons were twice as big as they are now. At night there were dinners and dances and walks. In the day one sat in front under the trees, with one's garden like a rug from Samarkand at one's feet, and embroidered one's husband's initials on his handkerchiefs and gossiped about some other woman.

Ah! Good old innocent days, when the living of the days was enough!

Next to us lived the captain of John's ship, his wife and daughter. It is the girl that counts.

She was the slenderest sort of a girl; her hair was brown and wavy, happy, brown hair, that blew and curled and twisted till it made you laugh. Her eyes were serious and very direct, but

her mouth—ah, dear, her mouth! I used to tell her that no woman should be left alone with such a mouth. She was square, too, and honest. Such faith, such unbounded charity! Well, one must prove one's possibilities.

John was away, and she and I grew friendly over our handkerchiefs, for she was to be married to a lieutenant in the Marines, stationed dear knows where, at the end of the world, living handsomely on fifty a month. He wrote her the biggest sort of letters, full of himself and his love. I believed a good deal myself in those days, which it has taken me some time patiently to forget, and my eyes used to grow misty over those letters. He was a good sort.

So we used to sit under the trees and plan our lives, just as if it made any difference.

One afternoon the *Monmouth* came in, and we all went on board to welcome them. Jerry Heath was captain. Herbert Lawrence, gone these many days; Jim Nelson, who killed a man making love to his wife; dear old Nick Scott, with his tenor voice, and Georgie Scofield—where are they all now?

"*Où sont les neiges d'antan?*"

Just in the midst of tea someone touched my shoulder. I turned and found myself face to face with—with—Freddie Morris, the best, the worst of all the gang. He was young then, but he had a way with him—how shall I say? So confident, so self-reliant, so buoyant, that all alike were swayed by the dominant personality. From admiral to jackie he had the ship his own, and no woman gainsaid him twice.

Of course I asked him to dinner then and there, and of course he accepted.

On the way home I met the Girl. "Come over to dinner," I called; so easily do things begin.

The Girl came early. I wasn't dressed, so she wandered about, finally settling at the piano. I heard her strumming idly, and then begin Schumann's "*Ich Grolle Nicht*," singing in her big, soft voice.

I went out to see Suey about dinner, and came around outside. The Girl was still singing. I stood looking in at her. It was dusk, that strange, grayish

light. It was quiet, too, and I remember a bird kept crying somewhere. Suddenly Freddie Morris came swinging up the path. I can't tell why I stood without moving; some occult force held me still. When he heard her voice he stopped. "*Ich Grolle Nicht*"—do you know the music? He went in without knocking. As he came in she rose and they faced each other in the dim half-light.

I dare say things are ordained. It is the easiest way out of it.

We had dinner, twelve of us, and the candles were replenished twice and burned to the sockets before Georgie finished telling us how he put the Admiral next, and Nick Scott sang his last song. We went out under the trees, and Billy Lathrop played the tambourine in an intricate accompaniment to "*Stars of a Summer Night*." Bert Lawrence gave us "*I Am a Wandering Sheep*," and Stacy Leonard had an ode to the moon. Nora McLain sang an unpronounceable song, which she said was an "aria." Ah, dear old unforgettable days! The best, probably, because they are finished.

Everyone started to go. It was the custom to see everyone home, and the custom lasted till daybreak many a time. It showed both manners and custom, Billy Lathrop said, and was therefore beautiful.

But Freddie and the Girl were lost. Halfway back to my own bungalow I met them walking up from the beach. The Girl held my hand a bit and then went on. Afterwards Freddie came to me where I waited.

"She's everything," he said.

"You're not," I answered.

"Don't be too sure," he said slowly.

"Freddie—" I begged.

"I didn't mean that," he retracted.

"It was caddish in me," but he hesitated and turned frankly to me. "Help me," he said.

There was a tenderness about him that was not new to me.

"It's not possible," I laughed.

"She's everything," he repeated.

"Help me."

I watched him tramping up the street

and then turned in wearily. I remember Suey was burning joss sticks on the kitchen steps. He said a bad spirit was in the hills. I heard a bird crying dismally, so I suppose that was his spirit. I have wondered since.

How do days go? Even now, when little enough is left with which to pass them, they slip through my fingers and disappear. Back there, when we were young, and events were large and important, and our beliefs and ideals sweeping and comprehensive, how must they have gone then, those days of sunshine.

The Girl and Freddie met constantly at our bungalow, at the Cowan's, on the beach; to live meant to meet, and one might as well have tried to stop the tide as to try to stop them.

Curious how systematically and patiently and hopefully people go about laying the foundations for their own undoing.

I watched with a heart fit to break, powerless before the flood. I tried to reason with the Girl.

"He is always so," I said, "always loving, always forgetting."

She put her arms on my shoulders and faced me.

"You know so little," she cried.

"Too much," I cried back at her impotently.

I caught him one day.

"Stop it," I urged. "She belongs elsewhere. You have hurt enough. Leave her."

He answered slowly: "How is it possible for you to judge?"

And, indeed, how was it? So I watched it angrily and inertly.

One morning I came out into the garden, and met the Girl. She held a letter out to me silently. I read it. It said very bravely that her happiness was his, and that all he could say was God bless her. Also that she was not to mar her happiness by any thought of him, but to increase it by the memory of the joy she had given him, and so good-bye. He was always hers faithfully, David of the Marine Corps, stationed heaven knows where, at the end of the world.

I gave the letter back to her.

"Well?" she asked.

"Well!" I answered.

She studied the letter, and I thought her lips quivered a bit.

"Girl—" I began, when someone whistled a snatch of an Italian love song. I knew it well, so I caught my words back. The Girl's face flushed, and the letter slipped through her fingers and fluttered to the ground. Her eyes met mine.

"Freddie," she laughed and was gone.

I picked the letter up and tore it into shreds. I buried it beneath the cherry tree, and later I planted above it pansy seeds a friend had sent me from England. It was the best I could do in memory of a broken heart.

Not long afterwards John was ordered home. I went to stay for a while at Nashapur or Babylon, it does not matter which. All the world goes there, anyway, and the world is very gay.

I said good-bye to the little port and the hills and the sea and our bungalow and my garden—and I said good-bye to the Girl.

Freddie had been ordered on a cruise; therefore he was spared a good-bye from me, mercifully for us both.

And so I sailed away from that which had held much happiness and some sorrow, never to revisit it, and never, so far as I know, to forget it.

At Babylon I met the Other Girl. She came there with the rest of the world, you see. She was a charming person. Very much of the world, very much of the *haute dame*, and we became friends. I chaperoned her to dinners and dances, where her father couldn't be persuaded to go. We enjoyed the world together, and one another, but she was not the kind that gives herself away for the asking, nor am I, so our companionship, while pleasant, was a surface one. The easiest kind, believe me, and the safest one between women.

There were many ships in port, and many friends from 'cross seas, so our days were full enough and to spare.

Just before I left I wrote and asked the Girl to come and stay with me.

The *Lancaster* was in, and there was to be a ball on board, for which I wanted her. She wrote back accepting.

Freddie was still on his cruise, but would be in Babylon in a week, so it would be a double pleasure to her, visiting me and greeting him.

I had watched so many returns of Freddie that I knew the program by heart and sighed.

She came by a Monday boat, and Bob Frazer and I went to meet her. Very pretty she was, with a quiet tenderness, suggestive of new depths. She held my arm closely and smiled every now and then at Bob's remarks, as if it were all hemispheres away from her and she had found the true world.

Through all our subsequent gaiety she moved with this same dreamy air. I watched her helplessly. Metaphorically, I screamed "fire" at her dozens of times to try and awaken her, but she only opened her eyes a bit wider and slept again. Finally I decided to let her sleep. One wakens soon enough.

I was to leave on a Wednesday, and the following day Freddie's ship came in. The Girl was to stay on with friends, and the Other Girl was staying a fortnight longer before returning to the States. It was therefore our last chat together. We were in my room, the Girl packing some things for me, and the Other Girl reading aloud from a month old magazine.

I remember every detail, and recall the color of the Girl's gown, and how the window curtain flapped in and out.

Charlie Wing knocked and brought in tea and the mail. The Other Girl made room for the tray; I took the letters. Three there were—one on top from Cousin Martha for John, inquiring, I knew, about his health, and if he was careful about taking his cough syrup—two thick ones underneath, both in Freddie Morris's handwriting, one forwarded to the Other Girl by her bankers, the other to the Girl by her mother. I remember staring at them, noticing the even squareness of the writing, at the stamps, at the postmarks, the name of one town a bit at the edge.

Never had I felt so incompetent to face issues as then. I wanted to laugh, and I wanted to throw both letters in the fire. But there was no fire, and there was no laugh, either. Then I grew determined. It was destiny, and I could not control it. I laid both letters on the table and sat down opening Cousin Martha's. The Girl rose from her knees and smiled as she saw the familiar writing. Then her face flushed. She hesitated.

"For you," she said, holding it out to the Other Girl.

As she picked it up she knocked off the other letter. The Other Girl leaned down and picked it up. She looked at it, steadily, absently. "For you," she said finally, handing it to the Girl, as she took her own letter in turn.

She looked down at the other letter in her hand, and raising her head abruptly met the Girl's calm, clear eyes. They stared at each other. The Girl tore hers open. The sound was like the cracking of thunder. The Other Girl took a shell pin from her hair and opened hers lazily. I remember thinking how soon the reaction had come to her, and how well the pin kept up her heavy braid.

There was an eternity of silence in the room. I read twice how Cousin William had gone to Portsmouth to see Jessie, and I wondered if Jessie was a chorus girl or another family cousin in a black dress and jet earrings. I read over and over how Mary Ann had had a stroke, and how Parsons had left because he was asked to drive the cook to town. My brain raced to and fro between family cousins in black and Parsons cooking chorus girls.

I could stand it no longer. I jumped up and cluttered up the tea things.

The Other Girl put her letter back in its envelope.

"One lump for me," she said, "and a little cognac, if you have it."

The Girl held her letter fast.

"I believe," said the Other Girl, "that the *Monmouth* is due tomorrow."

She looked at me.

"Yes," I said miserably.

It was curious, but everyone took

Freddie Morris's sins as their own and yielded to him his virtues to hold alone.

"Tell me," suddenly to the Girl, "what do you know of Freddie Morris?"

"Why do you ask?" The Girl's voice was steady and a bit cold.

"Well," said the Other Girl, taking her tea, "I have been engaged to him for a year. We were to have been married in the fall. I came out here to meet him as a surprise, and I noticed our letters were dated within a day of each other. I wondered—that's all."

The Girl was tearing her letter up slowly, not angrily, but deliberately, passionlessly.

"I loved him," she said, as the pieces fell from her fingers into the basket. "I loved him."

The Other Girl drank her tea and put her cup back on the table.

"Will you," she said, "give me another cup? I'll be back in a moment."

As she closed the door the Girl rose quietly and came over to me. I gave her cup to her. She took it waveringly; it trembled and fell, spilling the hot tea over her and breaking to bits on the floor.

"Things break so easily," she laughed. "Funny, isn't it?"

I knew the cruel hurt, and I knew how deep it went. I knew that she had wakened never to sleep again. I know how hard awakening is, but there is a certain keenness about being awake, a certain delight in knowing your own strength in facing dangers, in being alive and active, that one never knows when sleeping.

The Girl knew then only the pain of it all—the bitter loss for which she saw no compensation. But she was brave.

"Funny, isn't it?" she repeated.

"Yes," I said, "it is, very."

The Other Girl came back carrying a bundle of letters. She sat down and untied them, reading the dates one after the other. They ran from twice a week to three times or oftener.

The Girl nodded comprehendingly.

"We were in port then," she would say; or, "That is the day we sailed to the Islands," or, "That was my birthday."

It was ghastly.

The Other Girl tied them up again.

"Can you understand?" she asked.

"Yes, I think I can," said the Girl hesitatingly.

"He likes whatever he looks on, and his looks go everywhere," I broke in brutally.

"He loved too much," said the Girl.

"Too many," corrected the Other Girl, and we laughed, first quietly, then wildly, hysterically. The Girl controlled herself first.

"I can take tomorrow's boat," she said; "I am a coward," a wistful smile on her lips.

"I am brave," said the Other Girl, "so I may as well go tonight by train."

"And I?" I asked.

"You can stay," answered the Other Girl.

So I stayed, my dear, and I met Freddie, and I told him. The telling helped me a little, but I felt sorry, as usual, when I saw his eyes.

"Don't," I implored. "Spare me any retractions. Once I might have found sympathy for you. Now I might just as well start about finding you another girl."

It was vulgar, but raw feeling isn't refined.

"She's gone," he repeated dully.

"They've gone," I corrected with some pleasure.

"I am a fool," he groaned.

I congratulated him. So few men understand themselves.

He sat down, his head in his hands. I stood by. Finally he rose.

"I must go," he said. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," I answered, and watched him off.

Half an hour later I saw him driving by with Molly Scott. One can't help admiring consistency.

It was years before I saw the Girl again. She wore a nurse's uniform, a red cross on her sleeve. Her eyes were just as brave, and her lips laughed quite as much, although she had seen many a battlefield. But, bless you, battlefields grow amusing once you are used to them.

The Other Girl married a prince.

Oh, dear, yes. And wears a tiara to breakfast if she's a mind to, and no one says a word. I dare say they have forgotten. But there are some of us who remember in spite of years. And some of us who pay back in the end.

Mrs. Mallory lay back among her pillows.

"Do you think it an amusing story?" she asked.

I had folded my handkerchief long ago. The shadows had crept over the wall, and the pink clouds were fading over the mountain.

"I think it an awful story," I said—"a cruel one. They neither of them forgot."

"They none of them forgot," corrected Mrs. Mallory softly.

I only half heard her.

"Cruel," I repeated.

"Youth is cruel," said Mrs. Mallory. "Old age is merciful. I am neither young nor old."

Then she laughed and rose. She took both my hands and helped me rise.

"Good-bye to you," she said, looking at me. "Good-bye and good luck."

I bent and kissed her impulsively.

"Good-bye," I said. "I hope I will meet you soon again."

Her eyes narrowed and she smiled.

"Good-bye," was all she said.

I met Jack in San Francisco two weeks later. I was so glad to see him, and to be with him again that I forgot entirely Santa Barbara and Mrs. Mallory. It was on the train going home that some little incident recalled it all to my mind. We were in the observation car. It was dusk, and I was watching the great prairies roll by us. Jack leaned over and touched my hair.

"The way it curls and kinks makes one laugh," he said.

"Why," I laughed, "that is just what Mrs. Mallory said about the Girl's."

"What?" said Jack.

Of course he could not understand.

"It was a story," I explained, "that Mrs. Mallory told me."

"Mrs. John Mallory?" asked Jack.

"Why, yes," I said, surprised. "Do you know her? I met her in Santa Barbara, and never thought to tell you, for she said she did not know you."

"Did she?" said Jack.

"Yes, she said after all one knew so few people."

We sat in silence a few moments. I watched the racing tracks slip under us and stretch out into miles.

"What was the story?" asked Jack presently.

So I told him just to amuse him. After I had finished I said: "It was cruel, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was cruel," he answered. but somehow I didn't think he meant what I did. I turned to explain, when some little thing sent me back to that afternoon. I could see the garden with its masses of roses; could hear the bees and smell the orange blossoms. I could see Mrs. Mallory in her chair, and hear her voice, with its little inflections and cadences. As I looked back I realized that she had told the story very well. I said so to Jack.

"She remembered everything."

"Some people do," he said shortly.

Again my memory awoke.

"Why, that is what she said. Some people remember and pay back in the end. How curious that you have repeated twice what she said!" I turned and smiled up at him, but his face was in the shadow.

"Let's go," he suggested suddenly. "Dinner will be ready."

I rose slowly. My mind was still busy recalling.

"There is one thing she said that I have just remembered and I don't understand."

"Well?" said Jack.

"She said"—it came back to me slowly—"that the story was a puzzle, and that I was to find the answer. What did she mean, Jack?"



THEY MET AS STRANGERS

By WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

KNICKER VAN STUYVESANT BOCKER boarded a Sixth Avenue "L" train at Fifty-eighth Street. He did not live in that nabob neighborhood, but in accordance with prevalent custom he walked over from the bob neighborhood lying to the westward, where he had his literary workshop, and took passage at Fifty-eighth Street because of the peculiar social distinction attaching to passengers from that station. In manners and looks he might easily have been mistaken for a personage from Fifth Avenue.

The hour was ten A. M. and the morning was Monday. Mr. Bocker, perfectly appareled, was looking extremely well, but his internal feelings did not match his external appearance. Something emotional had happened to him over Sunday. It is not necessary to designate by name what it was. A girl by any name sometimes delights to make the man who loves her want to hit her with a club by whimsically declining to change it to suit his ideas of what it should be. Mr. Bocker was communing with yesterday. He had a very good name. He was trying to analyze a whim. There was a dark brown feeling in his erstwhile tender heart.

The car was not crowded—it never becomes so until it runs into the ruck below Fiftieth Street—and the unhappy Bocker dropping listless into a corner surrendered to meditations of a wholly depressing character. His hopeless eyes wandered aimlessly about among his environments, seeking consolation or distraction or anything that would produce a mental paralysis of Sunday. He wished earnestly to forget it. The long rows of tenantless straps, swinging idly

to the swaying of the car, seemed to be utterly useless appendages, and he vaguely wondered what they were there for. The advertising cards were distant and misty of meaning. His wavering consciousness followed them uncertainly, from the smaller ones opposite his corner to the big one across the further end of the car like a sunset-colored cloud athwart the horizon.

He found no comfort in them. What were chocolates to him? She had eaten bushels of them at his expense. And rubber heels? He had slipped up on his fondest hopes. And language methods? No language method he had ever tried affected her in the slightest. And typewriters? Wringers that wrung all sentiment out of thought and left it dry. And breakfast foods? His appetite was gone. And those twins of darkness? Bah! He believed in race suicide. And canned soups? Dead sea fruit and ashes in his mouth. And lamp chimneys? His world was plunged in gloom. And corsets and dress goods and gloves? No bills for such delightful dainties would ever come to him! And bargains in real estate? He had use for only a little plot far away beneath the weeping willows.

Out of them all nothing to encourage him. Yes, there was one. It was somebody's patent shock absorber. The shock he had received was in sore need of absorption, and he took hope to read the card through. There was no relief in the reading. It was not emotional but mechanical, and was merely some sort of an appliance for motor cars—Bocker did not own one—whereby they would jolt out only one vital organ at a time instead of dumping the whole lot in a bunch.

His attention had been so far afield that he had not observed the movements of passengers. Their coming and going had made no impression upon his dulled perception. At Thirty-third Street a woman with a basket stumbled over his foot and roused him to a sense of sub-lunary affairs. He gazed about him as one coming out of a reverie, and saw approaching down the aisle a very pretty girl. He looked away. Her beauty seemed to mock his loss of yesterday. He hoped she would go on into the next car. Vain hope. She even passed vacant seats and finally sat down beside him. He shivered and scrunched up closer in his corner. She was Miss Dorset of Madison Avenue, and any man should have been proud to sit so near her, but Mr. Bocker's hurt pride was yet too sore to be near anything except despair. He pulled his hat down and stared moodily at the floor. Miss Dorset's fine eyes, after a moment's approving survey of a handsome bonnet on a homely woman in a cross seat, turned toward Mr. Bocker. He tried to avoid her, but she was not to be denied. Apparently she thought she knew him. She might have been some one of the many girls he had met at teas or in other silly moments of his past. He wished he had never met a girl or heard of a tea. What was the object of their creation, anyhow? But she was no mind reader. She was going to speak to him. He could feel it in the atmosphere. He shuddered and shrank further into his moodiness. What right had she to speak to him? He had given her no encouragement, as he might have done—as he probably would have done under sunnier skies. The blow was coming. He shut his eyes. It came.

"I beg your pardon," she said with directness and in a purely business manner. "Will you be kind enough to tell me if this car goes to Rector Street?"

He breathed easier. She was not presuming upon some previous acquaintance.

"It does," he replied curtly, but pleased that it was no worse.

"Thank you, very much." She smiled and was still for a minute or two, Mr.

Bocker relapsing into his former moodiness, but relieved as to immediate trouble. She turned to him again. He wondered why women didn't have a car to themselves. "I am a stranger in the city," she said, hesitating a little, but assured somewhat by Mr. Bocker's general appearance that she was safe in making such an admission to him, "and will you please tell me when we come to Fourteenth Street? Some friends are to join me there to go on to the Battery."

He felt that an unwarranted use was being made of him, and that he was doing a trainman's duty, but submission was his only recourse.

"I also am a stranger," he replied in a forbidding voice, "but I know where the street is and will tell you."

He had lied, but he felt that the circumstances justified the turpitude. He believed the girl to be lying as he was, and thought he would fight the devil with fire. He did not believe that a girl of her style could be produced outside of New York City.

"Thank you." She smiled again, and he hoped that would be the last of it. But he was not to be left to his manderings. What is the sunshine for if not to dispel shadows? She wanted to talk, and to him. "New York is a wonderful city," she said tentatively, now that the ice had been broken, on her side, at least. "I had no idea of its greatness until I had seen it. I think no one does, do you? We in the country have reason to be proud of our national metropolis; don't you think so?"

"Some of you spend a lot of money on your metropolitan education," he said, apropos only of his own cynicism. Conversation was being dragged out of him by brute force, and he did not feel obligated to furnish a very satisfactory quality, but the girl was not hard to please.

"New York shouldn't object to that," she argued. "As with other educational institutions, the tuition paid should be thankfully received. I fancy it is," she added naively.

"Here's Fourteenth Street," he said for answer, and prepared to rejoice at the promised relief.

She looked out of the window for a moment, searching the platform, almost unoccupied, and returned to him as to her natural protector.

"My friends are not here," she reported, rather cheerful than depressed over the loss. "They told me that if I didn't see them, I should go on to the Battery station and they would meet me there."

A faint glimmer of hope fluttered in on Mr. Bocker. This was a Rector Street train, and he would tell her to get off at Eighth Street and take the South Ferry train. Another minute, or two or three, and he would once more be happily unhappy with his own atrabilious reflections.

"This train doesn't go to the Battery," he began, almost chuckling.

"Oh, doesn't it?" she interrupted in confused consternation, and rising to get off or do some feminine deed of desperation.

"There is no hurry," he said with a slight touch of sarcasm. "You can't get off while the train is running. Perhaps you had better wait until we reach the next station. We stop there. The man will make the announcement in ample time for you to debark."

His delicate sarcasm was lost upon her. She was thinking about something else.

"I shall be lost or lose my friends—I know I shall," she insisted. "What shall I do? Are you going to the Battery?" she appealed to him as her help in every time of trouble. She had no legal right to do so, but mercy was greater than justice, and the man in him responded to the appeal of womanly weakness. Could he be cruel to a woman because one of her sex had been cruel to him? He wished he might, but it was impossible. There were reasons why, in this instance, he should not respond, but he set them aside. The sunshine of her presence was melting him. He unshrank from his corner and emerged from the shadow that had lain so heavily on him.

"I had not so intended," he said courteously, though a little stiffly yet, "as I should be at the office of a friend in Wall

Street, by ten thirty, but if you think you cannot find your way, I shall be very glad to do what I can in finding it for you. Either that, or to prevent your losing it, which might be better," he added behind a faint smile. Bocker was a very decent sort under favorable auspices, and now he was regaining his prestige.

"Oh, that would be very, very good of you," she returned gratefully, "for I really do need someone to show me around such a wilderness of city. You are sure it will not inconvenience you too much?"

"That is not to be considered under the circumstances." He bowed, brightening back into his wonted chivalry of the day before yesterday and other previous sunny days. Confound that other girl, anyway! He would forget her.

"And I have always heard that New York men, especially on the cars, were horridly rude and selfish and impolite," she cried in genuine appreciation and delight.

"Some of them are, at times, I suppose," he admitted, smiling, "but this is not one of the times and"—Mr. Bocker caught himself. "Besides, I am a stranger here, you know," he went on, "and you should not judge New Yorkers by me."

"I am sorry for that, for I want to believe that New York men are just the nicest in the world. In any event, you are extremely kind, and you don't know how much I appreciate meeting a gentleman when I was not expecting to find one, however much I might be hoping."

"Is there anything personal in that?" he asked banteringly.

"How stupid of me to say such a thing!" she apologized. "Of course, you know I didn't mean—"

The guard opened the door and shouted some strange thing into the car.

"Have we come to Eighth Street?" she exclaimed, starting up in nervous haste. "What did he say?"

"Nothing on earth that anybody could comprehend by ear alone," he replied. "But this is Bleecker Street.

We can get out here and take a South Ferry train following." He had wholly neglected to get rid of her at Eighth Street.

"But I want to go to the Battery," she demurred suspiciously.

"That's all right," he laughed—it was remarkable how his spirits had improved within the last few minutes. Was he so soon off with the old love to be so soon on with the new? "South Ferry is the Battery, as far as train service goes," he explained genially.

"I don't understand how you keep all the innumerable places distinct in your mind," she said in frank admiration.

"It merely shows that the human mind is infinite," he said, piloting her to the platform.

"And that the New Yorker's mind is something more," she supplemented, and Bocker bowed.

They boarded the next train, chatting like old friends, Bocker almost hilarious. He had never had such an experience, and it was simply delicious. Miss Dorset, notwithstanding the imprudence of her conduct, was enjoying the unconventionalality thoroughly. Their talk ran on as their train did.

"Do you ever get as far West as Illinois?" she asked shyly, realizing that the parting must be soon.

"To Chicago occasionally," he confessed without a blush. This should have been enough to have convinced her that he was truthful in saying he was not a New Yorker, though she was evidently accepting him otherwise.

"Oh, do you?" she fairly twittered. "I live in Chicago."

"And New York seems large to you?" he asked, elevating his eyebrows in derogation of such inconsistency.

"Great cities are like great people—acquaintance contracts their apparent dimensions. New York would in time, if I remained here, I imagine, seem no larger than Chicago."

Here was an opening for a gallant reply, of which, if she had been of New York and he of Chicago, he would have availed himself, but he was a New Yorker, whatever to the contrary he

may have told her under stress, and he hesitated. He wanted to say it, but conservatism and tradition were against him and too strong to be suddenly overcome. When he knew something more of her he might. They were slowing down at the station. He stood up.

"Well," he said bravely, "I have brought you safe to your journey's end, and I have enjoyed it, if you will permit me to say so. If you do not find your friends and require my further services, they are at your disposal."

"For how long?" she asked archly, rising as the train stopped, to go out with him.

Bocker was wholly unequal to it.

"Until you are sure you cannot find them, of course," he replied with the manner of a precisian. She wondered if all New Yorkers—she had never believed he was anything else—were so embarrassingly obtuse.

They had stepped upon the platform, she in no urgent haste.

"You have been very nice, indeed," she told him, "and here is my card." If you ever come to Chicago you must come to see me." Her face reddened from some mysterious cause. Had this young man so strongly impressed her?

Bocker took her card, and before looking at it handed his to her. They glanced over the little white messengers simultaneously. Both looked at each other. The girl was the first to speak.

"Why," she exclaimed in well assumed surprise, "are you the Mr. Knicker Van Stuyvesant Bocker who proposed to me last night?"

"And are you the Miss Anne Brown Dorset who refused me last night?"

"Oh, Knicker, can you forgive me?" she cried. "When I saw you in the car I just couldn't help it."

"Dear Anne!" and Bocker, tumultuously upsetting whatever conventions remained, caught her in his arms and kissed her.

Of course everybody saw the shocking impropriety, but what did Bocker care? He wanted to strew the grave of yesterday with rose bloom and rapture. He wanted to forget that dreadful Sunday had ever existed. And he did.

'A R R Y

By PAUL REESE

THE Captain of the barkentine *Glad Tidings*, lying in Rio harbor, came aboard late in the afternoon with his clearance papers.

After a sharp look about him at the spotless deck and tightly furled sails, he vouchsafed a curt nod to the Mate and went below, where he was soon followed by that gentleman, and, with the exception of "Old Jack," I was left in sole possession of the deck.

"Look at the bloomin' swabs aboard the Dutchman there!" snorted Jack, "Comin' on deck like a passel of old women goin' to market. Blow me if they ever come on deck that-a-way in the old 'Enery B. 'Ide. No, sireebob, not that-a-way! I'd 'a' liked to see 'em try it just once. My, but them 'ere was days! I never told you about that 'ere queer shipmate o' mine in the old 'Enery B. 'Ide, did I?"

I assured him that his surmise was correct—that I had often heard him speak of his famous old packet ship, the *Henry B. Hyde*, but never of a queer shipmate; and that I should deem it a favor if he kept me no longer in ignorance of the matter.

"That time," said Jack, "I was on the beach in Liverpool and busted proper. Seemed like there wasn't no chance nowhere.

"One arternoon arter I'd got tired of 'oldin' up one side of a pub, I just slides around the corner and started in to 'oldin' up the other side, sort o' to break the monotony.

"I 'adn't been standin' there more than about 'arf a minute when I 'eard voices just around the corner from where I was at. I couldn't see who they was, but I knowed first off they was a couple

o' toffs, from the line o' talk they was slingin' to one another.

"Well, me boy," one of 'em was a-saying, 'I fawncy, as in all such cases, the usual three courses lie open to you.'

"Aw," says t'other one, just like that—'aw, and they are?'

"Quite useless to mention the other two," says Number One. 'I see you 'ave already made up your mind to adopt the third and make a bloomin' ass of yourself.'

"Why, yawss," says t'other one. 'In that case I quite agree; it does seem useless, I admit. 'Ow neatly you put it!'

"Well," says Number One, huffy-like, 'all I got to say, and it is the last I shall say, is this: I'd go straight off this minute and I'd say: "Ethel, I fear I 'ave been making a bloomin' ass of myself again—"'

"Aw, aw, why use the word "again"?' says t'other toff.

"Because I didn't know the exact number o' times to use instead," says Number One. 'However, leave it out if you like. Say: "Ethel, I fear I 'ave made a bloomin' ass of myself by this childish display of temper. I *know* it was all right, no matter 'ow I was stupid enough to think things looked."'

"Jack," I says to myself, 'there's goin' to be a bloomin' mill 'ere in less 'an 'arf a minute. Just stick your 'ead around the corner and see.'

"I did so and found my face was about a inch and a 'arf from the nighest toff's elbow. He 'ad on one of these 'ere coats that makes a thin cove look like a grasshopper and a fat one like a tumblebug, and a flash weskit, and patent leather shoes and a 'igh silk dicky on 'is 'ead and a glass eye stuck in 'is

face. The far toff was just a-goin' to remark something, and I was just goin' to remove my face before it got in the road, when the nigh toff jolts me a whack under the chin with his elbow, and I fetches my 'ead a bang agin the hangle of the wall fit to jar the bricks loose, and I liked to bit my tongue off.

"'Oh, dear me—dear me!' says the toff, stickin' 'is glass eye back in his face, which had tumbled down, and eying me like 'e thought I was a bloomin' hinsek. 'What 'ave we 'ere? It is a seafaring man, a British tar!'

"'Tar be blowed!' I yells. 'You made me bite me bloomin' tongue off.'

"'Oh, dear! Shocking—shocking!' says the toff. 'But come, it shall never be said that I failed one of England's 'earts of oak in 'is 'our o' need. Come within these festive 'alls and let us try the soothing effect of a liquid bandage.'

"'Don't care if I do,' I says, cooling down a bit at that and trying to look at me tongue to see 'ow big a 'ole I 'ad stove in it.

"'Good ahfternoon,' says the first toff.

"'What! Won't you join our 'appy throng?' says the toff that soaked me. 'Know you not that it is such bright jewels as 'im which, set in England's crown o' glory upon the seas, causes it to shine and—'

"'Arry,' says Number One, laying 'is 'and affectionate-like on t'other toff's shoulder. 'Come, old fellow, do be serious. Won't you do as I advise?'

"'And in the meantime 'ave our good friend 'ere perish with thirst? For shame! See 'ow 'is tongue 'angs out.'

"I was only trying to see 'ow much it was swelled, but it wouldn't do no good to go and say so just then. So I grinned and looked pleasant.

"'Good ahfternoon,' says Number One, and 'e squars 'is yards and away 'e goes sailing up the street.

"The toff—that is t'other toff, 'Arry—says nothing at all, but just sighs and pushes me in through the door of the pub, and arter 'e'd ordered two 'arf-pints we sets down to a table.

"While the gal was bringin' 'em, in

come a runner I knowed, by the name o' Bill.

"'Ello, Jack,' 'e says; 'I been a-lookin' for you.'

"'You 'ave, 'ave you, Bill?' I says. 'Anything doin'?''

"'Sure,' says Bill. 'You didn't think I was a-'untin' for you all over the bloomin' place to see if that 'ere 'and-some face o' yourn was still as purty as ever, did you?'

"'Mebby not,' I says; 'but there ain't no call to get personal.'

"'Not by no means,' says Bill. 'Come up to the Commissioner's arter a bit. I got a fine chance for you.'

"'I'll be there,' I says, and out he goes.

"'Ha!' says the toff all of a sudden. 'An idea has come upon me—nay, an inspiration, methinks. I would impart it to your friend without delay; remember, *we meet again!*' And with that 'ere crazy tomfool talk, out 'e pops arter Bill.

"Well, I guess I sets there about a 'our, or mebbby it was a 'our and a 'arf; then I gets under way. And blime 'e if the first thing I see when I gets to the Commissioner's ain't 'Arry a-hover-auling the article book, and Bill along side of 'im as big as life.

"'What 't 'ell, Bill?' I says, pulling 'im to one side.

"'E's a shipmate o' yourn,' says Bill grinning.

"'Quit stringin' me, Bill,' I says; and with that I walks up to the desk and looks at the book. What do you think I see, sir? Blime 'e if that 'ere toff 'adn't gone and signed 'imself on for the voyage, A. B.

"'Bill, I never thought you'd 'a' done it,' I says, arter I'd signed on, and me and him was outside.

"'Done what?' says Bill, pretending 'e didn't know what I was a-driving at.

"'Why, ship that 'ere softshell toff as a A. B.,' I says, 'that's what; 'e'll be chawed up alive and 'is innocent blood 'll be on your 'ead.'

"'Will it really?' says Bill, looking at me as if 'e thought that that 'ere guileless toff going aboard a vessel as a A. B. was the best joke 'e'd ever come across.

And up the street 'e goes a-whistling just as unconcerned as a bloomin' little dicky bird.

"Well, there wasn't no special call to go aboard right at once, so I just goes loafing about a bit, and what with one thing and then another, I didn't see no more o' 'Arry until I turned out with my watch next morning and went aft to take the wheel. 'Arry was at the 'elm."

Here Jack produced his pipe and proceeded to fill it with scrapings from a pocket.

"You were saying, Harry was at the wheel," I ventured.

"Oh, yes," he continued, as he seated himself upon the after hatch; "'Arry was at the wheel, all right; no mistake about that 'ere. My eye! You should 'a' seen 'im! 'E 'ad on 'is 'igh silk 'at and a spiketail coat and a dinky little weskit no bigger than a 'a' penny, and 'e was a-standin' there at the wheel with all o' them joyous togs on, and them 'ere ridiculous coattails a-flappin' away in the wind, as cool as Christmas. Why, 'e even 'ad 'is glass eye stuck in 'is face."

"Aw, aw, Jack—yes, Jack, to be sure," 'e says, just like that, s' 'elp me. 'Chawmed, I'm sure, to meet you again, Jack.' And with that 'e lets go the wheel with one hand and bows.

"'You better get for'ard an' change them 'ere clothes,' I says, 'afore the Old Man comes on deck. I'm surprised that the Mate stood for 'em, I am that; gi' me the course."

"'Sou'west by west, 'arf west,' 'e answers up, glib as you please. And then it just struck me for the first time what a bloomin' curious thing it was that the toff knowed 'ow to steer. But I 'ad no time to be thinkin' it over then, for just as 'Arry lets go the wheel and starts for'ard, the Old Man come on deck for a look about.

"'E goes straight to the binnacle and looks at the compass. Then, all of a sudden 'e looks up and sees 'Arry and like to fell down the companionway backward. He turned blue in the face, and when 'e could get 'is breath and could talk, 'e yells:

"Go for'ard at once and change them

'ere clothes; this ain't no bloomin' swaray we're 'avin' 'ere!'

"'Arry takes the glass eye out of 'is face, an' then 'e puts it back again—'Arry couldn't say nothin' to nobody without 'e done that—and 'e looked at the Old Man kind o' sad and mournful-like.

"'My respected and worthy commander,' 'e says, 'look not at the clothes but at the man who's a-wearing of them. For what sayeth the poet: "Clothes do not make the man"—and besides which, these air the only ones I 'ave.'

"My word! That 'ere was more lip than the Old Man ever got in all 'is life afore, and if 'Arry's chin 'ad 'a' stopped the swing the old man's fist made for it, there'd 'a' been a purty tol'able sick toff aboard, that's all.

"But it didn't; snap, went 'is jaws shut, click, like a trap, and jumping back a step or two, there come a look in his eyes—well, it wasn't purty to see, that 'ere look what come in 'is eyes.

"The Old Man took note on it all right enough, for instead o' lettin' drive at 'Arry and finishing 'im up right there and then, 'e 'esitated—first time in 'is life, too, I venture to say, 'e ever done such a thing in a similar case; and they stood there a-eyeing one another like mebbly you've seen a couple o' young cocks a-doing, and then, blime 'e if all of a sudden 'Arry didn't begin to grin.

"'That settles it,' thinks I, and a bit sorry, too, for in spite of 'is durn fool craziness there was something about 'Arry that I was beginning to like. So knowing the Old Man for what 'e was the way I done, I 'ated to see that grin."

Here Jack paused so long a time, gazing reflectively at the distant peak of Corcovada, that I at last prompted: "Well, what did the captain do? What happened next?"

"Nothing at all," returned Jack; "nothing at all 'appened. Why, the Old Man was that surprised 'e even forgot to cuss; leastways no more'n sayin' 'Well, I'll be damned!' over about fifty times to himself, kind o' like 'e was a-talkin' in 'is sleep. Then 'e looks as though 'e'd just come to and didn't

know where 'e was at. 'Come below, and I'll get ye a rig out o' the slop chest,' 'e says arter 'e'd blowed a couple o' times like a porpus.

"We 'ad a Newcastle chap by the name of Jim in the fo'castle that time, and as mean a man as ever I see afloat or ashore, and, sir, I've seen a many.

"O' course all sailormen is grumblers, and it seems to just natch'ly follow that the better sailormen they is the better grumblers they is likewise. But this 'ere Jim was just mean; 'e never grumbled at all. Not even when fights was a-getting 'ard for 'im to find consequence of 'is already 'aving wiped up the deck for'ard with nearly all 'ands 'sept 'Arry and the cook, and it just seemed to be kind o' dumb luck 'e 'adn't run up agin 'Arry yet. The 'art wasn't lacking on Jim's part; 'e 'ad it in for 'Arry good and proper all right.

"One evening, during the first dog watch, a bunch of us was sitting in the pig alley, right outside the galley door. It come up 'mongst other things what a curious thing it was that 'Arry knowed 'ow to steer a course and 'andle 'imself aloft and about the ship generally the way 'e was a-doing.

"'Ain't it funny,' says a Boston chap by the name o' Ezra, 'ow 'e either goes plumb daffy all at once or else 'e shuts up like a clam whenever you try to pump 'im a bit. Jack, you knowed 'im afore,' 'e says; 'ow is it?'

"Then I started in again to telling 'em all over for the sixty-third time by actual count 'ow it was I first seen 'im.

"I'd got to the place where I'd bit my tongue, when out steps Jim from the fo'castle door, and 'Arry comes a-blowing around the corner of the deck'ouse. Bang, 'e walks right into Jim afore 'e sees where 'e's a-going. My eye, you should 'a' seen the look o' joy that lit up Jim's face!

"'Now, then, Dook'—we called 'Arry 'Dook' at times—'I guess me an' you's a-going to 'ave it out right now,' 'e says, grinning 'orrid.

"'Dear me, Jeems,' says 'Arry, stick-in' 'is glass eye in 'is face, 'Why this impatience—why this unseemly 'aste to

'ave it removed? Pray consider a moment 'ow—'

"'Don't gi'me none o' yer lip,' says Jim. 'You'll be a-needing all you got to make it square with that 'ere rag you run away from next time she meets you.' And just that minute the Mate comes to the break of the poop and sings out: 'Jim!'

"'Sir,' answers Jim, looking that disappointed I thought 'e'd cry.

"'Get out there on the end o' the foreyard and see to that leech line,' sings out the Mate.

"'Don't you fret yourself while I'm gone, Dook,' says Jim as 'e jumps into the fore rigging. 'I sha'n't be gone long, and I'll be looking you up when I gets back.'

"Well, sir, you know 'ow a incident like that ain't paid much account of aboard ship, so we soon gets a-talking about other things; when all at once there was a 'orrid scream and next thing I see was Jim a-diving 'ead first off the foreyard.

"At the first shout, 'Man overboard!' the 'elmsman put the wheel down 'ard, and the Mate jumps for the rail, and cutting loose a lifebelt, casts it out toward where Jim was a-sliding by alongside. But it fell far short, and from the way in which 'e was a-struggling in the water it was plain Jim couldn't swim enough to keep 'imself up until we got the ship 'ove to and a boat lowered.

"Of course, all o' this took less time in the doin' than it does in the tellin'. But, howsomever, the first thing I knowed someone 'ad gone over the side arter Jim, catching a'olt of the lifebelt as 'e went past it. Just as Jim was a-going down for the last time 'e grabs 'im and turns 'is 'ead around. Blime 'e if it wasn't 'Arry!

"'My word,' thinks I, 'e is touched in the 'ead, arter all. Nobody but a loony would 'a' gone *that far* just to keep from being beat up a bit.'

"It must 'a' been a 'arf-'our or better before we got 'em aboard at last, and they were just about 'all in,' as they say in the States. But a man ain't never much the worse for being

drowned, though, and in a couple of 'ours they was as good as new. Then a mighty curious thing 'appened—amusing too, when you come to think of it.

"We was settin' along the pig alley again, when out steps Jim from the fo'-castle and 'Arry comes a-blowin' round the corner, and, blime 'e if 'e didn't walk right slap bang into Jim agin, same identical way 'e done before.

"Now then, Jeems,' says 'Arry, imitatin' the way Jim 'ad spoke, 'I guess me an' you's a-goin' to 'ave it out right now.'

"At that Jim laughs fit to kill 'imself. 'I guess there ain't no call for it now, old man,' 'e says, slapping 'Arry on the back. 'I guess there ain't no licking a-comin' to you this trip,' 'e says.

"Why, 'ow chawmningly we agree, Jeems,' says 'Arry, smilin' sweetly. 'Do you know, I never for an instant supposed that there was.' And with that 'e begun to take off 'is coat. 'Come, let us dispatch this little affair we 'ave on, and before there's another interruption. Now then, me good fellow, sharp's the word—off with your coat.'

"Why, what fer, 'Arry?' says Jim, beginning to look a bit worried. 'I wouldn't 'urt ye fer the world, me boy; I ain't a-goin' to lick ye.'

"You dirty low life swab, you,' roars 'Arry, all of a sudden dropping into sailor talk as glib as if 'e'd been nussed in a fo'-castle, 'I know damn well you're not; but I'm a-goin' to lick you, and I'm a-goin' to do it good an' proper, you bully. That's what I saved your life for, you scurvy hound.' And with that 'Arry sails in on 'im, and I will say it, sir, if I was to drop dead next minute, that of all the lickings I ever see a man get, that 'ere dressin' 'Arry gave Jim was the limit.

"A day or two arter what I just been a-telling you about it come on to blow from the east, and it kept on a-getting worse and more of it until there was a whole gale o' wind a-blowin', and a bit over. It blowed that a way for ten 'ours, and the sea it kicked up was a

bloomin' daisy. Then it 'auled round sudden to the south and blowed just as 'ard as ever, keepin' it up for about six 'ours more, and raising another awful sea.

"So we 'ad the sea the southerly gale 'ad kicked up a-poundin' us for 'ard, and the one the easterly blow 'ad just raised a-striking us abeam. But the old 'Energy B. was a-riding 'em out as quiet and easy as a bloomin' duck in a mud puddle, when all of a sudden, puff, down goes the wind. It didn't die down gradual, but, puff, all of a sudden, just like that; and there we was at the mercy o' them two seas with nary a breath o' wind to steady the ship or steer by.

"The first thing she did was to roll 'er foretopmast out, and 'arf of us jumped aloft to clear away the wreckage. Then a water tank on the main deck got adrift and was a-smashin' and bangin' whatever got in its way as it went careerin' and chargin' about. The mains'l was lashed into ribbons seemed like in less 'an a minute. A vessel *couldn't* roll and pitch no more than the old 'Energy B. was a-doing. She just natch'ly got up on 'er 'ind legs and reared.

"'Arry and a Clyde chap by the name o' Bud was at the 'elm, and the Old Man and the Mate were 'oldin' on by the wheelbox a little abaft o' them.

"All at once the Second Mate who was aloft alongside o' me, give a quick gasp and most let go 'is 'olt. The spankerboom tackle 'ad parted, and looking aft, I was just in time to see the slack of it catch up the Mate and 'url 'im over the side when the boom come a-crashing past. I reckon I never can forget the shriek 'e give. 'E knowed, poor feller, it wasn't to be thought of to try to save 'im at a time like that.

"The Old Man and 'Arry jumped for the sheet, and kept a-casting it around one of the bitts every time she rolled an' give 'em slack to 'aul in. 'Arf a dozen more turns and they'd 'a' 'ad the boom secured, when without a instant's warning and before they had time to dodge, the topping lift parts and down comes the boom with a crash. 'Arry did get from under somehow, but it caught the Old

Man proper and crushed 'im to the deck like a worm. As the boom moves with the next roll of the ship, 'Arry drags the Old Man out of its reach, and in another minute 'e gets in the rest o' the sheet and has it made fast; and to get on a bit, for I've spun this yarn out more'n I thought to when I begun, the sea goes down and the wind comes up. We got a pair o' try'sls bent, and there we was.

"Pretty bad fix, that, for although the Old Man wasn't killed, 'e might just as well 'a' been as dead as Adam for any navigatin' 'e was able to do the rest o' *that* voyage; and the Second Mate was 'arf crazy a-thinking 'ow 'e'd 'ave to put back now, and 'ow 'e'd 'ave to miss a chance the likes of which might never come 'is way again, and all along o' 'is not knowing 'ow to navigate the ship.

"I was standing right outside 'is cabin winder, and the cussing 'e was a-giving 'imself and 'is luck was beautiful to 'ear. I was sorry I 'ad no paper and pencil to put some of it down before I forgot it.

"By and by 'Arry came loafing along aft and went below, and directly I 'eard 'im and the Second Mate talking. It was too low, though, for me to catch what they said, till all of a sudden the Second Mate gave a shout and sung out: 'Man, it seems too good to be true, and I'll never forget ye s'long as I live. Don't lose a minute; go for'ard, Mr.—Mr.—'

"'Dewhurst,' puts in 'Arry.

"'Go for'ard, Mr. Dewhurst, and get your kit aft,' says the Second Mate. 'You'll take my old berth for the rest o' the passage.' And then 'e says kind o' slow, as if 'e was talking to 'imself, and there was a catch in 'is voice that sounded like it 'urt 'im: 'No,' 'e says, '*you* ought to be Mate. I'm a rough man, Mr. Dewhurst, but nobody never yet said I wasn't square. If you can take the ship into port, I reckon *you'll* be the Mate. I—well, mebbby some other time I'll—'

"'Not another word,' says 'Arry, speaking up quick. 'The incident is closed. Why, what earthly advantage would it ever be to me to get the credit

of it? My reg'lar deep water days come to a end my second voyage arter I left the school training ship, and you know as well as me 'ow much it would mean to *you* to turn this 'ere trick—'specially if we can get you up a bit on navigation in the meantime.'

"Well, sir, I'm getting toward the end now, so I'll be cutting the rest as short as I can.

"By the time we come to anchor at the end o' the passage out the Second Mate could take a sight as good as anybody. My word, the store 'e set by 'Arry could only be equaled by 'ow much the Old Man—he could get about a bit now—thought of 'im. For of course the Old Man knowed 'ow things was right enough.

"I recollect it was about six bells in the artemoon watch we come to anchor. Me and a Queenstown chap by the name of Dennis was a-polishing up some brass aft about the cabin door, and 'Arry was a-walking the poop with the Old Man a-'obbling alongside of 'im a'olt of 'is arm, when a dinky little steam yacht rounds a pint o' land abeam of us and comes to anchor.

"'She's anchored too close,' says the Old Man. 'We'll be a-fouling one another first thing.'

"'She's a deal too close,' says 'Arry, a-staring at the yacht like 'e thought it was 'is great-grandmother's ghost. 'Much too close.'

"By and by I see a old gent aboard of 'er with whiskers sticking out on each side of 'is face, like back stays, working away at us with a glass. I was just thinking that 'e'd come purty nigh knowin' us if 'e ever see us again, when a young lady 'auls alongside of 'im, and starts to working away at us, too, with another glass.

"'Why, what's the matter, 'Arry?' says the Old Man suddenlike, forgetting to call 'im 'Mister.' 'You're a-trembling all over, my boy; air you ill?'

"'I think I'll go below for a bit, Cap'en,' says 'Arry; and as 'e starts for the companionway I see the young lady aboard the yacht give a jump and grab the old gent like she's going to 'eave 'im over the side.

"'E sings out something to 'is captain, and in less than 'arf a minute they 'ad a steam launch over the side and were a-making for us like we owed 'em money. Old Backstays sings out to the Old Man if 'e can come aboard, and 'e's 'arf up the gangway before 'e gets it all out, and the young lady at 'is 'eels not waiting to be 'elped. Without a bloomin' word 'e tears right apast the Old Man and makes a dash for the companionway.

"'Ead 'im off!' roared the Old Man. 'You, Jack, Dennis, 'ead that 'ere 'scaped lunatic off; grab 'im.' And just as 'e was diving down the companionway me and Dennis grabs 'im by the coattails and 'auls 'im up on deck again.

"'What is the meaning, sir, of this unwarranted invasion?' roars the Old Man. 'Explain it, sir, afore I has you throwed overboard.'

"'Yes, sir, I will, sir,' Old Backstays bellers all of a sudden like 'e was a mile away in a gale o' wind. 'That—that—that young scapegrace, sir, I regret to say, sir, is—' And just that minute 'Arry stepped out on deck.

"'He's a man I won't 'ear nothin' agin' from nobody no place,' roared the Old Man, 'much less aboard my own ship.'

"'Never mind about that, Cap'en,' says 'Arry, as the Old Man 'obbles up to 'im and lays 'is 'and on 'is shoulder; and then 'e looks up like 'e just seen Old Backstays and the lady.

"'Aw, aw—why, bless my soul!' 'e says in that 'ere aggravating way of 'issen, which 'e'd dropped lately. 'Why,

bless my soul! 'Ow de do, Dad? 'Ow de do, Ethil?'

"'Oh, 'Arry, 'ow could you 'a' done it?' says the young lady, beginning to cry.

"The Old Man looked as if 'e was all adrift and didn't know where 'e was at nohow, and kept a-looking from Old Backstays to 'Arry and from 'Arry to the young lady and then at Old Backstays again. 'Come below,' 'e says short and sudden, and below they all went.

"I guess that was a spell of purty bad weather for 'Arry. Leastways I judge so from the language used. But arter a bit it kind o' quieted down, and then a cork went 'pop' and when they come on deck 'arf an 'our arterward they was all a-grinning like jessy cats.

"'Cap'en,' says Old Backstays, as they moved toward the gangway, 'I feel that I can never sufficiently thank you for the 'ansome way in which you 'ave relinquished your claim upon my son. I—'

"'I reckon what claim there is is still a bit the other way, sir,' says the Old Man, taking 'Arry by the 'and. 'Good-bye, 'Arry, good-bye, my lad.'

"Then 'Arry and Old Backstays and the young lady, gets in the steam launch, and when she gets under way all 'ands for'ard stood on the bul'arks and give 'em three cheers, and the Old Man and the Mate they stands by the rail on the poop and takes off their 'ats and bows.

"And that was the last I ever see of 'im. Yes, sir, the very last I ever see o' 'Arry."

And Jack slowly got to his feet and moved away toward the forecastle door.



AUNT HEPSY—Livin' is mighty high nowadays.

CITY NIECE—Yes, they say it's motor cars that raise things.

AUNT HEPSY—For the land's sake! Now if 'twas airships I wouldn't wonder.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF MME. LÉANDRE

By HELEN WOLJESKA

THE man for whom we have suffered holds us with a power incomparably stronger than the man who gave us nothing but happiness.

No matter how weak a man may be, you will always find him strong enough to break the heart of the woman who loves him.

The woman who herself is a great artist or writer or savant never will be as happy as the one who inspires her lover to greatness. ;

Someone whom she can love without having to blush for her love, without having to appear ridiculous—that is all a woman needs to be happy, no matter how much grief may be included in her love.



CRAWFORD—Is this club you belong to homelike?
HENPECK—No; that's the reason I go there.



TELL a girl that she is your first love, and she is foolish enough to believe that she will be your last.



AS far as love is concerned, the beginning of wisdom is the end of happiness.



THE man who hesitates is soon married, while the woman who does so isn't.

A RED ROSE

By MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM CHESTER ESTABROOK

THE arched road along which the Rosmels had for generations built their houses looked at evening like the span of a great bridge set with many lights.

For the right abutment there stood, befittingly, the solidly planted house of Goeffrey Rosmel, founder of the house of Rosmel itself, of the town at the foot of the hill and of most of the enterprises along the river which the town's toes touched. In this house lived Goeffrey Rosmel III, grandson of the first Goeffrey. For the left abutment there was the dormered, balconied dwelling of his brother, bulking big and imposing among the elms, while mounting the road span and dropping with it were other Rosmel houses of varied dignity and pretension and beauty. And for the key of the arch the red sandstone pile of Hagedon, oldest Rosmel of them all and richest.

Tonight—the hour was one—the arch was dark except for this same sandstone house, but had any Rosmel turned restlessly upon his pillow and seen the flaming windows he would have gone to sleep with a shrug, for Hagedon Rosmel's house was always alight from basement-to attic. Yet for almost twenty years Hagedon Rosmel had dozed evening after evening in his library chair, needing no other light than that of the fire which burned summer and winter alike in the blackened fireplace toward which his meager shanks habitually stretched themselves.

He sat there as usual tonight. Or rather he lay like one flung down mercilessly by age. He looked a dozen years older than he was, and he was a dozen years older than any of his kin. His

skin had become the bluish gray of a marsh mist on a dank fall morning. His nature had never been rich, and it was now apparently entirely impoverished. Only one thing had not died in him—the actuating impulse of his long life, his vanity. Somewhere in the thin blood of him it yet found sustenance. The feet on the fender were clad in silk and patent leather; a royal gem burned on one of his little twiglike fingers, and his whole immaculate person was kept with a care far beyond the usual exactions of creeping senility.

When he rose with a sort of huddling together of the shoulder blades, and left the room, sidling and looking back, he reminded one of a child in the dark and afraid. And with all a child's irresponsibility he passed through the opulent hall and up the stairs, leaving the whole lower floor flooded with light.

At the threshold of a lofty bed chamber he paused, the thin blue skin of his eyelids wrinkling slowly back from the peering balls. He swayed a little toward the door casing.

"You have had the ultimatum. What do you say to it?" challenged a voice within the room.

Two hours earlier they who had pronounced it had driven gravely down the hill after wringing his dry pulseless hand, and he had since been trying to nerve himself for just what was happening to him now.

He parted his thin lips with the birdlike tip of his old tongue, but no words slipped from between them, nor would be forced.

The woman on the great bed in the middle of the room let herself down from her elbow to her pillows and lay

looking at him curiously. She had a pen in her hand, and the light fell upon the gold of it and upon the gold and the stones of the wonderful rings she wore.

"Come in," she said impatiently; and he went forward with his lifeless step and sank into a crimson chair which seemed reluctant to accept his withered body, so accustomed was it to the rounded fullness of the woman's.

"It seems odd that I should die first, doesn't it?" she commented quietly.

He drew a sharp breath with a tremulous intake.

"For God's sake don't snivel!" she protested. "I have *lived*, haven't I?"

He did not reply, perhaps because he could not, perhaps because an answer would have been so wholly unnecessary; never had a woman on the Rosmel hill nor in the town at its feet nor along the river to north or to south lived as she had lived. She had snatched at life as an animal at its quarry, tearing straight through to the quivering heart of it, glutting herself.

She was twenty-five years younger than he, and she had married him because he was Hagedon Rosmel, for no other reason on earth, nor had she pretended to any other. But he had been content, since the composite beauty of the wives of a dozen other Rosmels would not have equaled her beauty in those days, and it delighted him to adorn his house, that great red sandstone pile which his vanity had lifted, with a beauty so superlative. Her wildfire blood had given him no pause.

He may have come to regret the marriage—there were plenty of those to say so, to be sure, but no one knew; and her beauty had never failed him.

She lay now in her bed, the bed from which all her wonderful will could never again raise her, a small, vivid creature, marvelously unfaded, her dark eyes burning with a curious eagerness out of the still perfect oval of her face.

"*Dieu merci*! How they hate me!" she laughed out suddenly and startlingly.

Again he did not speak, partly because once more there was no need, since he so perfectly understood to

whom she referred, and partly because of his long habit of silence with her.

"They could not be reconciled to the blood that was in me. Pish! I have always been thankful it *was* blood. Precious few of *them* have it in their veins, and she least of any."

"Eh? Who, least of any?" queried he.

"Mary," she flung at him, reaching for a meerschaum vinaigrette and unscrewing its double top to smell long of it.

"Goefrey's wife?"

"To be sure. Do you know another Mary Rosmel?"

"Even *now* you don't forgive her!" he cried, regarding her in bewilderment, his faded eyes blinking. And although he did not move in the crimson chair and the lights continued to fall glitteringly over and about him, he had again the manner of a child, afraid, in a darkness it cannot fathom. All his life the mere mention of death had been like a violent hand at his throat. If *he* were dying, within the week, perhaps, he would forgive all men all things.

She read his face and laughed, but the full sting of it did not touch him—perhaps his senility put him mercifully beyond its touch.

"I haven't lived as you have lived, my dear Hagedon, and I shall not die as you would die," she said mockingly. "It must be in my own way, if you please. Don't expect too much of me. Forgiveness isn't a habit of mine, you know. And there is a great deal to forgive. I have been lying here summing it all up since the doctors left."

"They never understood you, Antoinette," he said, as if he repeated it by rote, as indeed he did. It had been a part of his long defense of his kinsmen.

"*She* never understood—but how could she in her pussy cat seclusion?" she cried vehemently. And she sat up with alarming vigor among her pillows, her eyes hot with anger.

At the sound of her lifted voice a nurse came quickly from the dressing room beyond, her face gravely anxious.

"Am I not to be permitted to speak with my husband?" demanded the sick woman with an impish laugh. "Surely

no wife—much less a dying one—should be denied that. Go away, please. There is something I must do before I die, and I'll be good until I've done it. You needn't worry."

"But the hazard—"

"Give me my way without contradiction or I'll probably kill myself in getting it. Go, I tell you. I'll ring when I need you."

"About Mary Rosmel," she resumed the moment she and her husband were again alone; "she isn't a woman; she is merely a conscience, a thing of tugs and twinges, not of honest flesh and blood. She hasn't lived. She hasn't let herself. But she thinks she has. She thinks she has lived nobly, saintly. Yet how can she feel herself a saint? Tell me that, when— Oh, you must know what I mean, Hagedon. Tell me."

He told her nothing, lying there in the bright chair, eyes dully blinking, limbs twitching, but he told her as much as she expected him to tell her, as much as he ever told her. When she spoke to him it was exactly as she would have spoken to herself if he had not been there. Long ago—in the days which antedated their marriage, to put it quite accurately—her penetration had plumbed his shallows, her acuteness had turned away with a sigh of wonder from his density, and her will had mastered his will. Therefore when she continued to address him it was merely with the tongue of habit.

"Antoinette, you are dying. Remember that," he gasped piously. "She is a good woman, a very good woman."

"How do you know she is? How? And how does she know it? Moral muscle comes like physical muscle, I tell you—in but one way, by development. But what does she know of struggle, of temptation? She knows no more of life than a baby bear knows of muffins. Goeffrey has stood between her and everything. He's stood to her *for* everything. D'you see?" She beat the pillows with her fine thin hands. She panted so alarmingly for breath that he stumbled from the chair to

ring for the nurse, but she waved him peremptorily back into it, breathing greedily of the meerschaum vinaigrette.

Then after a second in which he averted his eyes from her pain-disfigured face and felt the quaking of the flesh along his spine, she went on gaspingly:

"They madden me—these folk—of—everlasting equilibrium. But—we get our innings, we of uncertain balance. We—get—'em. Sometimes life brings them; sometimes death," and she chuckled wickedly.

He came heavily out of the crimson chair, dragging himself toward the bed. The light of the electrolier above the pillows touched his hairless wrinkled dome, his hairless wrinkled jaws, his loose fluttering lips. He laid one of his hands over hers—it was the hand with the royal gem upon it, and she looked at it and smiled indulgently.

"Never mind, Tony, girl," he soothed in his cracked voice. "Never mind."

Her eyes blazed beneath his pity. Living she had never endured it. Dying she would have none of it, even from him, who counted so little with her. But even as she moved from beneath his touch the anger left her.

"Bless your wooden head, Hagedon, you needn't feel sorry for me. I don't think anybody could say I'm exactly—dying in thirst. And as for the dying itself, well—*it* will make that almost worth while."

"What will make it worth while?"

"Never mind." She gave him a little push away from the bed. "Go along now. You've missed half a night's sleep already. They might have found out earlier or later—the doctors—that I'm done for. It would have been easier on you."

She caught at her breast as another spasm of pain swept her, contorting body and face, and he stood miserably by, longing for the nurse to appear. When she was eased and would speak again she wagged her head uncannily at him.

"It's something to make quick work of dying. You must give me credit for that. This is probably the only night's

rest I'll rob you of. But you may go to bed now without anxiety, for I sha'n't die tonight. Not till—till I've had my perquisites of dying. Go along—don't stand there owling down at me."

He went obediently, willingly, with his dronish step, and there was more life in her following eyes than in his whole shuffling body.

When he was quite gone she dragged herself up in bed and reached out eagerly for her pen and pigskin desk, but the nurse, entering, would have taken them from her.

"I must write this letter," she protested, "if I'm to die in peace. It must be written at once, for I shall wait for the answer until—I'll be brief. A dozen words will tell what I have to tell, and when I've written them I'll give you no more trouble."

The nurse bent persuasively over her. "Let me write them for you," she begged.

"Listen," laying light fingers on her wrist; "if you came upon a man, his tongue swollen black from thirst, at water over which he had just stooped, would you ask him to let you drink for him? Would you?"

"She has come," said the nurse arousingly.

The room shimmered with its own light and the golden stream of morning pouring through the straight folds of the heavy silk curtains.

"The answer to my letter!" Antoinette Rosmel murmured to herself as her eyes flew wide. "I am ready, am I not? No, don't break that capsule on the air. I don't need it. I am breathing well enough. And I won't be recalled to her by every whiff of the stuff she catches hereafter. She must remember me for something other than that. Lift me a little. There! Now go."

She lay among her pillows, her palm held flat against her side, her fingers pressing in. Scarlet and yellow tulips were at the bed's head, so close her white face seemed to look forth from them. Of the linen of the bed not a vestige showed; a gold-touched thing of

crimson, gorgeous as the flame of a hectic flower, was flung across it; the pillows themselves were crimson and silken also; about her shoulders, draped with a grace that would live till the last breath of her, there was a scarf of Roman stripes, and a rose, red as the richest touch of color in all the vivid room, lay at her breast, held there by the curving fingers. So she waited, watching the door.

And presently Mary Rosmel—Geoffrey's wife—came, alone, and stood hesitant there and wondering; and for an instant no speech passed between them, the eyes of each busy with the face of the other.

She who had come was like the poet's "Narcissus," pure of curve and coloring, and veiny white. Yet the delicate features were strong, and the gentle lips closed straight, one upon the other.

"Why did you send for me?" she asked after that first inspecting moment.

"Better to have spent my time in fingering a rosary, you think? I have my own notions about dying. Shall I tell you one of them?" demanded Antoinette Rosmel startlingly.

"If you wish," replied the visitor, perplexity in her face.

"I wish. It is that death owes us the satisfactions that life has failed to yield us. Do you understand?"

"No, I'm afraid not," said Mary Rosmel, with a movement of recoil. Then she mastered herself, and approaching the foot of the bed, stood there, head lifted, an intensified look of race about her, meeting the challenge of the stormy eyes. "It is very difficult for me to know what to do," she murmured not ungently. "You are so ill, so much too ill to receive me, to—spend yourself like this. Yet if there is anything which you feel impelled to say to me I should give you the opportunity perhaps."

"*Nom de Dieu!* The graciousness of you!" A note of taunting laughter preluded a spasm of breathlessness. The slender figure contorted beneath the crimson counterpane. There was a

struggle, sharp and piteous; then a hand went out feelingly toward a phial on the table at the bed's head, a hand that groped and trembled and fell inert and unsuccessful in its quest.

Mary Rosmel reached quickly for the bottle and drew the cork, and her kinswoman drank greedily of the acrid odor, the mottled color dying from her cheeks, the agony from her eyes. Battling still for breath Antoinette motioned her away from the bed, and she crossed and stood at the window, her back to the room, gazing down on the noble stretch of lawn below, a sense of pity overmastering all other emotions in her.

"Are you looking at the trees?" came a voice from the bed at last. "Hagedon used to be very proud of them before he ceased to be proud of anything but his own hands and feet. That elm in the corner of the lawn was his particular pride and my detestation. It always reminded me of you—that tree."

The woman at the window turned and came toward the bed. "What is there to be said between you and me?" she asked, with a new quietness.

The woman in the bed pulled herself higher among her pillows with unbelievable strength, her eyes afire, the broken rose in her fingers; it was the moment for which she would eagerly pay with what was left to her of life.

"There is this to be said, and I'll say it briefly—that ever since we have been Rosmels, you and I, you've stood like that elm, alone and high-headed, keeping back every branch and twig of you from contact with me and with certain other little Rosmels about you. But listen, Mary Rosmel, the thing that made you stand so proudly was mine. It belonged to me before Hagedon brought me here a bride, and Goeffrey made you his wife. It was mine then. It's been mine through every day of every year since. And it is mine as I lie here a-dying."

The room swam with silence. Goeffrey Rosmel's wife stretched an unsteady hand toward the foot of the bed. Whiter than the face on the pillow her face was. A strangling sense of physical

and spiritual revolt tightened her quivering throat.

After the other voice, naked, stripped of all its cadences, a thing elemental and horrible in its exultation, her voice came softly, almost gently:

"Even dying you cannot say this thing to me. I will not hear. I do not listen."

"You are not a coward. You will hear the proof. Without it you won't believe. Intriguing and wicked and insincere as I've been, I have never paltered with the truth, and you know it. No, don't speak. Listen. Come here with Goeffrey when I am dead. There will be plenty of Rosmels to keep you company, to see me borne out from Hagedon's house. Goeffrey himself will help bear me. He has promised. He will wear a rose, a rose exactly like this one. He will take it from my breast, where they will have put it, and he will wear it as he walks at the head of my coffin. He will wear it in token of our love, his and mine. Come, if you are brave enough, and see him wear it.

"Now go. I have nothing more to say to you."

Heavily she lay back among her pillows, and Mary Rosmel left her lying so.

Presently there began a hideous clack, clack in her breast, the mottle creeping over her cheeks, the agony to her eyes; and this time she put forth no hand to the phial on the table. But someone came from the dressing room beyond, parting the brocaded curtains hurriedly, and with fumbling but effectual fingers once more freed that acrid odor of revival.

Her dark eyes opened upon him, narrowed and closed again.

"Hagedon! You! Have you been there all the time? Ah, well, it doesn't matter."

Hagedon Rosmel's house was fresh with morning sunshine and bright with flowers, *her* flowers who lay white in her crimson chamber. They pressed and pushed and crowded in the quiet rooms, orchard blossoms, faintly tinted, freshly sweet, and garden things, gay

and brilliant and varied. And with almost the impishness of her who had loved and tended them they nodded at the grim-visaged Rosmels sitting, silent row upon silent row, waiting.

"They must come empty-handed, the Rosmels, or they mustn't come at all, Hagedon," she had insisted. "I won't have them climbing here with their flowers—Greeks bearing gifts."

There was to be no service; merely the kinsmen had come to carry her down to her place among those other Rosmels who, long quiet in their graves, would welcome her only less warmly than they had welcomed her when Hagedon had brought her here to live among them.

Waiting with them was Mary Rosmel, sitting between her two sons, lads as tall and as stalwart as their father. With all her gentle and accustomed serenity she sat, her grave face a little paler than usual perhaps, but with her graceful, snow-touched head lifted, her eyes keeping to the wide stairs down which they would soon bring the dead woman.

Her husband had driven here with his family, had seen them settled in the places assigned them in the shadowy drawing-room, and had gone at once to the upper part of the house with the seven other pall bearers.

And she who bore his name, who had borne him the two sons and a daughter who now lay in the churchyard where they would take Hagedon's wife, who had lived for more than twenty-five years with him, believing in him, adoring him, she waited for him to come again, as one waits upon the hand of a surgeon, on the hand of the Great Surgeon of all.

Then, after what seemed eternities, they were there at the head of the dark stair, moving carefully and slowly, making a soft rustling sound in the shadows. But for a moment her eyes refused to look, for very terror of what they might behold; the lids fell heavily, and her head itself drooped forward.

From somewhere in the house the notes of an organ swelled. The steps of the eight men upon the stairs fell muffledly. One of her sons laid his hand

over hers as it rested on the chair between them. And the silent procession moved down the stairs to the landing beneath a crescent window that flamed like the gemmed coronet of some barbaric giant.

She forced her eyes to open then, and she saw, not the seven other men who walked solemnly, bearing Antoinette Rosmel, nor the casket itself, but him who came at the casket's head, Geoffrey her husband, with a red rose on his breast!

She swayed in her chair, caught dizzily to its edges and kept herself from falling. The roll of the organ swept over her like the roll of the sea. Her hand curved upward and caught to her son's hand, grippingly.

Geoffrey Rosmel walked there, the grandson of the founder of the house of Rosmel, respected of men, beloved, walked there before them all, his wife, his sons, his kinsmen, his neighbors, with a rose upon his breast, a glowing token of an unholy love!

As one upon whom a blow of frightful heaviness has suddenly fallen, she moved her head slowly from side to side, benumbedly, her dull gaze traveling unseeing over the little cortege. In that moment she had but one wish—that it were she whom they bore between them. How, how could she live on with this knowledge which had come to her?

Then sharply her unseeing gaze was arrested and focused itself upon something crimson which glowed out of the dusk of the hall at her from the coat of the man who walked at Antoinette Rosmel's feet—a rose! A red rose, exactly like the one upon her husband's coat!

Her eyes swept the other six men, and her heart pounded out the number of the roses. Eight—eight!

She drew a breath so sharp, so tremulous, so full of emotion, that her sons turned anxiously to her. "Mother," they cried, "what is it?"

"The flowers—the roses," she whispered back to them. But she withheld her eyes, for they could not have looked into them without wonder.

"You are better?" they asked tenderly. "It has passed?"

"It is over," she declared softly, surely.

And had Antoinette Rosmel risen there among them all, the palpitating life of her come back, the wonder of it had not been greater to Mary Rosmel than that of her own heart leaping swiftly to life.

A twiglike hand with a royal gem burning on it went out absently to the roses in a great Satsuma vase—red roses, heavy-headed, wilting and half dead from the stifling heat of the room. There were but two of them. In the morning, before Hagedon Rosmel tottering, had carried them from man to man of those who were to bear his wife out from his house, there had been ten. He looked at them now and shivered, withdrawing his hand abruptly.

His blinds were closed, his doors locked; and in spite of the balmy sweetness of the night, the blackened fireplace roared. The room blazed with light.

Yet he lay deep in his chair, cold to the marrow, stretching his thin body toward the fire, crossing and recrossing his silk-clad ankles, rubbing his parchment hands together and scowling as if

at a draught. It was the draught of death, of age, of loneliness, that blew over him.

He lifted his eyes to a portrait of his wife above the hearth. It had been painted when her beauty was at its ripe perfection—a thing at which to marvel. The blue skin of his eyelids slid back fold upon fold from his dim eyes. His loose lips gathered themselves together at the corners with something like pathos, something like cunning. Mumblingly he addressed her:

"You belonged to me, Antoinette, and—you belong to me still. You were the handsomest woman I ever set eyes upon, and you were my wife." He ceased for the instant to speak, his vanity gloating anew, as though she were thus newly dead. Then he spoke again, with a touch of something which lifted him for a fleeting instant from a mere whimpering, broken thing to that which was almost a man. "You belonged to me in life, and you must belong to me in death."

His glance fell from her portrait to the roses in their vase.

"But," he cried out in sudden sharp, senile fury, "I want never to see a red rose again as long as I live! Never!"

And snatching them from the vase, he threw them into the fire.



A BOOK entitled "The Milk of Human Kindness" has been sent us to review. We have unfortunately had only time to skim through it.



A TOMBSTONE is not such a bad thing, after all; it generally has a good word for a man when he is down.



SOMETIMES a woman understands enough not to understand.

THE DEATH OF THE FAIRIES

By HERBERT HERON

ROARING, plunging, crashing,
Straining, tearing, breaking;
Bounding forth, and dashing
Where the hills are shaking,
Springs the storm in wrath.

Far down the valley, where the purple doves are floating,
Water flowers glisten on the cool, white lake;
Fairies on the lily leaves idly play at boating—
Sweet, happy pleasures for the wood god's sake.

Hurtling down the mountains,
Rending earth with spasms,
Crushing out the fountains,
He leaps across the chasms,
Raging on his path.

Down in the valley no purple doves are flying;
Broken lilies tremble on the cold lake's breast.
Is not that a fairy on the torn grass lying?
Close your eyes, let fall your tears, for weeping here is best.

Shuddering and groaning,
Curbing hard his might,
Muttering and moaning,
Halts the storm at sight
Of the ruin of his swath.

But the fairies nevermore seek their boats upon the shore,
And the sweet wild doves have flown afar;
Though the storm, with frozen breath, mourns each little fairy death,
Alone where the snow peaks are.

THE RESEMBLANCE*

By ALICE LEAL POLLOCK AND AURA WOODIN BRANTZELL

CHARACTERS

ANNE BROWNELL ("a woman of the world")
BESS HAMILTON (a "chorus lady")
MARIE (a maid)

PLACE: ANNE BROWNELL'S apartment in a fashionable hotel.

TIME: The present.

SCENE—A large handsomely appointed room. There is an entrance door at the right, a fireplace in the center at the back, and a door opening into another room partly visible. There is a tall pier glass well down at the right and a large table in the center. On this table are costly writing materials, a vase of Venetian glass with fresh flowers, a few books and magazines and the telephone. Along the walls are low bookshelves, with a few delicate pieces of statuary and an occasional bowl filled with flowers.

The whole place breathes a femininity luxurious in its tastes and untrammelled in its expression.

At the rise of the curtain ANNE BROWNELL enters. She is a tall compellingly beautiful woman dressed a trifle ahead of fashion, in dark velvet with heavy furs. She carries herself with an air of perhaps too triumphant assurance, as if continually alert to combat any arraignment against her mental attitude.

She comes in from the door at the right, glances about the room, then goes quickly to the other door, which is open. She stands in the doorway talking to the maid, who is supposedly sewing in the next room.

ANNE
Here I am, Marie—back again.

MARIE (from within)
Alretty, madame? You have not take zee long drive today.

ANNE
No, I only went round the Park once. I couldn't sit still—I'm too excited—too happy (*Taking off her furs*). No, don't bother to help me, Marie. You'll

need every minute to mend that dress. (*She comes down, and takes off her hat, furs and gloves*).

MARIE
Madame mus' wear zis dress to zee Opera zis evening?

ANNE
Yes, Marie—that dress and no other. It's a fancy of Governor Campbell's—

* Dramatic rights reserved by Alice Leal Pollock

and I promised— What are you smiling at so slyly?

MARIE (*laughing*)

Becose I remembaire ver' well—madame wore zis dress zee firs' night she meet Govairnaire Campbell.

ANNE

Well (*laughing*), I didn't suspect you were such a sly observer, Marie. I'll have to be on my guard with you. But you're quite right about the dress—and that's why Governor Campbell wanted me to wear it tonight—the last night before our marriage.

MARIE

Oh! I onderstan', madame. Zee sentiment—eet make zee worl' go roun. Don't worry; zee lace will be mend in time—alretty you cannot see where it was torn.

ANNE

You're a treasure, Marie. I won't forget you when I'm the Governor's wife.

MARIE

Oh, madame has a too kind heart to evair forget anyone.

ANNE (*troubled; she passes her hand over her eyes, comes into the room and whispers.*)

Ever forget—does one ever forget? (*Shaking off the mood, she goes quickly back to the door.*)

Marie, was there any word for me while I was gone?

MARIE

Oh, *mille pardons*, madame. Zee Govairnaire have called on zee telephone. Oh! and a package have come for madame from Teefany—eet is on zee table.

ANNE

A package? No—don't leave the sewing—I'll get it myself. (*She goes quickly to the table and eagerly takes up an oblong package.*) From John. Of course (*excitedly opening the package*) more jewels. If he weren't so wonderful himself he might be in danger of spoiling me. Oh, here's a card! (*She holds up a card and reads.*) "To the crowning jewel of my life—John."

(*She kisses the card, opens the box and takes out a magnificent diamond necklace.*) Oh-h-h-h! Isn't it gorgeous? Oh, you beautiful, beautiful stones—you seem real live palpitating things. (*Holding the necklace to her cheek.*) I love you—love—I can't wait till John calls up again. (*Taking up the telephone on the table.*) Hello—Hello, Central! Give me 6041 Plaza. Hello—6041? I'd like to speak to Governor Campbell, please. (*She holds the jewels to her cheek caressingly, and speaks into the telephone.*) He's very busy? Will you tell him Miss Brownell would like to speak to him? Just a moment. (*A pause during which she kisses the jewels.*) Oh, is that you, John dear? This is Anne. I hope I'm not bothering you (*listens and laughs.*) You certainly are the best compliment-payer I ever met. I wonder where you got all your practice? (*Pause.*) Oh, John—no, but I just couldn't wait to tell you that I have the necklace. I'm holding it tight now—it's perfectly gorgeous, and—oh, I'm so happy, John, I'm frightened. I'm sure something must happen to spoil such joy. (*Pause.*) Why, I'm not doing anything. Of course, come over—in half an hour? Hurry—it will seem a year, dear. I'll be wearing the necklace. Half an hour—good-bye. (*She hangs up the receiver and goes up to the door quickly.*) Marie, do I look all right? Governor Campbell will be here soon. Look at the glorious wedding present he has sent me!

MARIE

Oh, madame, eet ees magnifique! Eet will be jus zee sing on madame's wedding dress.

ANNE (*laughing, going to the pier glass and putting on the necklace*)

Oh, it's much too magnificent for a bride. I'll wear my pearls tomorrow—this will do for the grand receptions at the Capitol. (*She curtsies low before the mirror.*) Mrs. John Robert Campbell, wife of the Governor—I salute you.

BESS (*loudly arguing in the next room with MARIE*)

Now you needn't try any of your Frenchy gab on me. I know she's

home—'cause I saw her come in fifteen minutes ago.

ANNE (*jumping up suddenly*)

What's that? (*She grasps the table for support, gazes horrified at the door from which the voice issues and whispers hoarsely.*)

That voice—I said I was too happy—oh, my God! (*She continues to stare at the door as if fascinated.*)

MARIE

But I say you cannot see madame—she mus' not be deesturb today.

BESS (*sneering*)

Oh, she mustn't be "deesturbed"—mustn't she? Well, we'll see—she'll drop some of those fine lady airs before long. I don't want to hurt you, Frenchy, so you'd better let me pass.

MARIE (*calling shrilly*)

Madame—madame!

(BESS enters violently, slams the door and locks it, and stands with her back against the door, breathing hard and glaring at ANNE. BESS is almost the counterpart of ANNE physically, but in every gesture and intimation betrays a lower social standing. She is not unattractively dressed, but her toilet is a palpable makeshift, a paltry attempt to disguise a carking poverty.)

BESS

I'm sorry I had to raise such a row with Frenchy. I don't seem to be very popular round here—didn't make a bit of a hit with the hotel people downstairs in the office—wouldn't let me come up regular in the elevator 'cause I wouldn't slip them a dinky piece o' pasteboard with my name. Guess I was the wise guy at that. If I'd 'a' told them I was your own flesh and blood sister they'd 'a' thrown me out for a crook and a loonatic—so I kept mum—sneaked round and came up the back way. (*Looking around.*) Gee, but you're the fine lady! If it wasn't for the resemblance between us, no one would believe we were sisters—but no amount of jewels or fine clothes can kill that resemblance, even if the heart under 'em is dead and rotten.

February, 1911—9

ANNE (*horrified*)

Bess!

BESS

That'll do for me. I promised myself I'd have this little interview with you; it's coming to you square, Nan. I made up my mind, too, that I'd act as fine a lady as you ever pretended to be—but the sight of you just makes the bad words rush to my mouth. (*She checks her rising fury again, and grasps her throat with both hands as if trying to hold back the words.*)

ANNE

What do you want? How did you get here? Who told you I was living here?

BESS

H'm. I've got ye firing questions, have I? One at a time—if—you—please. What do I want? God—I want to see you suffer as you've made me and my Jim suffer! (*Checking herself with a hard laugh.*) There I go again! I'm trying to keep the brakes down, but the sight of you there in your ill-got jewels and velvets makes me want to grind your heart till you cry for mercy.

ANNE (*putting out her arm imploringly*)

Stop, Bess—stop!

BESS (*grimly*)

Stop? Why, I haven't got started yet. You want to know how I found you? I saw you yesterday—driving in the Park with all your fine airs. I thought you were a ghost—you could 'a' knocked me over with a feather. Then I started yelling and running after your carriage till a policeman stopped me. I nearly got pinched—he thought I was nutty, sure.

ANNE

Yes, but that doesn't explain.

BESS

Oh, I'll explain all right. I might 'a' whistled a long tune before I ran across you again in this big city—but your picture in the papers gave you away this morning. (*She flourishes a newspaper.*)

ANNE (*starting forward thoroughly frightened*)

The papers—oh, what do they say? I never look at a newspaper any more.

BESS (*laughing mockingly*)

Guilty conscience, eh? You needn't get such a scare on; they're not showing you up just yet; you've got them too neatly bamboozled for that. Listen to what the *Star* says about you:

"Marriage of Governor Campbell and Miss Anne Brownell. To take place tomorrow at noon. Simplicity to mark the ceremony. Bride an accomplished Englishwoman unknown in the United States."

(*Laughing harshly.*) Wouldn't that bump you? (*With great scorn quoting.*)

"Accomplished Englishwoman."

Come to remember, Nan—you always were an accomplished liar. (*Looking at the paper again and quoting.*)

"Unknown in the United States."

Huh! (*Raising her voice.*)

Known up and down Broadway, until she disappeared three years ago, as Nan Brown, the highest salaried chorus girl in the business!

ANNE (*crying out*)

Bess! Don't—don't!

BESS (*smiling grimly*)

The truth hurts, does it?

(ANNE *puts her hand to her heart.*)

BESS

Cuts like a knife, doesn't it?

ANNE (*faintly*)

Don't—don't!

BESS

I know just how you feel. Gettin' the truth into some peoples' systems is like puhforming a surgical operation. Well, you'd better brace up—'cause the operation I'm here for hasn't begun to begin; why, I haven't even got my knife out yet!

ANNE (*recovering some of her dignity*)

I will "brace up," as you put it. Your coming in so unexpectedly after all these years unnerved me a little—but I am quite ready to hear and answer all you may have to say.

BESS

You've got the same old nerve with you, I see.

ANNE

I still have the power and courage to shape my own destiny—if that's what you mean.

BESS

Oh, slush! I guess the quickest way to get down to cases with you is to finish reading this article. (*She resumes the reading.*)

"The marriage of Governor John Robert Campbell and Miss Anne Brownell will be solemnized tomorrow at high noon in the Church of the Redemption. The ceremony will be marked by extreme simplicity. At a special request of the bride, who is an orphan with no relative in this country (*Bess gives an exclamation of disgust*), and owing to pressing affairs of state, Governor Campbell will at once take his bride to the capital. Not only the Governor but the people are to be congratulated on this marriage, as Miss Brownell, by virtue of her charm and distinction, has been acclaimed by all who have had the privilege of meeting her as being fitted in every way to uphold the proud position of 'First Lady of the State!'"

(*She crushes the paper.*) Sloppy, sickening mush! I can't read any more of it.

ANNE (*insolently*)

Well, what are you going to do about it?

BESS

Do about it? There's only one thing to do about it, and that's to show you up.

ANNE

Do you think your story would be believed against any I might tell? Who would even listen to you for a moment?

BESS (*bringing her up sharply*)

Who? Governor Campbell! And I wouldn't have to waste many words on him. He's a man of sense—it wouldn't take him long to believe my side of this if I got a chance to show him the resemblance between us.

ANNE (*quickly*)

If you got the chance! But you won't get that chance. You can't see the Governor without writing for an appointment, and by the time you could get an audience with him—(*exultingly*) I'll be his wife—and then—

BESS (*interrupting harshly*)

You've got a quick brain, Nan, but I'm neck and neck with you this time. I happen to know that you're expecting Governor Campbell here in fifteen minutes. I was in the hall trying to spot your room when I heard you telephoning

to him. (*She sits in a chair, opens the newspaper and yawns.*) I think I have just a quarter of an hour more to waste.

ANNE (*violently angry, making a movement toward the bell*)

We'll see!

BESS

Oh, you can ring to have me put out but I promise you I'll make an awful holler. It wouldn't look well for you, and it might get into the papers, with a photograph of your loving sister.

ANNE (*dropping her hands as if acknowledging herself beaten, coming swiftly to BESS trying to take her hand*)

Oh, Bess, you *couldn't*—you won't tell him—you won't—you couldn't be so hard—so cruel!

BESS (*flinging off her hand*)

Oh, couldn't I? It's just my entrance for a little of the "hard and cruel" business. You can't complain; you gave me the cue yourself three years ago when you shook me and Jim—left us in the most awful trouble.

ANNE (*interrupting*)

Trouble! I didn't know.

BESS

Of course you didn't know—you didn't know anything but your own selfish desires. You didn't know I nearly died when the baby came—and the doctor said it was because I was all alone. Oh, no, it wasn't hard and cruel of you to leave me at such a time!

ANNE (*eagerly*)

The baby—your baby—how is it? Tell me—tell me!

BESS (*turning away*)

I'll tell you nothing.

ANNE

Bess, listen to me. I know I must seem all you say and more—but won't you try to realize that in everything I have done the thought of helping you—of ultimately bringing great joy into your life, has been my most vital motive? When our mother died and left us to battle alone, didn't I care for you

more like a mother than a sister? (*Bess nods slightly.*) When we were sixteen—too old for decent charity—and the only way of earning our bread seemed the chorus, didn't I shield you from every pitfall in that awful life? Didn't I scrimp and save and study so that I might some day raise you out of it? Then—when young Hamilton came along and asked you to marry him—you were afraid of trying marriage on only a country bank clerk's slender salary—didn't I show you that a true man's love was the greatest thing in the world? Didn't I help fix up your little home with my savings, and then go back to the life I hated because I didn't want to be a burden on you and Jim?

BESS (*impatiently*)

What's the use of raking up all that ancient history, Nan?

ANNE

Just be patient a little longer. When I went away from you and Jim so suddenly three years ago, it was on an impulse—sudden, overmastering, terrific. I felt that if I were ever really to help you I must get away. I must *learn*—I must *see*—I must *live*—before I could hope to win for us both what I felt was our due from the world. Well, dear, I succeeded beyond my wildest hopes—but I never dreamed that in addition to what I craved—riches, the world's respect, a high position—I would also find the love of a great and good man.

BESS

I should think the thought of your deceit toward him would scorch you.

ANNE

Oh, it does, it does! Not a dozen, a thousand times I've been on the point of telling John—Governor Campbell—about you and who I really am, but I was afraid; I *couldn't* before we were married—I had vowed faithfully to tell him all immediately after. He is so big and good I know he would search for you and Jim and the baby at once—and he will love you, Bess—I know he will—he's so wonderful. I never met anyone so high souled.

BESS

I happen to have had personal proof of Governor Campbell's "high soul." How do you think it would stand the shock when he realized that the ex-chorus girl he had married was also a low common thief?

ANNE (*screaming*)

It's a lie! I'm not—I'm not! It's a lie, a lie! You've got no proof! Nobody has.

BESS

You'd better be quiet, Nan—Frenchy in there might hear you—and try to blackmail you. But don't you make any mistake. I've got the proof all right. (*Taking a long slip of white paper from her purse.*) It's right here.

ANNE (*breathlessly*)

Let me see. (*She reaches out for the paper. It tears in half.*)

BESS

Never mind—it's only a copy, or I wouldn't let you touch it with a ten-foot pole.

ANNE (*scrutinizing the paper*)

I can't make anything out of this—what is it?

BESS

It's the \$10,000 wrapper on the package of money—which was stolen from the bank the day before you so mysteriously disappeared.

ANNE

It may be—but I defy you or anybody to connect *me* with it or this bank robbery of yours.

BESS

God knows, Nan, I'd have been the last person to connect you with it. I never did—through all our trouble—until three weeks ago, when I found that slip of paper in the old gingham dress you were wearing the night before you went away. Then every link in the chain of evidence against you came back to me—and I remembered in a flash how you had called for Jim at the bank that last evening to walk home with him—and how he joked you over the supper table at the way he scared you when he pretended to lock you up in

the vault. That was the moment. You took the money! You can't deny it, Nan—you can't—you can't!

ANNE (*defiantly*)

Well—suppose I don't deny it! But what I do deny is your right to come preaching around here. This is a clear case of the end justifying the means, and as nobody has suffered by it—

BESS (*interrupting violently*)

Nobody suffered—take care, Nan! Remember I'm trying to keep the brakes down—nobody suffered. What do you call the three years my Jim spent in prison for a crime you committed?

ANNE

Oh, Bess—it isn't true—it can't be true! I didn't know. I wouldn't have permitted it—I didn't know. (*She sinks down at the table.*)

BESS

Well, we know all right—me and Jim and the baby. Three years of hell we know, thanks to you—Jim in prison, me back in the chorus and the baby out on the farm—and you in Europe learning to play the fine lady. You're a fine "fine lady," you are, you—you—(*She breaks off in scorn.*)

ANNE

Don't, Bess! I deserve all you can say and more. Brutal words won't help this case—but influence and pull may undo all the wrong that has been done. Think of the power I will have as Governor Campbell's wife!

BESS

No, you don't—Governor Campbell knows all about this case.

ANNE

What do you mean?

BESS

He was plain Jack Campbell when it first came out. He had known Jim since they were kids—helped him get the place in the bank, and when poor Jim was arrested he defended him, though he knew we didn't have a cent. Every New York paper reprinted the speech he made at Jim's trial. It was

great—great, I tell you—and it paved the way to the place he holds today. But poor Jim got sent up for six years, the evidence was so dead against him.

ANNE

Six years, you say—but it's only three years since—

BESS

One of the first acts of Governor Campbell after he had taken the oath of office was to sign Jim's pardon. Oh, he's white all right; that's why it's my solemn duty to warn him before he marries a— a woman like you!

ANNE

Oh, I know I seem bad through and through, but won't you believe, Bess, that I knew nothing of Jim's imprisonment? If I had—I'd have come straight back and given myself up. The mere thought of what you've suffered wrings my heart. I swear to you, I'll tell Governor Campbell everything the day we are married, and if he decrees it—I'll go away quietly. *(She opens a drawer in the desk and takes out a package of letters and a few photographs.)* See, here are some old letters and photographs of you and me since we were babies. I was going to show him these as soon as we were married. Give me this one chance, Bess—just this one chance is all I ask *(sobbing, she gets on her knees to Bess)* or I shall die.

BESS

No—no—no! You haven't got a ghost of a chance. You'd better decide how to tell him—he'll be here in a few minutes.

ANNE

Oh, I can't see him—I couldn't tell him.

BESS

Well, write to him, and have Frenchy deliver it to him when he comes.

ANNE *(staggering to the desk, almost overcome, passing her hand across her forehead as if dazed)*

Yes—that will be best—but—what?

BESS

Oh, you needn't go into particulars; just say that matters have come up

which make it impossible for you ever to marry him—that you are leaving for Europe in the morning—future address unknown.

ANNE *(wearily)*

I suppose that will be best. *(She writes a few lines. Bess takes up the letters on the table and begins in an uninterested fashion to look through them.)*

ANNE *(reading between sobs)*

"I—am—going—abroad in the morning—" *(Suddenly turning to Bess.)* But it's another lie, Bess—I can't go to Europe in the morning because the money's all gone. The last of it went for my wedding gown—

BESS *(sneering, pointing to the necklace)*

You seem to have sparklers enough left. I guess that one'll fetch the price of ten trips to Europe.

ANNE *(horrificed)*

Bess—do you think I could keep one solitary thing he has ever given me? I haven't sunk quite so low as that.

BESS

Well, your fine clothes will fetch something, and there's always the chorus left for you to fall back on.

ANNE

Oh, don't, Bess, don't! You are cruel—needlessly cruel.

BESS

You'd better hurry and get your letter done if you don't want to face him; he's about due now.

ANNE *(faintly)*

Yes—I must hurry. *(She reads again, weeping.)* "Do not search for me—it will be useless." *(Stops writing and cries out.)* Oh, I can't do it, I can't! Bess, don't you see it's just killing me? Will nothing soften your heart? I swear to consecrate my life to you and the baby—you shall have everything money can buy—everything influence can command.

BESS

You'd better sign your letter, Nan.

(ANNE, sobbing, signs the letter, folds it and places it in an envelope which she addresses. BESS meanwhile has been looking through the photographs which ANNE had taken from the drawer. She suddenly gives a cry.)

Nan—this picture—where did you get hold of it?

ANNE (looking at it listlessly)

That? Why, it's a picture of me—don't you remember, Bess, our first photographs, how proud we were?

BESS (shortly)

Yes, yes—how stupid of me!

ANNE

Here is the letter, Bess.

BESS (taking it)

I'm sorry you're so cut up about this, Nan. If I can help in any other way—

ANNE (her hand falling on her arms on the table)

Go—go! I can't bear it any longer—I can't bear it.

BESS (furtively taking up the photograph)

I'm going—I'll just give Frenchy her instructions.

(BESS goes swiftly up to the door. ANNE continues to sob with bowed head. BESS, her hand on the key, pauses, glances at the photograph, suddenly gives a wild cry and begins to tear up the letter.)

BESS

I can't do it—I can't do it! The resemblance is too great. (She rushes to

ANNE and puts her arms around her.) Anne, I'm not going to do it—I'm not going to interfere. I'm going to let you work it out your own way—you've had your lesson, and I know you'll do what's right.

ANNE (almost fainting—kissing BESS's hands)

God bless you, Bess! I can only pray to be worthy—but I don't understand; a minute ago you were hard as stone—what changed you?

BESS (holding out the picture)

The resemblance, Nan. It seems like God's hand—this picture of you at three is the living, breathing image of my innocent little girl at home. It suddenly rushed over me—she might be tempted some day and judged, and if I failed in mercy to you, who was so like her once—what could she hope for from the world if she ever got into trouble?

ANNE

I see—I understand. It's just your great, beautiful nature asserting itself. I can only prove by years of devotion how deeply I understand. Bess, dear, won't you tell me what the baby's name is?

BESS.

That's a funny question—what could her name be but Nan for you?

(Half laughing, half crying, ANNE folds BESS in her arms.)

CURTAIN.



IF ignorance is bliss, why should we wish to see ourselves as others see us?



TRUTH is stranger than fiction—but not so popular.

THE REFLECTIONS OF AN OLD MAID

By FLORENCE M. KING

“**L**OVE is like one of those little masks one wears at a fancy ball—very pretty to puzzle people with, but of no possible use in everyday life.”

Shirley and I were having a squabble in the library. Outside the north wind was blowing a perfect blast, and the crimson curtains of the room contrasted strangely with the gray sky beyond. Inside discomforts ceased, for a bright fire was burning in the grate, reflecting its myriad sparkles in the polished brass surroundings. Then there was Shirley prancing gloomily up and down the rug with a dark scowl on his strong boyish face in the last degree of irritation, and there was just myself in the far advanced stages of teagown and *ennui* playing Job's comforter.

“Oh, it is all very well for you to scoff!” he cries.

“I scoff?” I exclaim with tardy enthusiasm. “I, the scarred veteran, the old campaigner? Never in this world! What a unique idea, Shirley! From the gigantic height of my advanced years I have found it an impracticable thing to wear my heart on my sleeve for daws to peck at, my dear boy.”

If my yawn covered up my keen scrutiny of the boy before me, who was the wiser? He came over and threw himself carelessly into the great leather chair, allowing the firelight to flicker over his face—a face whose individuality gave promise of a most masterful manhood later on.

“Bah!” he said bitterly. “I am a boy, as you say, with all a boy's logic.

Tell me,” he said suddenly, with a return of his old ingenuousness, “is Alice in love with Colonel Burnham? She says she is, and he swears she is not, by turns, and she drops me with cold courtesy if he enters a room or meets her down the street. Now what am I to believe? With whom is Alice in love?”

I turned to him smiling, inclined to ask him the same question that I had asked myself. “Is Alice in love with anyone but her pretty self?”

What I said was: “Never in this world, you hot-headed Shirley. Don't you know that a girl, especially a young girl and a pretty girl, is always immensely flattered at the attentions of a man of twice her years? You can never understand, Shirley, how the languid attention of a *blasé* clubman touches a girl's vanity, nor how the intermittent recognition of her charms piques her interest. With your whole-hearted boyish extravagance of emotion the novelty vanishes. It is delicious to see you sulk; it is a keen relief to keep you in hot water. But, heavens alive, count up your reasons for being jealous of Colonel Burnham!”

“He is a handsome man,” growled Shirley.

“Admitted,” I said with a shrug; “a handsome old man! But what a price does he pay for his good looks! While you are but beginning your evening, starting off on some coaching party, caroling your lightest, indifferent to night air or the hour of the clock, poor old Colonel Burnham is retiring in his sober middle-aged way. When you are

capering round in the ballroom in the most undignified manner, your collar wilted and your face like a poppy, do not envy the Colonel, who has been eying you from his place on the wall. He was very effective as a decoration, but he was very tired and bored, poor old soul; and do not begrudge him a little *tête-à-tête* on the draughty stairs with even your very best girl."

"And Alice loves him?"

"Ah, that is a different matter," I said. "Is it he Alice loves, or you, or the thousandth man after you? Alice is a *débutante*; Alice is a beauty; Alice is a belle. What mortal man may tell whom Alice will love, or whether it will be in our day or generation?"

"Then," said Shirley solemnly, "Alice is a heartless, unwomanly flirt."

"I mean nothing of the kind," I said, a little weary of the subject. "If you want to know what Alice is, ask her yourself; for once in your life, Shirley, you will have struck an agreeable topic and—I think I hear her in the hall now!"

And down between the softly swinging bamboo curtains came Alice, sure enough—Alice provokingly pretty in her winter furs and feathers, the bright color flashing over her dimpling cheeks and her blue eyes dancing.

I had learned to bear with some fortitude her mode of approach.

"You dear old Queenie!" she exclaimed with great fuss and effusion. "We missed you awfully! I've been to the matinee, and Madame Frené kept me ages trying on that lavender *crêpe*, and I did so want your opinion—your taste is so perfect. And I saw that artist friend of yours, Mr. Forney—and by the way, I brought Colonel Burnham home with me to dinner and—Shirley, you look as stupid as an owl!"

There was Colonel Burnham, sure enough. As I rose to greet him he assured me he was not in the least cold nor tired, although I knew from my own experience that the indefatigable Alice had walked him until his knees bent beneath him.

As Alice had by this time turned her guns upon Shirley, I was obliged reluc-

tantly to give the antiquated gentleman my own pet easy chair and swiftly and deftly once more efface myself in the topic of "Alice."

II

"AND who is Alice?" True, that is not the least of my punishments. Alice is a slave, a nobody, a serf, a poor little milliner's apprentice whom I ran across in one of my summer outings. That she was the orphan daughter of an old school friend of mine brought her to my notice; that she was a little rosebud withering for lack of proper food and care enlisted my sympathy and interest. My mind's eye gloated over the prospect of a dear, quiet mouse of a little woman in my great waste of rooms.

How was I to know that the ease and rest and wealth and sunshine would release from the homely little grub the beautiful butterfly, who would spread her wings and drink in the world's sunshine as her natural right—that the dear old Moorish music room sacred to Schubert and Mendelssohn would echo and reëcho lightly as Alice twittered about "Sly Musette," who was another "coquette," and to the "Prince of Pilsen" and a "Sultan of Sulu"—how the old corridors would resound with the quips and cranks of her merry men and my poor old middle-agers would be relegated to back rooms and chilling wastes to make room for the young and giddy, and that I should be dubbed "an old-fashioned dear"? How was I to know that Alice would presently emerge from her chrysalis and her dressmaker at the same time in garments of artistic hue and inscrutable make, and become the arbiter of my taste in dress, as she had already become in social matters?

And she was so delightful with it all. Had she been to the manor born, with a silver spoon in her mouth and a nimbus round her head, she could not have accepted the goods the gods provided with a better grace. How absurdly quick she spanned the chasm of her ignorance with a bridge of glittering superficialities! She was a comfort and a torment at once, a joy and a responsi-

bility at the same time. She drank in praise and flattery like a sponge, while advice and remonstrance rolled off her like water off a duck's back.

She was a creature of cajolery and pet names. She insisted on calling me "Semiramis," owing to a fancied likeness to a Berlin photograph in her possession. When I told her that the resemblance was meager, that I never drove more than a four-in-hand, that I despaired of being canonized, she was deaf to remonstrance. But when I criticised her pronunciation, she compromised matters by calling me "Queenie," and "Queenie" I remained to the end of the chapter so far as Alice was concerned.

It was at bedtime that Alice was most alluring. Sitting at her little dressing table, reflecting with its oval mirror her pretty face with the veil of golden hair fresh from the shampooer's hand falling over her sky blue *negligé*, wofully plain looked my two black plaits falling over my shoulder, although they had all the burnish of satin.

Alice observed me critically.

"After all," she said, "it is Rebecca you are like."

"With these inches?"

Alice paid no heed. "You are the perfect picture of Rebecca."

"As a background for your Saxon Rowena," I said tartly.

"Now that was nasty, Queenie," she said reflectively. "It must be because you are getting old! Yes, that is it. It must be horrid to grow old!"

"It has its compensations," I retorted.

"You certainly are a marvel, Queenie," quoth Alice; "and Colonel Burnham says you are wonderfully well preserved."

I wriggled. "He certainly is an authority," I replied.

"See for yourself," she said, pulling down my face to the level of hers so that the reflections were side by side. "Who would ever guess that you were twice my age?"

"Alice, Alice, you base flatterer, look at the crow's feet forgotten loves have left behind!"

"Forgotten loves!" ejaculated Alice. "Why didn't you marry any of them?"

"Guess."

"The man died?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"He—he loved another?"

"Frequently."

Alice gasped.

"But the real reason?"

"I wanted to make all of them sorry they hadn't."

Alice sniffed.

"You are a selfish woman!"

"I grant you that."

"Then, why are you good to me?"

I smiled at the serious little sphinx in the glass. "I think, Alice, because you are the incarnation of youth—a selfish reason if you will."

"Pooh! I'm past my sweet sixteen days."

"True, but you take such dear, short views of the future. Your day is bounded by the cotillion; you thrive on flattery and excitement, and you see in every man a possible husband. The world, my dear Alice, as Signor Luccia once told me in Palermo, the world is like a bazaar—you enter it curious; you come out disappointed."

"Pessimist!" said Alice. "I don't believe a word of it."

III

"A MAN's character," says the "Cynic's Calendar," "can always be told by the hang of his dress coat tails."

It was at Mrs. Varian's ball that this cynicism flashed through my mind, as Alice and I entered facing a row of dresscoated backs lined up in front of the hostess. There were the aggressive coat tails of the self-made man, the clinging ones of the sneak, the correct ones of Fashion's darling, the swinging ones of the active, the broad flappers of the out-of-date.

Alice's silvery little laugh rang out spontaneously at my comments, and the line turned with military precision—all save one, who was making his first bow to his hostess.

My eyes were arrested by the splen-

did symmetry of his shoulders and the straightness of his back, serene in faultless evening attire. It was the figure of an athlete and the bow of a gentleman.

Instinctively I paused, breathless. Before me stood a man lost to me for a quarter of a century, the man because of whom all other men had been impossible! As he had claimed my attention as a girl of nineteen, so he now displayed the same hypnotic power, as he stood a little larger of girth, a few more lines in his face, but with the same clear gaze from his fine eyes, the same paralyzing magnetism of personality.

Without a moment's hesitation he claimed our old kinship of interests. The earth rolled back on its axis for twenty-five years, and Mrs. Varian's ball became the charmed rose garden of my recollection.

Alice bantered me considerably on my Indian summer conquest, and curious to see out of her laughing blue eyes, I said: "He is a good-looking man, Alice."

"What—that funny, fat, bald old man?"

"Alice!"

"Oh, he is a dear old grandpapa—and, Queenie, boys are not becoming to your style of beauty."

When Darrow called I chanced to be alone in my glory, as Alice had flitted for a house party visit of a fortnight. It was rather a relief to me to be spared her merry gibes and omnipresence. And so it chanced that Darrow fell into the old ways, delighted to find the old house unchanged although the dear old people were no longer there. Darrow had been my father's great admirer, the little Virginia gentleman with his old time courtesy. And my mother had adored Darrow in her stately, queenly way. The recollection was like a benediction to our friendship.

There were long, blessed hours at the piano, for Darrow was a genuine and genial musical spirit, and in spite of Alice's dissipation my fingers still retained something of their cunning. And to find a man wrapped up in the "Moonlight Sonata" would be inspiration to the most stupid woman.

Then, his life work had its share of our attention. He laughingly recalled my old love for engineering, the blue prints I had spoiled and the bridges builded and locations cited. How the dear old technicalities came back as he talked with divine enthusiasm of his adored profession! And so for a week.

I put my hand to the spinning wheel of time and simply drifted, drifted through theaters, concerts and teas, conscious that nothing mattered so far as human happiness was concerned when one's heart's desire was in one's grasp.

And one morning I came down to breakfast to find a van at the door with five trunks and three satchels, and a boy with a yellow telegraph strip in his hand and the telephone ringing like mad. Alice! Over the telephone came her clear, birdlike tones:

"Homeward bound, Queenie—say you are glad! I had a row with the house party—a nasty, disagreeable lot. Aren't you glad to see me?"

IV

"WOMEN's clubs," says the cynic, "belong to the sixth age of spinsterhood." The gentle exhilaration, the sweet intoxication of women's clubs, no man can understand. That a woman who had been a wallflower all her life should find an interest in such affairs was appropriate. That such women should find joy in listening to highly instructive articles on picking cucumbers and husbands was but natural. That cappy women of gray hairs and grandchildren should find a titillating pleasure in the gentle art of gossip clubs might pass muster, but for the woman of several pasts and a potential future, the woman of affairs, the woman of to-day, it was hovering dangerously near the dead line and confessing unspeakable things. My club prestige was a source of great chagrin to Alice, who was frankly and genuinely antagonistic.

I had taken her, to be sure, on several great occasions, where she had flitted in with her golden hair and dimples and a

swish of fairy drapery, and had listened with ill concealed indifference to the most carefully compiled efforts of our banner clubwoman—she of the Mahatma face. Never had she looked so precisely the butterfly she was than as she sat gingerly upon a hard club chair flapping her invisible wings with impatience, as she looked at the rows upon rows of the descendants of Madame Defarge doing their novel stunt of knitting and listening at the same time.

Nor was her heart softened by my exhibition of Mrs. Varian's white sweater which had weathered the Punic Wars, nor touched by a pair of infant overalls that had gone to the Holy Land with Richard Cœur de Lion and was cheek by jowl with all the Saracens history could rake up. To Alice it was simply boring, and she soon warned me that she preferred the inane twaddle of her most idiotic society men to any cult that required search through dusty tomes.

Still, I did overhear her repeat the sweater-overall episode almost verbatim for the grinning Cheshire cats of men in the drawing-room.

There is that promising thing about Alice—she is not without a latent sense of humor. She may fail to see the point today, but patience—it may strike her tomorrow; and there is a certain satisfaction in hearing her retail it, even if she does forget to add the quotation marks. For it is an otherwise wit who remembers the genesis of his jokes!

Nothing more natural, therefore, than that Darrow, prancing and pawing in his discomfort at awaiting the end of the club session, should fall upon a dainty bit of femininity stretched out before the great wood fire in the library on cold afternoons, with the most distracting buckled and slipped feet resting on the brass rods of the fender. What had been a bitter pill for him he was beginning to accept as Kismet.

For, there was no doubt about it, he had considered Alice an impertinence, a folly, an intrusion, something so bizarre to his fancy in my staid domicile that we had had frequent words on the subject. When a man is fifty and

has built railroads all his life and lived in South Africa for a score of years, drawing-room tricks look puerile. And Alice is as full of these as a monkey.

We had seen Annie Russell one night in "Mice and Men," and what did that young sinner do next day but appear in the drawing-room with floating hair, a basket of ripe strawberries on her arm and the prettiest little bare, plump feet that must have won any man's heart!

But Darrow was adamant.

She was tantalizing, impertinent and omnipresent; she would perch on the arm of his chair, dub him "Grandpapa" and ruffle his few hairs and his complacency with irreverent touch. Then suddenly she would come down upon us with her hordes and relegate us as sort of medieval figures against the tapestry as perspective for her comic opera chorus. And yet I submitted with amused grace, so delicious was the charm of her personality. Darrow, on the other hand, groaned in spirit and openly rebelled.

It came to me, therefore, with something of an electric shock when I sought the library one drizzling night intent upon my five o'clock tea and my impatient lover, to come upon a very cozy and comfortable *tête-à-tête* on the big leather davenport by the side of the snapping hickory fire, and to find Darrow pull himself together with something of an effort to greet me.

But it was as I turned and looked at Alice that the telltale flush on her cheek and sparkle in her eyes revealed to me a glow not wholly due to the wood fire and brass reflectors.

"Miss Alice is so interested in engineering," hazarded Darrow shamefacedly.

Alice and engineering! Saul among the Prophets! Alice, whose sole knowledge of railroads consisted in gazing wearily from Pullman windows and sighing for the end of the journey—Alice, who hesitated to accept my offered trip to California for fear the plumbing in the sleepers might not be good—Alice, who upon Darrow's diatribes upon unsatisfactory railroad beds, suggested the introduction of wire

springs! The veil was suddenly torn from my eyes, and I felt the blood rush to my head and throb in my temples with all the desperation of jealousy.

To find Darrow pacing the floor like a caged lion, to find Alice blandly quizzical and indifferent, was one thing with my homecoming a salvation; to find myself *de trop*, the fifth wheel, the odd number, was quite another.

But added years stood the test of the strain.

My tea was as good, my voice as modulated, my bon mots as felicitous as ever, I flattered myself, and the two traitors took heart of grace. Twenty years earlier I should not have surrendered my guns without a passage at arms. At forty, one has learned to value peace at any price.

So I simply retreated and faced the inevitable. If opportunity was what they wanted—opportunity they should have.

V

AND Alice was conscienceless.

After dealing in monopoly for days, she would suddenly jump the traces and go flying off on moonlight excursions with Shirley or horseback riding with the decrepit General Burnham, leaving Darrow stranded high and dry on my hands, where the situation could be nothing else but strained.

Truth to tell, he cut a very sorry figure in those days. He was too direct and sincere a man, too much a cave man to have mastered my philosophy. So I found myself in the novel position of salving his self-respect; but across the chasm of a sunny-haired, blue-eyed little traitor even the "Moonlight Sonata" lost its charm. He failed to enthuse over South African railroads and feats in bridge building that I might never hope to see, and sometimes he looked so like the great blundering boy that he was that the maternal instinct rose strongly within me; I longed to shake him well and make him stand up once and think for himself.

But a woman does nothing of the kind. Forty against twenty is at odds. If I let things drift, it was with the

well defined hope that the scales would fall from Darrow's eyes—an unlikely miracle, or, what was far more probable, that Alice would tire of her bargain.

It was at bedtime that Alice came in one night in her sweet, fluffy blue *négligé*, out of which she bloomed like a lily, and told me the hour had struck.

Never had she looked so alluring, so innocent, so childlike; never had she been so delightful; and at the same time, never had I been so conscious of the little cat she was.

"I don't wonder he loves you, Alice."

"Do you not?"

"But do you love him?"

"Do I not?" Alice made a grimace, absurd, delicious. "Why, you blessed old Queenie, I have always adored him. But I thought it was you he admired—I did, indeed! And it never was!"

"No?" Oh, you men, you men!

"No, never; for I asked him."

"Alice!"

"Yes. I wanted to know, for he had treated me shamefully all those days, like dust under his feet, like chaff—piff, paff—and the lump used to come in my throat. But he says no, no—that you are above all women, far, far finer than I—"

"Poor Alice!"

"But too hard, too brilliant, too sophisticated, ever to love; and he cares but just to worship at a shrine, but not to marry—a woman of ice—"

"Alice, spare me!" I cried. "This is too much like being at one's own funeral and hearing the remarks over one's dead body. You must not, dear."

But Alice paid no heed.

"And Shirley—what a poor thing he is beside him! And Colonel Burnham is a joke. Why, Queenie, when Mr. Darrow loves a person he is quite a different man. His very look caresses you; he is all about you; he oppresses you. You have no power of will—"

"Alice!"

There was a pause.

"I came to you, Queenie," said Alice with hurt dignity, "because I thought you would be glad for me; but as Mr. Darrow says, you are a woman of marble and don't care for anyone!"

I leaned over, compelling and arresting her glance

"Alice," I said sternly, "I care so much that if I thought you would not do all in your power to make that fine heart happy, I should simply snap that little butterfly neck of yours in two!"

Alice drew a long breath. "One would think you had been in love with the man yourself," she said pertly.

And that was the last word we had on the subject.

VI

WHEN Darrow came to me I was relieved to find him the man of good judgment I had always taken him to be. I was spared all manner of rhapsodies on Alice's perfections, but in the clear, steady gaze she snatched from him he showed the sincere feeling that was a credit and a distinction to his manhood. However complex that small sinner's sentiments might have been, Darrow at least was single-minded.

He did, however, see fit to make a passing comment upon his ungracious return for my abundant and long standing hospitality.

"You have given me," he said, "the only taste of home life I have ever known, and now I propose to steal the sunshine out of that home."

I might have added what was much more to the point, that he had stolen the very heart out of my bosom, which was a much graver matter. But I merely used it as a mental reservation. Moreover, philosophy prompted me to reflect that, as I had lived two score years without him, I should probably manage to drag out my other two score quite as successfully.

I did see fit to enlighten him with regard to Alice's vagaries.

"You must remember," I said, "that Alice is a much spoiled young woman, spoiled by her companions and spoiled by a doting old maid who is really her worst enemy. You have come, as I have, to the chimney corner period of life. Nothing appeals to you so much after a busy day as your own fireside, your wife, and your cigar, your old

smoking jacket and shuffle shoon. Alice, on the other hand, wants life and gaiety and change, and you, out of the goodness of your heart, will give it to her and sacrifice your comfort to Alice's whims.

"Should she covet a girdle of your Kimberley diamonds—give it to her if you can. If she wants to dance or coquette in reason, give her the ribbons; it is only a little prance, and she will come back, and as the years go, steady down into one of those dear, devoted little women men adore."

If I thought that I was dropped neatly out of the matter I was to find out my mistake, for the coming weeks plunged me into such a vortex of all sorts of festivities that I simply lived from day to day and took short views of the future.

VII

"SCANDAL," says Hafiz, "is the pepper and salt of the dish called Society. Of Pride there are two kinds: one, magnificent velvet fit for a queen to wear, the other cotton velveteen—a shabby imitation."

Mine was of the last variety, and I could literally see the white feathers sticking through it.

It was purely to avoid remark that I plunged into a very spectacular wedding, much to Alice's delight. I wanted no reflections on my recent failure; so I became prey for florists and caterers and linen drapers and music unions, for owners of palm gardens and jewelers. I even kept tab on the wedding presents from my own old and valued friends. In fact, if there is any species of torture to which Alice did not subject me, I have yet to learn of it.

I went through the motions at least, if my heart was as heavy as lead. It was with a genuine sigh of relief that I beheld the knot finally tied. Then the buzz of congratulations began, and I bore bravely on, not stopping short even at the wedding cake.

It was a very difficult thing to visualize Alice on the African veldt, Alice, who would shut out the light of heaven

any day by preference for electric bulbs and hothouse flowers, Alice, whose love of nature confined itself strictly to the human species. But not for a moment did I doubt her resources in extremity.

No acclimating for Alice, for in her geography space was annihilated, and at the advent of Jack or Janey South African climate would be sure to affect her nerves and she would announce to the disturbed Darrow her intention of running over to New York for a while.

And "run" she would, bringing the Jacks and the Janey to leave on her Queenie's capable hands, for old maids are traditional mothers, while she in the meantime would regain her spirits and roses at balls and bridge.

Nor need the lonely distracted man on the South African veldt look for voluminous epistles from his heart's desire. In a day of telephones and cables

Alice had left epistolary eloquence out of her curriculum. It belonged to another day and generation.

So in the intervals of darning and administering noxious doses I could behold myself penning long and detailed nursery accounts and paying penance for every sin I had committed in forming an involuntary matrimonial bureau.

It was only a passing vision, however, as Alice swept down the stairs in her dear gray trappings, Darrow having much ado to keep pace with her. And the carriage rolled off amid the shower of rice and slippers as I caught a vivid glimpse of the saucy, piquant face at the carriage window, with a background of my recreant lover, who as he fled carried with him my last tinge of romance, and as I stepped serenely over the "dead line" relegated me to the Ancient and Honorable Society of Old Maids."



ONE SPLENDID HOUR

By MARION CUMMINGS STANLEY

ONE splendid hour of wonder and delight!
Great Love beside us stayed his flaming flight
Each unto each, we turned in swift surprise;
I saw your soul awaken in your eyes.
The empty heaven thrilled with mystic light,
And the bare years did blossom red and white.
We knew Love's rapture, and we owned his might
One splendid hour.

Fate darkened. Even as a flower that dies,
For you it faded, but for me there lies
Deep in the casket of the years alight
As in the dark a hidden jewel bright,
A blood red ruby purchased with a price—
One splendid hour.

L'EMPRISONNÉE

Par LUCIE DELARUE-MARDRUS

QUELLE épidémie a forcé le proviseur du lycée à licencier ses élèves avant les vacances de fin d'année? Maintenant, comme une bande d'oiseaux hors de la cage, tous les garçonnetts s'échappent aux quatre points cardinaux, retournant vers leurs respectives familles.

Un de ceux-là enfoncé dans le compartiment de troisième qui l'emporte vers son pays, se recueille, les yeux fermés, dans une immobile et muette ivresse. Le paysage ne l'intéresse pas encore. Il relèvera ses paupières quand on commencera d'entrer en Normandie, quand les premiers chaumes apparaîtront entre des pommiers sans feuilles, au milieu des prés restés verts.

Des réflexions confuses hantent son cerveau de onze ans. Certaines phrases du discours prononcé la veille par le proviseur, et qu'on a recommandé aux élèves de méditer, lui reviennent:

—N'oubliez pas que vous êtes l'avenir. . . . Travaillez pour la société. . . .

Il faut que chacun de vous participe, dans la mesure de ses moyens, à l'universel progrès. . .

Les mots se scandent au rythme du train. Puis brusquement, une impérieuse apparition prime toute autre pensée. L'enfant revoit le coin de forêt domaniale vers lequel il retourne, la maison forestière où il est né, son père déjà agé, grisonnant sous sa casquette galonnée de garde, sa mère douce et silencieuse. Mais, involontairement, son amour va surtout vers une place entre les arbres, une lointaine place d'ombre, de lierre et de mousse où, d'entre quatre grosses racines, sort, avec un petit bruit d'oiseau, une source si vigoureuse

que, dès sa naissance, elle ravine une bonne partie de la hêtraie.

Personne ne vient à cette source, et les femmes n'y lavent jamais. Qui donc, autre qu'un petit garçon musard, songerait à hanter cette clairière "perdue, comme disent les fermiers, dans le fin milieu du bois!"

L'enfant n'y a jamais vu, dans le mystère crépusculaire ou par les aurores mouillées, que la silhouette impressionnante de quelque cerf arborescent, lequel, pour boire, s'avancait avec tant d'orgueil qu'on eût dit que toute la forêt lui sortait de la tête.

Il va donc revoir sa source ensauvagée! Le bonheur qu'il en éprouve est si grand et mystérieux qu'il lui semble que ce doit être un mauvais sentiment. Et comme il est un bon petit garçon honnête et plein de scrupules, vite il se remet à méditer sur le discours du proviseur.

—Travaillez pour la société—Avenir. . . . Universel progrès. . . .

Mais il ne peut arriver à comprendre pourquoi lui, gamin inoffensif, amoureux d'une source, il représente l'avenir et le progrès. Il ne comprend pas pourquoi ses parents, qui n'ont d'autre enfant que lui, l'ont un jour amené dans ce lycée noir qui n'a rien à voir avec la maison forestière, les arbres, les cerfs; qui n'a rien à voir avec le sourire maternel si doux, un peu triste. . . . Il paraît qu'on a dépensé pour cela le peu d'argent qu'on avait mis de côté. Pourtant, à qui ce lycée fait-il plaisir? Le père avait des yeux si douloureux quand l'enfant est parti, la mère pleurait si fort. . . . Et lui, petit être capricant, pauvre gosse des bois, si heureux de jouer avec ses amis les gros hêtres et sa petite cama-

rade la source, que fait-il, encore tout embaumé des encens de la forêt, encore tout pantelant de liberté, que fait-il au milieu des glacials étrangers, prisonnier de la discipline scolaire?

—N'oubliez pas que vous êtes l'avenir. . . . Travaillez pour la société. . .

Le petit garçon médite; et déjà sa songerie commence à faire de lui la grande personne qu'il doit devenir. C'est alors qu'il sera habitué; c'est alors qu'il sera fané. . . . Qui ferait jamais reflourir un bouton de rose resté des années entre les pages d'un gros dictionnaire?

Avant d'entrer dans sa clairière, le collégien s'arrêta, le cœur battant, comme au seuil d'un palais naturel. Il avait, la veille, dit à ses parents, d'un air aussi indifférent que possible:

—Demain, j'irai me promener du côté des hêtraies. . . .

Après qu'il eut repris sa respiration, il se décida enfin à pénétrer sous la hêtraie d'arrière-automne où quelques feuilles orangées demeuraient suspendues aux branches. Ses pieds enfonçaient dans des jonchées de toutes couleurs, sèches et craquantes. Il faisait presque tiède, malgré la saison. De tous côtés, les puissantes racines des hêtres, gonflées comme des muscles, entraient en se tordant au cœur de la terre. Et voici que, dans le silence enchanté, l'enfant crut entendre au loin, du côté de la source, quelque chose comme un coup sourd, régulièrement frappé sur une invisible enclume.

Quel forgeron avait eu l'idée de s'installer dans ce désert forestier? Le petit, étonné, un peu nerveux, s'avança quand même bravement. Il ne croyait pas aux contes de fées. Et puis, cette averse de soleil décembre à travers branches était trop claire, trop gaie pour qu'aucune superstition l'agitât. Cependant quand il atteignit le lit de la source, là où elle ravinait si sauvagement la terre, il se stupéfia de le trouver à sec. A la suite de quel orage dévastateur l'eau avait-elle dirigé son cours dans un autre sens? . . . Il avançait toujours. Maintenant, le coup sourd se rapprochait, remplissait sinistrement toute la clai-

rière. L'enfant hésita une seconde, puis, se forçant au courage, il se mit à courir à travers les feuilles mortes. Ne fallait-il pas en avoir le cœur net?

Et tout à coup, comme il arrivait sur la source, il s'arrêta, poussa un cri aigu, enfonça, de terreur, ses ongles dans ses joues.

La source, la source? Où était la source? . . . Là, à la place où elle sortait jadis d'entre les quatre racines, un petit bâtiment neuf, de bois et de maçonnerie s'élevait, avec un toit de tuiles et une porte cadénassée. De tout près l'enfant entendit le coup sourd, le coup sinistre du forgeron invisible. Alors il comprit l'horrible chose.

Ce marteau dans la forêt, c'était ce que les plombiers appellent "le coup de bélier." C'était l'effort de l'eau animant toute une machinerie. La source avait été captée pour alimenter la ville proche. Son fantasma bondissement de jadis à travers cailloux et fougères emplissait aujourd'hui des tuyaux et des robinets. La source était là dedans enfermée; et c'était elle qui frappait pour demander du secours, pour réclamer la liberté, qui frappait comme les princesses captives des légendes, qui frappait désespérément pour appeler son petit ami parti au loin!

L'enfant ouvre la bouche pour crier encore, pour hurler son indignation à travers le silence de la forêt. Mais il s'arrête dans son mouvement; de grosses larmes jaillissent de ses yeux; et, baissant la tête sur sa poitrine étroite, il va, sans mot dire, s'accoter contre la bâtisse scélérate.

Car le sort de sa source infortunée lui explique enfin son propre destin. Il comprend tout: le discours du proviseur et l'acte de ses parents; il comprend le lycée noir, l'étude glaciale, les masses de petits garçons enfermés comme lui, et que cela est le coup de bélier nécessaire pour alimenter les robinets de l'avenir? Il comprend que l'enfance claire est une source à jamais captée, une source emprisonnée, et qu'il est bien inutile qu'elle frappe si fort à la porte, puisque aucune puissance au monde ne pourra lui rendre sa liberté.

HAVOC

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Arthur Dorward, a young American journalist in Vienna, secures for his paper a great "beat"—a full account of a private conference between the Emperor and the Czar, and attempts to get out of the country with his papers. On the train with him is David Bellamy, an English diplomatic agent, and several Austrian secret service men. Dorward is attacked by the Austrians, thrown from the train and his papers taken from him. Bellamy then plots to secure the papers and enlists the help of Louise Idiale, a Servian opera singer, who proceeds to encourage the attentions of Von Behrling, in charge of the Austrian party, and induces him to agree to sell the papers to the English government. He turns over to Bellamy a packet, found to contain only blank paper, for which the English have paid twenty thousand pounds, and Bellamy is thereby discredited. Von Behrling is found murdered that same evening. Stephen Laverick, a broker, finds the body and takes with him the wallet found on the dead man. He uses the money to tide over a business crisis, and helps his late partner, Arthur Morrison, to get out of the country. He buys off a man, James Shepherd, who has evidence tending to incriminate Morrison, and takes the latter's half-sister to dinner at a restaurant, where he makes the acquaintance of Mlle. Idiale. She visits him at his office, ostensibly to buy stocks, then invites him to come to the Opera and join her at supper later. There she charges him with knowledge of the pocketbook taken from the dead man, and demands that he deliver to her a document contained therein.

This novel began in the September SMART SET. Back copies of the magazine may be had from any newsdealer or the publishers.

XXVI

IT was, in its way, a pathetic sight upon which Laverick gazed when he stole into that shabby little sitting room. Zoe had fallen asleep in a small, uncomfortable easy chair with its back to the window. Her supper of bread and milk was half finished; her hat lay upon the table. A book was upon her lap as though she had started to read only to find it slip through her fingers. He stood with his elbow upon the mantelpiece, looking down at her. Her eyelashes, long and silky, were more beautiful than ever now that her eyes were closed. Her complexion, pale though she was, seemed more the creamy pallor of some Southern race than the whiteness of ill health. The bodice of her dress was open a few inches at the neck, showing the faint white smoothness of her skin. Not even her shabby shoes could conceal the perfect shape of her

feet and ankles. Once more he remembered his first simile, his first thought of her. She seemed, indeed, like some dainty statuette, uncouthly clad, who had strayed from a world of her own upon rough days and found herself ill equipped for the struggle. His heart grew hot with anger against Morrison as he stood and watched her. Supposing she had been different! It would have been his fault, leaving her alone to battle her way through the most difficult of all lives. Brute!

He had muttered the word half aloud and she suddenly opened her eyes. At first she seemed bewildered. Then she smiled and sat up. "I have been asleep!" she exclaimed.

"A most unnecessary statement," he answered, smiling. "I have been standing looking at you for five minutes at least."

"How fortunate that I gave you the key!" she declared. "I don't suppose

I should ever have heard you. Now please stand there in the light and let me look at you."

"Why?"

"I want to look at a man who has had supper with Mademoiselle Idiale."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Am I supposed to be a wanderer out of Paradise, then?"

She looked at him doubtfully.

"They tell strange stories about her," she said; "but, oh, she is so beautiful! If I were a man I should fall in love with her if she even looked my way."

"Then I am glad," he answered, "that I am less impressionable."

"And you are not in love with her?" she asked eagerly.

"Why should I be?" he laughed.

"She is like a wonderful picture, a marvelous statue, if you will. Everything about her is faultless. But one looks at these things calmly enough, you know. It is life which stirs life."

"Do you think that there is no life in her veins, then?" Zoe asked.

"If there is," he answered, "I do not think that I am the man to stir it."

She drew a little sigh of content.

"You see," she said, "you are my first admirer, and I haven't the least desire to let you go."

"Incredible!" he declared.

"But it is true," she answered earnestly. "You would not have me talk to those boys who come and hang on at the stage door! The men to whom I have been introduced by the other girls have been very few, and they have not been very nice. They have not cared for me and I have not cared for them. I think," she said, disconsolately, "I am too small. Every one today seems to like big women. Cora Sinclair, who is just behind me in the chorus, gets bouquets every night and simply chooses with whom she should go out to supper."

Laverick looked grave. "You are not envying her?" he asked.

"Not in the least, as long as I, too, am taken out sometimes."

Laverick smiled and sat on the arm of her chair.

"Zoe," he said, "I have come because

you told me to, just to prove, you see, that I am not in the toils of Mademoiselle Idiale. But do you know that it is half past one? I must not stay here any longer."

She sighed once more.

"You are right," she admitted, "but it is so lonely. I have never been here without May and her mother. I have never slept alone in the house before the other night. If I had known that they were going away, I should never have dared to come here."

"It is too bad," he declared. "Couldn't you get one of the other girls to stay with you?"

She shook her head. "There are one or two whom I would like to have," she said, "but they are all living either at home or with relatives. The others I am afraid about. They seem to like to stay up so late and—"

"You are quite right," he interrupted hastily, "quite right. You are better alone. But you ought to have a servant."

She laughed.

"On two pounds fifteen a week?" she asked. "You must remember that I could not even live here, only I have practically no rent to pay."

He fidgeted for a moment.

"Zoe," he said, "I am perfectly serious when I tell you that I have money which should go to your brother. Why will you not let me alter your arrangements just a little? I cannot bear to think of you here all alone."

"It is very kind of you," she answered doubtfully, "but please, no. Somehow I think that it would spoil everything if I accepted that sort of help from you. If you have any money of Arthur's keep it for a time, and when you write him—I do not want to seem grasping but I think if he has any to spare you might suggest that he give me just a little. I have never had anything from him at all. Perhaps he does not quite understand how hard it is for me."

"I will do that, of course," Laverick answered, "but I wish you would let me at least pay over a little of what I consider due to you. I will take the

responsibility for it. It will come from him and not from me."

She remained unconvinced.

"I would rather wait," she said. "If you really want to give me something, I will let you—out of my brother's money, of course, I mean," she added. "I haven't anything saved at all, or I wouldn't have that. But one day you shall take me out and buy me a dress and hat. You can tell Arthur directly you write to him. I don't mind that, for sometimes I do feel ashamed—I did the other night to have you sit with me there, and to feel that I was dressed so very differently from all of them."

He laughed reassuringly.

"I don't think men notice those things. To me you seemed just as you should seem. I only know that I was glad enough to be there with you."

"Were you?"

"Of course I was. Now I am going, but before I go, don't forget Monday afternoon. We'll have lunch and then go to your brother's rooms."

She glanced at the clock. "Is it really so late?" she asked.

"It is. Don't you notice how quiet it is outside?"

They stood hand in hand for a moment. A strange silence seemed to have fallen upon the streets. Laverick was suddenly conscious of something which he had never felt when Mademoiselle Idiale had smiled upon him—a quickening of the pulses, a sense of gathering excitement which took almost his breath away. His eyes were fixed upon hers, and he seemed to see the reflection of that same wave of feeling in her own expressive face. Her lips trembled; her eyes were deeper and softer than ever. They seemed to be asking him a question, asking and asking till every fiber of his body was concentrated in the desperate effort with which he kept her at arm's length.

"Is it so very late?" she whispered, coming just a little closer, so that she was indeed almost within the shelter of his arms.

He clutched her hands almost roughly and raised them to his lips.

"Much too late for me to stay here,

child," he said, and his voice even to himself sounded hard and unnatural. "Run along to bed. Tomorrow night—tomorrow night, then, I will fetch you. Good-bye."

He let himself out. He did not even look behind to the spot where he had left her. He closed the front door and walked with swift, almost savage footsteps down the quiet street, across the Square, and into New Oxford Street. Here he seemed to breathe more freely. He called a hansom and drove to his rooms.

The hall porter had left his post in the front hall, and there was no one to inform Laverick that a visitor was awaiting him. When he entered his sitting room, however, he gave a little start of surprise. James Shepherd was reclining in his easy chair with his hands upon his knees—with his face more pasty even than usual, his eyes a trifle greener, his whole demeanor one of unconcealed and unaffected terror.

"Hello!" Laverick exclaimed. "What the dickens—what do you want here, Shepherd?"

"Upon my word, sir, I'm not sure that I know," the man replied, "but I'm scared. I've brought you back the certificates of them shares. I want you to keep them for me. I'm terrified lest they come and search my room. I am, I tell you. I'm afraid to order a pint of beer for myself. They're watching me all the time."

"Who are?" Laverick demanded.

"Lord knows who," Shepherd answered, "but there's two of them at it. I told you about them as asked questions, and I thought there we'd done and finished with it. Not a bit of it! There was another one there this afternoon, said he was a journalist, making sketches of the passage and asking me no end of questions. He wasn't no journalist, I'll swear to that. I asked him about his paper. 'Half a dozen,' he declared. 'They're all glad to have what I send them.' Journalist! Lord knows who the other chap was and what he was asking questions for, but this one was a 'tec, straight. Joe Forman, he was in today looking after my place, for

I'd given a month's notice, and he says to me, 'You see that big chap?'—meaning him as had been asking me the questions—and I says 'Yes,' and he says, 'That's a 'tec. I've seed him in a police court giving evidence.' I went all of a shiver so that you could have knocked me down."

"Come, come," said Laverick. "There's no need for you to be feeling like this about it. All that you've done is not to have remembered those two customers who were in your restaurant late one night. There's nothing criminal in that."

"There's something criminal in having two hundred and fifty pounds' worth of shares in one's pocket—something suspicious, anyway," Shepherd declared, plumping them down on the table. "I ain't giving you these back, mind, but you must keep 'em for me. I wish I'd never given notice. I think I'll ask the boss to keep me on."

"Why do you suppose that this man is particularly interested in you?" Laverick inquired.

"Ain't I told you?" Shepherd exclaimed, sitting up. "Why, he's been to my place down in 'Ammersmith, asking questions about me. My landlady swears he didn't go into my room, but who can tell whether he did or not? Those sort of chaps can get in anywhere. Then I went out for a bit of an airing after the one o'clock rush was over today, and I'm danged if he wasn't at my 'eels. I seed him coming round by Liverpool Street just as I went in a bar to get a drop of something."

Laverick frowned. "If there is anything in this story, Shepherd," he said, "if you are really being followed, what a thundering fool you were to come here! All the world knows that Arthur Morrison was my partner."

"I couldn't help it, sir," the man declared. "I couldn't, indeed. I was so scared, I felt I must speak about it to someone. And then there were these shares. There was nowhere I could keep 'em safe."

"Look here," Laverick went on; "you're alarming yourself about nothing. In any case, there is only one

thing for you to do. Pull yourself together and put a bold face upon it. I'll keep these certificates for you, and when you want some money you can come to me for it. Go back to your place, and if your boss is willing to keep you on perhaps it would be a good thing to stay there for another month or so. But don't let anyone see that you're frightened. Remember, there's nothing that you can get into trouble for. No one's obliged to answer such questions as you've been asked, except in a court and under oath. Stick to your story, and if you take my advice," Laverick added, glancing at his visitor's shaking fingers, "you will keep away from the drink."

"It's little enough I've had, sir," Shepherd assured him. "A drop now and then just to keep up one's spirits."

"Make it as little as possible," Laverick said. "Remember, I'm back of you; I'll see that you get into no trouble. And don't come here again. Come to my office, if you like—there's nothing in that—but don't come here; you understand?"

Shepherd took up his hat. "I understand, sir. I'm sorry to have troubled you, but the sight of that man following me about fairly gave me the shivers."

"Come into the office as often as you like, in reason," Laverick said, showing him out, "but not here again. Keep your eyes open, and let me know if you think you've been followed here."

"There's no more news in the papers, sir? Nothing turned up?"

"Nothing," replied Laverick. "If the police have found out anything at all, they will keep it until after the inquest."

"And you've heard nothing, sir," Shepherd asked, speaking in a hoarse whisper, "of Mr. Morrison?"

"Nothing," Laverick answered. "Mr. Morrison is abroad."

The man wiped his forehead with his hand.

"Of course," he muttered. "A good job, too, for him."

XXVII

ON the following morning Laverick surprised his office cleaner and one errand boy by appearing at about a quarter to nine. He found a woman busy brushing out his room and a man cleaning the windows. They stared at him in amazement. His arrival at such an hour was absolutely unprecedented.

"You can leave the office just as it is, if you please," he told them. "I have a few things to attend to at once."

He was accordingly left alone. He had reckoned upon this as being the one period during the day when he could rely upon not being disturbed. Nevertheless, he locked the door so as to be secure against any possible intruder. Then he went to his safe, unlocked it, and drew from its secret drawer the worn brown leather pocketbook.

First of all he took out the notes and laid them upon the table. Then he felt the pocketbook all over and his heart gave a little leap. It was true what Mademoiselle Idiale had told him. On one side there was distinctly a rustling as of paper. He opened the case quite flat and passed his fingers carefully over the lining. Very soon he found the opening—it was simply a matter of drawing down the stiff silk lining from underneath the overlapping edge. Thrusting in his fingers, he drew out a long foreign envelope, securely sealed. Scarcely stopping to glance at it, he rearranged the pocketbook, replaced the notes and locked it up again. Then he unbolted his door and sat down at his desk, with the document which he had discovered on the pad in front of him.

There was not much to be made of it. There was no address, but the black seal at the end bore the impression of a foreign coat of arms and a motto which to him was indecipherable. He held it up to the light, but the outside sheet had not been written on, and he gained no idea as to its contents. He leaned back in his chair for a moment, and looked at it. So this was the document which would probably reveal the secret of the murder in Crooked Friars Alley! This

was the document which Mademoiselle Idiale considered of so much more importance than the fortune represented by that packet of banknotes! What did it all mean? Was this man, who had either expiated a crime or been the victim of a terrible vengeance, a politician, a dealer in trade secrets, a member of a secret society, an informer? Or was he one of the underground criminals of the world, one of those who crawl beneath the surface of known things, a creature of the dark places? Perhaps during those few minutes, when his brain was cool and active, with the great city awakening all around him, Laverick realized more completely than ever before exactly how he stood. Without doubt he was walking on the brink of a precipice. Four days ago there had been nothing for him but ruin. The means of salvation had suddenly presented themselves in this startling and dramatic manner, and without hesitation he had embraced them. What did it all amount to? How far was he guilty, and of what? Was he a thief? The law would probably call him so. The law might have even more to say. It would say that by keeping his mouth closed as to his adventure on that night he had ranged himself on the side of the criminals—was guilty not only of technical theft, but of a criminal knowledge of this terrible crime. Events had followed upon one another so rapidly during these last few days that he had little enough time for reflection, little time to realize exactly how he stood. The long-expected boom in Unions, the coming of Zoe, the strange advances made to him by Mademoiselle Idiale, her incomprehensible connection with this tragedy across which he had stumbled, and her apparent knowledge of his share in it—these things were sufficient indeed to give him food for thought. Laverick was not by nature a pessimist. Yet in those few minutes, while he waited for the business of the day to commence, he looked his exact position in the face and realized how grave it really was. How was he to find a way out—to set himself right with the law? What could he do with those notes? His eyes

repeatedly sought the envelope which lay before him. Inside it must lie the secret of the whole tragedy. Should he risk everything and break the seal, or should he risk perhaps as much and tell the whole truth to Mademoiselle Idiale? It was a strange dilemma for a man to find himself in.

The business of the day commenced. A pile of letters was brought in; the telephones in the outer office began to ring. He thrust the sealed envelope into the breast pocket of his coat and buttoned it up.

Her visit was not altogether unexpected, and yet, when they told him that Mademoiselle Idiale was outside, he hesitated.

"It is the lady who was here the other day," his head clerk reminded him. "We made a remarkably good choice of stocks for her. They must be showing nearly sixteen hundred pounds' profit. Perhaps she wants to realize."

"In any case, you had better show her in," said Laverick.

She came, bringing with her, notwithstanding her black clothes and heavy veil, the atmosphere of a strange world into his somewhat severely furnished office. Her skirts swept his carpet with a musical swirl. She carried with her a faint, indefinable perfume of violets.

He rose to his feet and pointed to a chair. "You have come to ask about your shares?" he asked politely. "So far we have nothing but good news for you."

She recognized that he spoke to her in the presence of his clerk, and she waved her hand.

"Women who will come themselves to look after their poor investments are a nuisance, I suppose," she said. "But I will not keep you long. A few minutes are all that I shall ask of you. I am beginning to find city affairs so interesting."

They were alone now and Louise raised her veil. She leaned back in her chair and looked at him thoughtfully.

"You have examined the pocket-book?" she asked.

"I have."

"And the document was there?"

"The document was there," he admitted. "Perhaps you can tell me how it would be addressed?"

Looking at her closely, it came to him that her indifference was assumed. She was shivering slightly, as though with cold.

"I imagine that there would be no address," she said.

"You are right. That document is in my pocket."

"What are you going to do with it?" she asked.

"What do you advise me to do with it?"

"Give it to me."

"Have you any claim?"

She leaned a little nearer to him.

"At least I have more claim to it," she whispered, "than you to that twenty thousand pounds."

"I do not claim it," he replied. "It is in my safe at this moment untouched, ready to be returned to its proper owner."

"We waste words," she continued coldly. "I think that if I leave you with the contents of your safe, it will be wise for you to hand me that document."

"I am inclined to do so," Laverick admitted. "The very fact that you knew of its existence would seem to give you a sort of claim to it. But, Mademoiselle Idiale, will you answer me a few questions?"

"I think," she said, "that it would be better if you asked me none."

"But listen," he begged. "You are the only person with whom I have come in touch who seems to know anything about this affair. I should rather like to tell you exactly how I stumbled in upon it. Why can we not exchange confidence for confidence? I want neither the twenty thousand pounds nor the document. I want, to be frank with you, nothing but to escape from the position I am now in of being half a thief and half a criminal. Show me some claim to that document and you shall have it. Tell me to whom that money belongs, and it shall be restored."

"You are incomprehensible," she de-

clared. "Are you by any chance playing a part with me? Do you think that it is worth while?"

"Mademoiselle Idiale," Laverick protested earnestly, "nothing in the world is further from my thoughts. There is very little of the conspirator about me. I am a plain man of business who stumbled in upon this affair at a critical moment and dared to make temporary use of his discovery. You can put it, if you like, that I am afraid—I want to get out. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to send this pocketbook and its contents anonymously to Scotland Yard and never hear about them again."

She listened to him with unchanged face. Yet for some moments she was thoughtful.

"You may be speaking the truth," she said. "If so, I have been deceived. You are not quite the sort of man I did believe you were. What you tell me is amazing, but it may be true."

"It is the truth," Laverick repeated calmly.

"Listen," she said, after a brief pause. "You were at school with Mr. David Bellamy, were you not? You know well who he is?"

"Perfectly well," Laverick admitted.

"You would consider him a person to be trusted?"

"Absolutely."

"Very well, then," she declared. "You shall come to my flat at five o'clock this afternoon and bring that document. David Bellamy shall be there himself. We will try then to prove to you that you do no harm in parting with that document to us."

"I will come," Laverick promised.

"You will put it down, please," she said. "There must not be any mistake. I am staying at Number 15, Dover Street."

She rose to her feet and he walked to the door with her.

"Take care of yourself today, Mr. Laverick," she begged. "There are others beside myself who are interested in that packet you carry. You represent to them things beside which life and death are trivial happenings."

Laverick laughed shortly. He was a matter-of-fact man, and there seemed something a little absurd in such a warning.

"I do not think," he declared, "that you need have any fear. London is a dull old city, but a remarkably safe one to live in."

He bowed and changed the subject.

"Your investments," he remarked, "you will be content, perhaps, to leave as they are. It is no doubt of some interest to you to know that they are showing already a profit of considerably over a thousand pounds."

She shrugged her shoulders. "It was an excuse, that investment," she declared. "Yet money is always good. Keep it for me, Mr. Laverick, and do what you will. I will trust your judgment. Buy or sell as you please. You will let nothing prevent your coming this afternoon?"

"Nothing," he promised her.

XXVIII

AN hour after Mademoiselle Idiale's departure a note marked "urgent" was brought in and handed to Laverick. He tore it open. It was dated from the address of a firm of stockbrokers, with two of the partners of which he was on friendly terms. It ran thus:

MY DEAR LAVERICK:

I want a chat with you if you can spare five minutes at lunch time. Come to Lyons's a little earlier than usual—say at a quarter to one.

J. HENSHAW.

Laverick read the typewritten note carelessly enough at first. He had even laid it down and glanced at the clock, with the intention of starting out, when a thought struck him. He took it up and read it through again. Then he turned to the telephone.

"Put me on to the office of Henshaw & Allen. I want to speak to Mr. Henshaw particularly."

When the telephone bell rang he took up the receiver. "Hello! Is that Henshaw?"

"I'm Henshaw," was the answer. "That's Laverick, isn't it? How are you, old fellow?"

"I'm all right," Laverick replied. "What is it that you want to see me about?"

"Nothing particular that I know of. Who told you that I wanted to?"

Laverick, who had been standing with the instrument in his hand, sat down in his chair.

"Look here," he said, "didn't you send me a note a few minutes ago, asking me to come out to lunch at a quarter to one and meet you at Lyons's?"

Henshaw's laugh was sufficient response.

"Delighted to lunch with you there or anywhere, old chap—you know that," was the answer; "but someone's been putting up a practical joke on you."

"You did not send me a note this morning, then?" Laverick insisted.

"I'll swear I didn't," came the reply. "Do you seriously mean that you've had one purporting to come from me?"

Laverick pulled himself together.

"Well, the signature's such a scrawl," he said, "that no one could tell what the name really was. I guessed at you but I seem to have guessed wrong. Good-bye."

He set down the receiver and rang off to escape further questioning. The plot was commencing to thicken. This was a deliberate effort on the part of someone to secure his absence from his office from a quarter to one.

With the document in his pocket and the safe securely locked, Laverick felt at ease as to the result of any attempted burglary of his premises. At the same time his curiosity was excited. Here, perhaps, was a chance of finding some clue to this impenetrable mystery.

There were three clerks in the outer office. He put on his hat and despatched two of them on errands in different directions. The last he was obliged to take into his confidence.

"Halsey," he said, "I am going out to lunch. At least, I wish it to be thought that I am going out to lunch. As a matter of fact, I shall return in about ten minutes by the back way. I do not wish you, however, to know this. I want you to have it in your mind that I have gone to lunch and shall not be

back until a quarter past two. If there are visitors for me, inquirers of any sort, act exactly as you would have done if you really believed that I was not in the building."

Halsey appeared a good deal mystified. Laverick took him even further into his confidence.

"To tell you the truth, Halsey," he said, "I have just received a bogus letter from Mr. Henshaw, asking me to lunch with him. Someone was evidently anxious to get me out of my office for an hour or so. I want to find out for myself what this means. You understand?"

"I think so, sir," the man replied doubtfully. "I am not to be aware that you have returned, then?"

"Certainly not," Laverick answered. "Please be quite clear about that. If you hear any commotion in the office you can come in, but do not send for the police unless I tell you to. I wish to look into this affair for myself."

Halsey, who was distinctly formal in his ideas, was a little shocked.

"Would it not be better, sir," he suggested, "for me to communicate with the police in the first case? If this should really turn out to be an attempt at burglary, it would surely be best to leave the matter to them?"

Laverick frowned. "For certain reasons, Halsey, I have a strong desire to investigate this matter personally. Please do exactly as I say."

He left the office and strolled up the street in the direction of the restaurant which he chiefly frequented. He reached it in a moment or two, but left at once by another entrance. Within ten minutes he was back at his office.

"Has anyone been here, Halsey?"

"No one, sir," the clerk answered.

"You will be so good," Laverick continued, "as to forget that I have returned."

He passed on quickly into his own room and made his way into the small closet where he kept his coat and washed his hands. He had scarcely been there a minute when he heard voices in the outside hall. The door of the office was opened.

"Mr. Laverick said nothing about an appointment at this hour," he heard Halsey protest in a somewhat deprecating tone.

"He had perhaps forgotten," was the answer, in a totally unfamiliar voice. "At any rate, I am not in a great hurry. The matter is of some importance, however, and I will wait for Mr. Laverick." The visitor was shown in. Laverick investigated his appearance through a crack in the door. He was a man of medium height, well dressed, clean shaven and wore gold-rimmed spectacles. He made himself comfortable in Laverick's easy chair, and accepted the paper which Halsey offered him.

"I shall be quite glad of a rest," he remarked genially. "I have been running about all the morning."

"Mr. Laverick is never very long out for lunch, sir," Halsey said. "I dare say he will not keep you more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes."

The clerk withdrew and closed the door. The man in the chair waited for a moment. Then he laid down his newspaper and looked cautiously around the room. Satisfied apparently that he was alone, he rose to his feet and walked swiftly to Laverick's writing table. With fingers which seemed gifted with a lightninglike capacity for movement, he swung open the drawers, one by one, and turned over the papers. His eyes were everywhere. Every document seemed to be scanned and as rapidly discarded. At last he found something which interested him. He held it up and paused in his search. Laverick heard a little breath come through his teeth, and with a thrill he recognized the paper as one which he had torn from a memorandum tablet and upon which he had written down the address which Mademoiselle Idiale had given him. The man with the gold-rimmed glasses replaced the paper where he had found it. Evidently he was done with the writing table. He moved swiftly over to the safe and stood listening for a few seconds. Then from his pocket he drew a bunch of keys. To Laverick's surprise, at the stranger's first effort the great door of the safe swung open. He

saw the man lean forward, saw his hand reappear almost directly with the pocketbook clenched in his fingers. Then he stood once more quite still, listening. Satisfied that no one was disturbed, he closed the door of the safe softly and moved once more to the writing table. With marvelous swiftiness the notes were laid upon the table, the pocketbook was turned upside down, the secret place disclosed—the secret place which was empty. It seemed to Laverick that from his hiding place he could hear the little oath of disappointment which broke from the thin red lips. The man replaced the notes and, with the pocketbook in his hand, hesitated. Laverick, who thought that things had gone far enough, stepped lightly out from his hiding place and stood between his unbidden visitor and the door.

"You had better put down that pocketbook," he ordered quietly.

The man was upon him with a single spring, but Laverick, without the slightest hesitation, knocked him flat on the floor, where he lay for a moment motionless. Then he slowly picked himself up. His spectacles were broken; he blinked as he stood there.

"Sorry to be so rough," Laverick said. "Perhaps if you will kindly realize that I am much the stronger man, you will be so good as to sit in that chair and tell me the meaning of your intrusion."

The man obeyed. He covered his eyes with his hand for a moment as though in pain.

"I imagine," he said—and it seemed to Laverick that his voice had a slight foreign accent—"I imagine that the motive for my paying you this visit is fairly clear to you. People who have compromising possessions may always expect visits of this sort. You see, one runs so little risk."

"So little risk!" Laverick repeated.

"Exactly," the other answered. "Confess that you are not in the least inclined to ring your bell and send for a constable to give me in charge for being in possession of a pocketbook abstracted from your safe containing twenty thousand pounds in Bank of England notes."

"It wouldn't do at all," Laverick admitted.

"You are a man of common sense," declared the other. "It would *not* do. Now comes the time when I have a question to ask you. There was a sealed document in this pocketbook. Where is it? What have you done with it?"

"Can you tell me," Laverick asked, "why I should answer questions from a person whom I discover apparently engaged in a nefarious attempt at burglary?"

The man's hand shot out from his trouser pocket, and Laverick looked into the gleaming muzzle of a revolver.

"Because if you don't, you die," was the quick reply. "Whether you've read that document or not, I want it. If you've read it, you know the sort of men you've got to deal with. If you haven't, take my word for it that we waste no time. The document! Will you give it me?"

"Do I understand that you are threatening me?" Laverick asked, retreating a few steps.

"You may understand that this is a repeating revolver, and that I seldom miss a half-crown at twenty paces," his visitor answered. "If you put out your hand toward that bell, it will be the last movement you'll ever make on earth."

"London isn't really the place for this sort of thing," Laverick said. "If you discharge that revolver, you haven't a dog's chance of getting clear of the building. My clerks would rush out after you into the street. You'd find yourself surrounded by a crowd of business men. You couldn't make your way through anywhere. You'd be held up before you'd gone a dozen yards. Put down your revolver. We can perhaps settle this little matter without it."

"The document!" the man ordered. "You've got it! You must have it! You took that pocketbook from a dead man, and in that pocketbook was the document. We must have it. We intend to have it."

Laverick shook his head. "I have no document."

The man in the chair leaned forward.

The muzzle of his revolver was very bright, and he held it in fingers which were firm as a rock.

"Give it to me!" he repeated. "You ought to know that you are not dealing with men who are unaccustomed to death. You have it about you. Produce it, and I've done with you. Deny me, and you have not time to say your prayers!"

Laverick was leaning against a small table which stood near the door. His fingers suddenly gripped the ledger which lay upon it. He held it in front of his face for a single moment, and then dashed it at his visitor. He followed behind with one desperate spring. Once, twice, the revolver barked out. Laverick felt the skin of his temple burn and a flick on the ear which reminded him of his school days. Then his hand was upon the other man's throat and the revolver lay upon the carpet.

"We will see about that. By the Lord, I've a good mind to wring the life out of you. That bullet of yours might have been in my temple."

"It was meant to be there," the man gasped. "Hand over the document, you pig-headed fool! It'll cost you your life—if not today, tomorrow."

"I'll be hanged if you get it, anyway!" Laverick answered fiercely. "You assassin! Scoundrel! To come here and make a cold-blooded effort at murder! You shall see what you think of the inside of an English prison," he finished as he released the fellow.

The man laughed contemptuously. "And what about the pocketbook?" he asked.

Laverick was silent. His assailant smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Come," he said; "I have made my effort and failed. You have twenty thousand pounds. That's a fair price, but I'll add another twenty thousand for that document unopened."

"It is possible that we might deal," Laverick remarked, kicking the revolver a little farther away. "Unfortunately, I am too much in the dark. Tell me the real position of the murdered man. Tell me why he was murdered. Tell me the contents of this document and why it

was in his possession. Perhaps I may then be inclined to treat with you."

"You are either an astonishingly ingenuous person, Mr. Laverick," his visitor declared, "or you're too subtle for me. You do not expect me to believe that you are in this with your eyes blindfolded."

"Consider for a moment," he said. "While that document remains in your possession your life hangs upon a thread. Better surrender it and attend to your stocks and shares. Heaven knows how you first came into our affairs, but the sooner you are out of them the better. What do you say now to my offer?"

"It is refused," Laverick declared. "I regret to add," he continued, "that I have already spared you all the time I have at my disposal."

He pressed a button with his finger. His visitor rose up in anger.

"You are not such a fool!" he exclaimed. "Why, I tell you, there won't be a safe corner in the world for you!"

Halsey opened the door. Laverick nodded toward his visitor. "Show this gentleman out, Halsey," he ordered.

Halsey started. The noise of the revolver shot had evidently been muffled by the heavy connecting doors, but there was a smell of gunpowder in the room, and a little wreath of smoke. The man rose slowly to his feet, still blinking.

"It must be as you will, of course. I wonder if you would be so good as to let your clerk direct me to an oculist? I am, unfortunately, a helpless man in this condition."

"There is one a few yards off," Laverick answered. "Put on your hat, Halsey, and show this gentleman where he can get some glasses."

His visitor leaned toward Laverick. "It is your life which is in question, not my eyesight," he muttered. "Do you accept my offer? Will you give me the document?"

"I do not and I will not," Laverick replied. "I shall not part with anything until I know more than I know at present."

The man stood motionless for a moment. Then he turned and followed

Halsey out of the room. Laverick went to the window and threw it open. Once more he locked up the notes. The document was safe in his pocket.

XXIX

AT a quarter past four Laverick ordered a taxicab. He placed the pocket-book securely in his breast pocket, and directed the man to drive to Chancery Lane. Here at the headquarters of a safe deposit company he engaged a compartment and locked up the pocketbook. There was only now the document left. Stepping once more into the street, he found that his taxicab had vanished. He looked up and down in vain. The man had not been paid and there seemed to be no reason for his departure. A policeman who was standing by touched his hat and addressed him.

"Were you looking for that taxi you stepped out of a few minutes ago, sir?" he asked.

"I was," Laverick answered. "I hadn't paid him, and I told him to wait."

"I thought there was something queer about it," the policeman remarked. "Soon after you had gone inside two gentlemen drove up in a hansom. They got out here and one of them spoke to your driver, who shook his head and pointed to his flag. The gent then said something else to him—probably offering him double fare. Anyway, they both got in and off went your taxi, sir."

"Thank you," Laverick said thoughtfully. "It sounds a little perplexing."

He hesitated for a moment. "Constable," he continued, "I have just made a very valuable deposit in there, and I had an idea that I might be followed. I have still in my pocket a document of great importance. I have no doubt whatever that the object of the men who have taken my taxicab is to leave me in the street here alone under circumstances which will render a quick attack upon me likely to be successful."

The policeman turned his head and looked at Laverick incredulously. He was more than half inclined to believe

that this was a practical joke. "If you'll excuse my saying so, sir," he remarked, "I don't think this is exactly the spot anyone would choose for an assault."

"I agree with you," Laverick answered, "but, on the other hand, you must remember that these gentlemen have had no choice. Why I have taken you into my confidence is to ask you this: Can you walk with me to the corner of the street, or until we meet a taxicab? It sounds cowardly, but as a matter of fact, I simply want to make sure of delivering this document to the person to whom it belongs."

The constable stood still, a little perplexed.

"My beat, sir," he said, "only goes about twenty-five yards farther on. I will walk to the corner of Holborn with you, if you desire it. At the same time, I may say that I am breaking regulations. How do I know that it is not your scheme to get me away from this neighborhood for some purpose of your own?"

"You don't believe anything of the sort," Laverick declared, with a smile.

"I do not, sir," the policeman admitted. "Keep by my side, and I think that nothing will happen to you before we reach Holborn."

Laverick was a man of more than medium height, but by the side of the policeman he seemed short. Both scanned the faces of the passers-by closely—the policeman with mild interest, Laverick with almost feverish anxiety. He felt himself in danger—he had no idea how, or in what way—but the conviction was there.

They were almost within sight of Holborn when a cry from the bystanders caused them to look away into the middle of the road. Laverick cast one glance there and abandoned at once every instinct of curiosity, thinking only of himself and his own position. With the constable, however, it was different. He saw something which called at once for his intervention, and he immediately forgot the somewhat singular task upon which he was engaged. A man had fallen in the middle of the street, either

knocked down by a passing vehicle or in some sort of fit. There was a tangle of rearing horses; an omnibus was making desperate efforts to avoid the prostrate body. The constable sprang to the rescue. Laverick, instantly suspicious and realizing that there was no one in front of him, turned swiftly around. He was just in time to receive upon his left arm the blow which had been meant for the back of his head. He was confronted by a man dressed exactly as he himself was, in morning coat and silk hat, a man with long, lean face and legal appearance. Yet in a second he had whipped out from one pocket a vicious-looking life preserver, and from the other a handkerchief soaked with chloroform. Laverick, quick and resourceful, feeling his left arm sink helpless, struck at the man with his right and sent him staggering against the wall. The handkerchief, with its load of sickening odor, fell to the pavement. The man was obviously worsted. Laverick sprang at him. They were almost unobserved, for the crowd was all intent upon the accident in the roadway. His assailant eluded his attempt to close, and tore at his coat. Laverick struck at him again but met only the air. The man's fingers now were upon his pocket, but this time Laverick made no mistake. He struck downward so hard that with a fierce cry of pain the man relaxed his hold. Before he could recover, Laverick had struck him again. He reeled into the crowd that was fast gathering around them, attracted by what seemed to be a fight between two men of unexceptionable appearance. But there was to be no more fight. Through the people, swift-footed, cunning, resourceful, his assailant seemed to find some hidden way. Laverick glared fiercely around him, but the man had gone. His hand crept to his chest. The victory was with him; the document was still there.

At the outside of the double crowd he perceived a taxi. Laverick hailed it and stepped quickly inside.

"Back out of this and drive to Dover Street," he directed.

(To be continued)

THE DIVINE SARAH AND THE INFERNAL SALLY

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN !

SALLY NO. 1
Something clinging, white, cloudy, elusive and eternal hangs about this extraordinary creature of febrile genius, inexhaustible physical and spiritual resources, ageless, vibrant, fascinating, and unlike all other women in the world, so the word seems a tribute to that elusive strangeness in her rather than a sum of her talents and achievements. She is overhuman and unreal, because nobody after her pattern or of her fantastical atmospheric individuality has ever come in contact with the ordinary mass of plain, wise, gracious or otherwise human beings. She is a divinity, and where are those who do not admit her with beating pulses into their homely, fragrant and affectionate religion of sweetening idolatry? She is back, and the years have passed her by with fingers on their lips, and the suns and moons and comets have veiled their hours that no record of them should hesitate for a scientific instant upon her sphinxlike, irresistible face and figure.

SALLY No. 2

The Divine Sarah again has proved her divinity! The slender figure, alert, viv, dominant, vigorous, full of sap, and verdant; the facial play of all the emotions that made her mobile features beautiful; and lastly the golden voice, with its rise and fall, its crescendo and its diminuendo, its soft and feline purr, giving place to the rasp of agony and the stress of anger, made curiosity mongers sit up and rub their eyes. Of age—not a vestige, not a symptom, not a suspicion. The horror of senility had passed her by. She frolicked and she coquetted; she posed in the cozy attitudes of lovely youth—she was the youngest thing on the stage—and they were all her juniors.

("Oh, say now, please don't quote any more of that Bernhardt gush. It's awful hard work setting up that agate type.")

Very well, Mr. Printer, I will restrain myself. Sallies from No. 3 to No. 297 inclusive, parading far more colossally riotous adjectives than ever were ad-

vocated by Barnum's Circus, the New York Hippodrome, Walter Wellman or the House of Kuppenheimer in their own behalf, shall be left to the reader's imagination—an imagination that should be goaded on sufficiently by the two cute little samples offered. The first of these is from Chicago's critical headquarters; the second from the critical headquarters of Manhattan. And both are typical of the literal latinity of frenzied critic commentary that has marked the final advent in America of Rosina Sarah Damala, better known to the public as MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT. Mistake you no irritation in my tone, for none appreciates better than I the supreme difficulty of maintaining a dispassionate mental equilibrium in the full flare of a stunning event—be that event an exhibition of particularly highly developed histrionism (as was here the case), a Suburban Handicap or a cool quart of champagne. But now that all is said and done, now that the gilded and ecstatic smoke of pens and mouths battling in veritable fanatic idolatry is cleared away, let us look at things as they were and are.

In the first place, Madame Bernhardt is still, and probably justly, acclaimed the most proficient actress of her time—a time not rich in actresses possessed of a more than 6¾ ability. Her subtle knowledge of wide-ranged dramatic technique is still revealed in her almost every move. Her repertoire is a rare achievement, rare, indeed, if viewed from the standpoint of remaining physical strength alone. Art or no art, it must obviously require a portion of

health and lung power and obedient muscle to combat in rapid succession with such trying presentations as "L'Aiglon," "Jeanne d'Arc," "Camille," "La Sorcière," "Les Bouffons," "Madame X," "La Tosca," "Sapho," "La Samaritaine," "Phèdre" and "Judas." The memorization and performance of arduous roles such as these, be the performance good or bad, is a praiseworthy, noteworthy feat. And even more praiseworthy and noteworthy is it in this day when so many of our own pitifully anemic and pampered mummies are constantly suffering "nervous collapses" after a one-hundred-nights' appearance in some gnawed bit of fatuous theatrical fiddle-faddle. The Bernhardt has now traveled sixty-six years and three months along time's soon turning lane. She is still working hard at an age when most women are rheumatic grandmothers, grumbling at their sons-in-law between the slobbers of toothless gums. But the Bernhardt, though still a glorious reminiscence of sun-kissed and fragrant womanhood, not being divine, has not remained the Bernhardt of the days of "Izeyl." Art may never age, but woman, alas! Bernhardt shows the wrinkled hand of time. Her figure is no longer even remotely slender; her countenance no longer beautiful even in its very homeliness; her voice no longer the every nerve obeying harpsichord tuned by life's greener years. Sarah Bernhardt, vastly vigorous indeed for sixty-six, is yet no longer vigorous; Sarah Bernhardt, young in art, is yet old in manner; Sarah Bernhardt, the world of my neighbors *per contra*, is—human. The old time sureness is gone—one has only to see her "Camille" to sense this; the pristine power of creativeness is dimming—one has only to see her second act of "Madame X" to mourn its gradual passing; the once voice of liquid gold is now and again turned hardened copper—and one has only to be attentive to her "Jeanne d'Arc" to have one's heart regret this to its very depths. Sarah Bernhardt is still a wonderful woman, but she is a changed woman. It is only given to divinity to remain unaltered

with the guerrilla hours' steady tick. The grip is going, but the magnificence of art once triumphant remains. The youth is entirely vanished, but the memoranda of youth linger still. A wonderful Sarah Bernhardt it ever continues, but a different Sarah Bernhardt you knew in other years. Why this hellish seeking to proclaim youth divine where youth no longer is? Why this Avernian seeking to parade as a curiosity, as a freak, a woman who, being a true artist, may herself rest well content to flout the rouge paw and revel in her graying age?

LESLIE CARTER had sometimes been referred to as the American Bernhardt. Theodore Roosevelt had sometimes been referred to as the American Bismarck. And then one day along came the simultaneous arrival in America of the real Bernhardt and the Democratic party to disprove both claims. Leslie Carter is a hard worker but by no manner of means a great actress. In dramatic moments requiring a thunderous burst of despair and defiance she is eminently able among her native sister players, but for every other mood she stubbornly refuses to obey herself. Leslie Carter is and always has been a one-moment, one-mood actress. And her plays are and always have been one-moment, one-mood plays. "Two Women," by Rupert Hughes, in which she is now appearing, is kept up by the same old dramatic string that has restrained the other Carter emotional impedimenta from falling. We see the same old moment and mood surrounded by the same queer lot of Marquis Pascal de Foudrases, Comte Remy de Margyls, Conde de Andalucias and Sacreesh Bellvanossis. We see the same old beautiful scenery with the same old unreal characters. We see a million dollars' worth of trimmings and five cents' worth of drama—and that five cents' worth artificial. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*—all of us except Leslie Carter. She must hark back eternally to the antiquated bladdered theatrical theme of the woman who, though a sinner confessed, chooses to

regard herself as more greatly sinned against than sinning, and who, when the "one moment" comes at 10:15, mops up the floor of some fine chateau with the man she loves, just because the man hesitates to accept her as a complete virgin. It has all become so funny. It has all become so pitiful! In "Two Women" Mrs. Carter essays the dual role of a sanctified poor seamstress and a wicked woman of the world. The "one moment" arrives on schedule time, heralded by the usual dramatic semaphores.

The second act transpires in the Bal Tabarin, Paris, the amazing scenic design for which must have been prepared by some French students of the sort who give "balls" in New York during the winter months. The stage is filled throughout the presentation with Ducs, Comtes and other blue-blooded characters whose chief duty consists in marveling at the heavenly beauty of the star. My friend the Chronic Fault-finder says that you can always tell Ducs and Comtes on the stage by the invariable habit they all have of keeping their top hats on in the house.

The MARLOWE AND SOTHERN reappearance under the Shubert management in Shakespearean repertoire, at the pursely plausible rate of one dollar and a half a seat, was one of the most gratifying theatrical tokens of the season. The production of "Macbeth," accomplished on a spectacular scale, was especially worthy of commendation. Broadway owes a vote of thanks to these eminent artists for having afforded it a close, real view of such dramas as it has long been inclined to believe were not quite up to the standard of Harry B. Smith.

WINTHROP AMES and Company, Importers, of Central Park West, have recently been displaying two of their long-promised "American" dramas, "MARY MAGDALENE" and "OLD HEIDELBERG"—both by foreigners.

"MARY MAGDALENE," the Maeterlinckian version of the conversion of the Magdalene through the teachings of the Saviour, proved a disappointment.

Maeterlinck, erstwhile master of inspiration in "Sister Beatrice," erstwhile commander of sensitive imagination and rare fancy in "The Blue Bird," has turned the poetic half-lord. Intended to inspire, to uplift, "MARY MAGDALENE," with its two leading incidents mere appropriations from Heyse, succeeds only in depressing. And curiously enough this is not attributable entirely to the ineffectual interpretation loaned by the earthy Miss Olga Nethersole and her Great White Way support. The grandly glorious idea has eluded the otherwise subtle Maeterlinckian pen; waxy theatricalism has crept in where warm idealism should have been; and balance, sense of progression and conflict and climax are each and every one lacking. The shortcomings of the script are emphasized by the performers. Miss Nethersole is the Magdalene of Act I, unchanged, when the curtain falls on Act III. To the auditor and beholder the only discernible evidence of conversion is in her dress. Edward Mackay, as Lucius Verus the lover, plays the part after the most "modern" manner of a Corse Payton stock actor, while Ap-pius, Coelius, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathæa constantly suggest the char-ioteers in Ringling Brothers' circus. The physical side of the production is beautiful.

The revival of "OLD HEIDELBERG" by the New Theater stock company is most acceptable. The pretty little romance of Cinderella Katie and her real Prince Charming has lost none of its thorough charm with the passing of years. The permanent company of the New Theater is so very good that it seems a pity it is not being given more opportunities to exhibit the unquestionable worth of its talents.

As you have long anticipated, there is now among us "THE AVIATOR." It was bound to come. Necessity is the mother of invention, and the invention is the mother of the playwright. The moment old Silas Binkleweather out in Galesburg, Illinois, having experienced considerable difficulty in effecting an easy collaboration between his foot and

his brogan, has solved the trouble by inventing a new kind of shoehorn, young Henry St. Bonaventure Willingtree, of Cairo, in the same State, smiles a mysterious smile, takes off his coat and the next day ships to Charles Frohman by express his great four-act drama based on the Binkleweather mechanical device. In late years the Patent Office in Washington has become the mecca of the dramatic theme hunters, and of all the nineteenth- and twentieth-century inventions that have advanced civilization the reversible necktie alone has been sidestepped by the playwrights. The automobile, the taxicab, the steamer, the telephone, the telegraph, the locomotive, the safety razor and other instruments of speed have all found their way to the stage via the Drury Lane dramatists or Lincoln Carter and his American brothers. The submarine (in "The Submarine"), the Gatling gun (in "Burmah"), the Krupp cannon (in "The Cherry Pickers"), the wireless (in "Via Wireless"), and the entire inventive bill of warfare has hurried to its beckoning place behind the footlights. A few years ago, indeed, the dramatists, after having exhausted every available invention on the market, set about thinking up new inventions around which they might build plays. Edward E. Kidder, one of these dramatists, "invented" a self-rocking rocking chair and a self-churning dairy machine and called the resultant play "Easy Dawson."

James Montgomery is the author of "THE AVIATOR," a four-act farce comedy, built on the wings of a monoplane. The framework of the play reveals Robert Street, a young novelist who has written a book called "The Aviator" and who is mistaken by the guests of a summer hotel for what the title of his novel and several thrilling flight descriptions therein imply. As an upshot of this Street is forced into an aeroplane-speed duel with Gaillard a real aeronaut, from which he luckily emerges alive after a demonstration of what the beholders believe to be "a series of death-defying dips." The end of the third act shows Street, all a-tremble, starting off

for the air race in a curious piece of apparatus to which the other characters have frequently and complaisantly referred as "a Bleriot." I did not wonder at Street's nervousness. The cast presenting the play includes Wallace Edginger, Frederick Paulding, Edward Begley and Miss Christine Norman.

ON the program, under the caption, "Daddy Dufard, a character comedy in three acts by Lechmere Worrall and Albert Chevalier," appears this paragraph: "The authors wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to an old French play for the character of Dufard and for an incident in Scene 3, Act 3." Inasmuch as "DADDY DUFARD" is merely a character monologue for the titular individual, and inasmuch further as the incident referred to in the third act is the only incident of any kind in the entire product, the statement of the "authors" is not without its big piece of humor. A paragraph in a program is evidently worth two in a copyright. "DADDY DUFARD" serves to introduce to nonvaudeville goers the delightful coster singer Chevalier in the role of a much less delightful actor. Vaudeville is one thing; drama is another. Which may account for so many theater patrons' preference for vaudeville. But, drama being drama, its histrionic code is discovered usually to be a cabalism to the longing eyes of the two-a-day. Chevalier, an event in vaudeville, is an incident in drama. Chevalier, a joy at Hammerstein's, loses his way before he arrives a block down Forty-second Street at the Hackett stage door. The play in which Chevalier appears, as has been inferred, is less a play than a two-hour attempt at character delineation. Dufard is an old French actor whose one purpose in life is the furthering of his daughter's dramatic ambitions. The "furthering" is duly accomplished in time for the final curtain. The last picture discloses an interesting back-of-the-scenes view of a vaudeville theater. Little Miss Violet Heming, who interprets the role of the old mummer's daughter, is intoxicating in the matter of physical loveliness, and,

astonishing enough in such a case, is possessed as well of a considerable knowledge of the science of acting. I cannot refrain from quoting a triply significant line in the text of this foreign play uttered by the Englishman Chevalier in the role of the foreign actor Dufard. "Then," says the actor, "we will go to America and make lots of money, and we will bring it back with us and buy a chateau in Touraine." Doesn't that look like a case of rubbing it in?

At Wallack's Theater there is a play—"POMANDER WALK." If you are temporarily sick of the world and of yourself; if everything is going out and nothing coming in and everything is going wrong; if you want to forget that life's not such a darned funny proposition after all—take my advice and see this dramatized tonic. And you will find that when you stumble out of the theater again at eleven o'clock Broadway will not seem half so cold, the haberdashers' signs will look like love letters and the cafés will exhale fragrant fumes as of attar of Oriental roses. They call the little play "a comedy of happiness," and for once a play has been characterized properly. They call it an "idyl" and so it is. They call it a lot of other nice things—do its sponsors—and every one of the nice things is true. If after seeing the playlet you do not agree with me, I shall be compelled to admit that you are wrong. "POMANDER WALK. Where is it? Understand: Out Chiswick way—halfway to fairyland." Five little Georgian houses in a crescent with five little groups of individuals. A river beyond the walk, with its lone fisherman. A lamplighter and a muffin man who go their regular rounds. An evenly ticking community isolated from the racket of the earth and to which penetrate only occasionally the whispers of the great cobble pavement world. They wish for things they haven't got, these quaint people, for being human they are like all the other peoples of the globe. Unrequited love and a boy baby and a bite—from Madame Lachsnais to the unlucky fisherman, each has a wish

above every other wish superlative. And in due end the marriage ceremony is performed, the boy baby arrives in the house of too many girls, the fish begin to nibble and every other hope is realized. "H'm," I think I hear you grunt; "that's not very much of a story for a play that covers two hours and a half!" To which, if I may make answer in the surprising words of my friend the Chronic Faultfinder let me say to you: "It is one of the biggest dramatic themes on Broadway this day." It all depends upon the manner in which you have been brought up to look at such things. If still we disagree, let me suggest that, instead of "POMANDER WALK," you see in rapid succession "The Foolish Virgin," "Mary Magdalene" and all the other "big" dramas of the season the strength of whose themes rests in varying degrees on the beautiful and inspiring subject of prostitution.

HENRI BATAILLE'S "FOOLISH VIRGIN" knows her dictionary of virtue quite as little, poor dear, as she knows her thesaurus of love. Being French, she should have memorized the *amour* analyses of the chemists of her fatherland. From De Bernis she should have come to learn that one must have a heart to know how to love, that senses do not suffice. "Temperament," said he, "led by the mind, leads to voluptuousness but never to love." From Dumas *Fils* she should have gathered that love without esteem cannot reach far nor rise very high. "It is an angel," he said, "with but one wing." From Houssaye the virgin should have sensed that while what woman seeks in man is love, what man seeks in love is always woman. And she should have remembered that Laténa who, right or wrong, proclaimed that "love, which sometimes corrupts pure bodies, often purifies corrupt hearts," was not enthusiastically sought after by the parents of *débütantes*. But the little virgin, being a virgin, does not know all these things, and as a consequence allows herself to be misinformed on the Great Topic by Marcel Armaury, a thoroughly married man, who loves his wife—but with the

usual ohyoukid qualification. Despite the respective ethical, logical and medical admonitions of her family and the entreaties of his suffering helpmeet, the erstwhile virgin and her aged suitor shuffle off the moral coil and make a beeline for London, whither they are followed by the erstwhile virgin's wrathful brother and the suitor's calm wife. There an amazing situation develops, amazing even for a theme distinctly Parisian. Madame Armaury, instead of kicking in the door and yelling at the top of her voice after the conventional and genteel manner of American wives, coolly arranges herself in front of her husband's chamber and quietly waits. "If anything ever happens to break off this affair, I hope you will come back to me"—that is all she says to Armaury. No "scene," no threats to go right home to mother, no hair musing—nothing! "Don't let me interrupt, but come home as soon as you can break away"—that is the text of madame's ultimatum. Audacious to the point of flippancy—flippant to the point of indecency! Quite as gorgeous as it is unbelievable. But are wonders never to cease? See! The wrathful brother has arrived with cocked revolver. See again! The wonder-working wife sends her husband back to the arms of the girl in the other room and indulges in a victorious mental wrestle with the blood-hungry avenger. And then, as foolish virgins never do, the Foolish Virgin commits suicide.

I appreciate full well that this drama created a furore in Paris. "THE FOOLISH VIRGIN," or, as produced here, "The Foolish Version," belongs with that other Bataille drama, "Le Scandale," in France and in France alone. In France it may have been a profound drama. In America it certainly is nothing of the sort. Some dramas cannot cross the Atlantic. This is true of such magnificent pieces of playwriting as our own "Easiest Way" in just the same degree that it obtains in the case of such possibly meritorious pieces of emotional machinery as "THE FOOLISH VIRGIN." Native morale, there or here, may comprehend if it chooses, but it is

rarely disposed to do so. Remember, there are on the face of this earth communities that regard a woman's uncovered face as a mark of immodesty, as a token of immorality. We may understand why, but it makes us laugh! Morals may not always be transplanted dramatically with serious success. The cast presenting the Bataille drama includes Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Fanny Armaury, Robert Drouet as Marcel Armaury, Miss Adelaide Nowak as Diane the indiscreet young lady, and Shelley Hull as the latter's brother.

THE IMPOSTOR

(Merrick and Morton)

A light, yet very amusing comedy detailing the adventures of a lonely young lady in London. Well presented by Annie Russell, Charles Richman and substantial support.

DRIFTING

(Preston Gibson)

A simultaneous assault on Newport society and the drama in which both suffer equally. A decidedly bad effort.

SUZANNE

(Tonson and Wicheler)

An intensely fragile importation serving to reintroduce Billie Burke in the role of a brewer's daughter who busies herself in curing all the ills to which parents with a girl child fall heir.

THE SPRING MAID

(Wilhelm and Willner)

The most deserving musical comedy success of the season to date. A polite, tuneful entertainment participated in by Christie MacDonald and a blithesome band of troubadours, all selected with a view to ability rather than mere elegance of physical conformation.

SECRET SERVICE

(Gillette)

An interesting revival of the sturdy military drama with the author in his old-time role.

THE REVIVAL OF THE PRINTED PLAY

By H. L. MENCKEN

WHETHER or not it is true as certain necromancers tell us that the novel, after an interrupted reign of a century and a half, is about to yield first place among the literary art forms to its old rival the drama—whether or not this prophecy is sound, the fact must be plain to all that the drama has been making enormous gains of late. Twenty-five years ago the native plays that were being produced in England and America were of little more value as works of art than so many plush sofas or cadenzas for cornet. That was the time of Sydney Grundy and his kittenish imitations of the French problem play in England, and of Bronson Howard and his kid-glove melodramas in the United States. Tom Robertson's light had been a mere flash in the dark. Pinero and Jones were yet groping aimlessly. The Sutros, Galsworthys, Walters, Barkers, Maughams and Shaws of today were unheard of and unsuspected. In France, where most of the "original" plays of London and New York enjoyed their primary incarnations, things were almost as bad. The romantic movement of the thirties was gasping out its last breaths in the preposterous thrillers of Victorien Sardou, that shameless male *cocotte* of the theater. Augier and the younger Dumas, having launched the social drama (as Ibsen called it) or thesis play (as our latter-day critics insist upon calling it) had themselves got it into distress by overloading it with scarlet ladies, and it drifted down the stream, rudderless and awash, with a petticoat and a thousand-franc note nailed to its foremast. Ibsen

was imminent, but few knew it. He was still no more than a wisp of smoke beyond the Rhine, a speck upon the horizon, a sound heard faintly and from afar.

Naturally enough, the more civilized folk of America showed but little interest in the current drama. When they wanted intellectual recreation they retired to their libraries and read Thackeray and Dickens, Fielding and George Eliot, Meredith and Balzac, perhaps even Tennyson and Swinburne. Save when the classics were revived, an occurrence humanely frequent, the stuff dished up for their entertainment in the theater was not dissimilar to the stuff dished up for the entertainment of their housemaids in the *Fireside Companion* and *Saturday Night*. The average drama of the day was so atrociously bad that "Esmeralda" and "Hazel Kirke," "The Young Mrs. Winthrop" and "Jim the Penman," for all their puerilities and impossibilities, seemed masterpieces by comparison. The publishers did not print plays, save in cheap pamphlet form for amateurs. There was in the true sense no living literature of the stage. Our chief book-writing critic down to the middle nineties was William Winter, an intransigent and fatiguing ancient who confined himself to the extravagant praise of actors—those sworn foes of all dramatic progress—and the wordy interpretation of the classics. In the hierarchy of American letters a dramatic author ranked somewhere below the head charwoman in the office of the *Atlantic Monthly*. A dramatic critic had no rank at all—and justly so.

Then came the Ibsen earthquake. There is no room here to describe in detail that memorable shaking-up of dry bones, nor to trace step by step its effects in England and America. Suffice it to say that William Archer constituted himself the prophet of the new evangel in England, that he quickly made converts among both playwrights and critics, and that before long the English drama shook off its old sloth and began to show an astonishing virility. Ideas appeared in it; it shed its hobbling conventions; its ancient stock types gave way to human beings; it got into contact with life once more, after wandering among stuffed dummies for a hundred years. Dramatists who could think at all began to think "out loud" upon the stage; young men with the scrivener's impulse in them turned from the novel to the play. Jones wrote "Saints and Sinners"; Pinero wrote "The Prodigal"; Shaw bobbed up; it began to be bruited about that intellectual sport was to be had in the theater.

A new dramatic literature thus arose, as luxurious as that of Restoration England. The revolutionary dramas of Ibsen were done into English and printed in decent books, and what is more important, they were read and pondered. The plays of Pinero, Jones and Shaw followed, and upon their heels came translations from Sudermann, Hauptmann, Echegaray, Björnson and Maeterlinck and from every other continental, however outlandish, who seemed to have anything to say. A new school of critics arose to interpret this new drama—Walkley, Huneker, Beerbohm, Shaw, Meltzer, Hapgood, Payne and a host of others. America made contributions to the movement—the critical work of Huneker, Hapgood, Moses, Parker and their like, the printed plays of Fitch, Moody and Mackaye. Today there is a rising flood of play books and books of sound dramatic criticism. My set of Pinero is in eight thick volumes. I have the dramas of Jones, Shaw, Sutro, Wilde, Yeats, Masefield, Barker, Galsworthy, Zangwill, Mrs. Clifford, Kennedy, Fitch, Moody, Mac-

kaye and Phillips; odd volumes of Thomas, Sheldon, Corbin, Hyde, Lady Gregory, Synge, London and Sharp; translations of Ibsen, Björnson, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Heyse, Andreyev, Strindberg, Hervieu, Rostand, D'Annunzio, Gorky, Maeterlinck, Schnitzler, Echegaray, Wedekind, Von Hofmannsthal, Ostrovsky, Bracco and Molnar; acute and excellent critical volumes by Archer, Walkley, Huneker, Shaw, Corbin, Eaton, Moses, Pollard, Beerbohm, Gosse and Hapgood. On my desk at the moment stand a round dozen new playbooks by dramatists of no less than six nationalities, and half a dozen new and excellent volumes of dramatic criticism and stage history. Certainly the drama is coming into its own once more!

Of all the new plays, the most impressive, perhaps, is "JUSTICE," by John Galsworthy, author of "Strife" and "The Silver Box" (*Scribner, 60 cents*). The fable here is absurdly simple. William Falder, a young clerk in a London lawyer's office, becomes acquainted—in a perfectly legitimate and lawful manner, let it be said—with Ruth Honeywill, the suffering wife of a brute and sot. Falder's sympathy for Ruth rises into a chivalric love, and he proposes that they bolt together to Australia, leaving the bestial Mr. Honeywill to his stimulants. But that is impossible at the moment, for the money to pay their passage is wanting, and so Falder prepares to save and be patient. Meanwhile he and Ruth obey the exact letter of the seventh commandment, however calmly they plan to break it later on. One day Honeywill drives Ruth out of the house and she flies to Falder. What to do? He does what most weak and sentimental men would do under the circumstances. That is to say, he steals from his employer—and is promptly found out.

And now we come to the point of the play. Falder, it must be plain, is not a bad man, but only a weak one. He has broken the moral law and the law of the land, but if we go behind his acts to his motives we must see at once that they were perfectly good and even noble. But James How, whose money has been

stolen, is a lawyer and not a psychologist. So he hands Falder over to Scotland Yard—and the Law kills another human being. The Falder that comes out of prison is a man with all manhood gone. Society has pronounced him a criminal accursed and he has come to believe it himself. But Ruth? There is still Ruth to soothe and comfort him, to go with him to Australia and help him begin life anew. Alas and alack! poor Ruth has been forced into the streets by what the Socialists call economic pressure. When Falder hears of it he kills himself.

A grim and poignant play! Like "Strife," it departs in more than one way from the customary forms of the theater. There is nothing "well made" about it, in the technical sense. It gives the impression, not of a series of carefully painted pictures, but of a series of untouched photographs. All the same, let us beware of underestimating Galsworthy as a dramatic artist. As "Strife" proved to us, his method makes for a considerable effectiveness on the stage. The tricks of Sardou are not in him, but Sardou, for all his tricks, never achieved so nearly perfect an illusion. In brief, the plays of Galsworthy act well. But they read still better.

To their already large collection of contemporary dramas, native and foreign, the Macmillans have just added Jack London's "Theft," Leonid Andreyev's "ANATHEMA" and Edward Sheldon's "THE NIGGER" (*Macmillan*, \$1.25 each). Mr. London's play need not detain us, for it is the dull and dialectic composition of a man who knows no more about play-making than a psychotherapist knows of physiology, and with "THE NIGGER" you are already familiar, for my colleague, Mr. Nathan, discussed it acutely at the time it was staged at the New Theater. Suffice it to say now that Mr. Sheldon displays a sure hand in the building of his scenes, that his dialogue is nervous and natural, that even the least of his characters shows individualization and plausibility. He is, in a word, a dramatist of undoubted talent, and it is pleasant to reflect that he is still young, for added ex-

perience should lift him to very high rank indeed.

Andreyev as a playwright displays the same qualities which have brought him fame as a teller of tales. You remember, no doubt, the extraordinarily vivid character sketches in "The Seven Who Were Hanged," the powerful simplicity of the writing, the dramatic effectiveness of the structural devices, the thoughtfulness and earnestness visible upon every page. Well, "ANATHEMA" shows much of the same vividness, the same simplicity, the same skill, the same earnestness. As the curtain rises upon the prologue we behold Anathema, a fantastic, half-human, half-ghostly figure, demanding the meaning of life at the gates of Heaven. Why do men suffer? What is the goal ahead of them? Who put them into the world, and for what purpose? The guardian of the portal makes an answer which does not answer. "There is no name," he says, "for that which you ask. There is no number by which to count, no measure by which to measure, no scales by which to weigh that which you ask. Everyone who has said the word 'love'—has lied. Everyone who has said the word 'wisdom'—has lied. And even he who has said the word 'God'—he has lied with the greatest and most terrible lie."

So the play begins—a tragic comedy. Anathema comes back to earth and places great riches in the hands of David Leizer, a poor Russian Jew. David has been railing at fate, but now he sees a long vista of joy and hope ahead. He will succor the helpless, lift up the despairing, relieve the woes of his people. They flock to his mansion from near and far, and the balm of his riches is spread upon their hurts. But to what good? His fortune melts away—and still there are poor Jews, helpless Jews, suffering Jews without number. Those who have been overlooked demand their share. They descend upon David in great swarms. He flies from him and they pursue, accusing him loudly of secreting millions for his own enjoyment. In the end they stone him to death. Charity, self-sacrifice and brotherhood have

proved once more their eternal vanity and futility and gained their old reward.

In the epilogue *Anathema* is at the gates of Heaven again. "Where is the truth?" he wails. The guardian of the portal answers cryptically. Perhaps he is trying to say that the meaning of life is to be sought, not in the happiness of the individual, but in the good of the race—that suffering marks the road whereby man in the distant ages is to attain peace. But why suffering? Isn't it possible to imagine a gentler way? *Anathema*, baffled in his quest, denounces the guardian of the portal as "a liar, a deceiver, a murderer" and goes off laughing. "His laughter resounds from the depths. And then everything relapses into silence."

A group of one-act plays by August Strindberg the Swede and Hermann Sudermann the German come next. The Strindberg plays are "*FÖRDRINGSÅGARE*" (*The Creditor*), translated by Francis J. Ziegler (*Brown*, \$1.00) and "*MODERSKARLEK*" (*Mother Love*), which has been done into English by the same hand (*Brown*, 25 cents). In both the misogyny of the appalling Scandinavian is revealed at its worst. He shows us in "*THE CREDITOR*" how two men are ruined by one weak and self-worshipping woman, and in the other play he asks us to consider mother love, not as the most beautiful thing in the world, but as a vile combination of vanity and bullying. Strindberg knows how to write. For all his violence, he never grows ridiculous. One can well believe, indeed, that in Germany, where folk seek ideas and not mere forgetfulness in the theater "*THE CREDITOR*" is constantly performed. The series to which these two plays belong also includes Strindberg's "*Swanwhite*" and Wedekind's "*The Awakening of Spring*," both of which I have noticed in the past.

The Sudermann one-acters are three in number and are printed in an unusually pretty book under the title of "*MORITURI*" (*Scribner's*, \$1.25). Sudermann astonished the world with "*Heimat*" (best known in England and America as "*Magda*") and has been dis-

appointing the world ever since. That disappointment in the present case is less keen than usual, for the three plays in "*MORITURI*," if not masterpieces, are at least very interesting. The first is a brief historical scene with Teja the Goth as its central figure, one of those stirring episodes from German history or pseudo-history which Kaiser Wilhelm is said to regard with so much favor as provocatives of patriotism. The second play, however, will scarcely please His Majesty, for it deals grimly with a tragedy of the barracks, and a weak little lieutenant, Fritz von Drosse, is both its hero and its coward. The third play is a fantastic study of masculine strength and feminine guile, quite in the manner of Strindberg. Altogether, the three were well worth translating—and seldom, indeed, does a more attractive book come from even the Scribner press.

"*ANTI-MATRIMONY*," by Percy Mackaye (*Stokes*, \$1.25), is not a poetical drama, such as this very excellent young dramatist usually writes, but a comedy in prose, an extremely amusing burlesque, in brief, upon the Ibsenites and their absurd doings. Let it not be assumed, however, that Mr. Mackaye is trying to make fun of the Norwegian colossus. He is, as I have pointed out in the past, woefully incompetent as a dramatic critic, but he is nevertheless well aware that Ibsen was no clown, and that any effort to make him one must end in disaster. In other words, the target of "*ANTI-MATRIMONY*" is not Ibsen but the Ibsenite, that ridiculous ass, and it must be confessed that the author displays an accurate and humorous marksmanship. I know of few better burlesques in English. It was enormously funny as played by Miss Crosman and her company, and it is just as funny in the library. Incidentally it may be recorded that the play was an utter failure in the theater, simply because nine tenths of the folk who saw it performed were so unfamiliar with the Ibsen plays that they could not understand its jokes. When the company took to the road it was actually necessary to give out a handbill with every performance, explaining the fun and tell-

ing the earthlings when to laugh. A number of flings at Sudermann and Hauptmann and a very effective comic use of the Maeterlinckian refrain add to the sport. Let Mr. Mackaye give us more plays in prose. He is a man with ideas in him.

John Corbin is another, but he has yet to acquire Mr. Mackaye's technical skill. His first play, "HUSBAND" (*Houghton-Mifflin, \$1.25*), reveals a purpose to deal seriously with the rottenness of the American woman of the so-called fashionable class—her aimless idleness, her perfumed viciousness, her shirking of her human duties; but his characters lack the breath of life, and his fable just misses plausibility. One cannot quite follow the changes which take place in the soul of Clara Wayne between her surrender to the story book Lord Edmund Iffley and her return to her husband, repentant, purified and filled with a high resolve to be a good wife to him and to bear him children. The author plucks unhandily; he has yet to master the dramatic lyre. In "THE FORBIDDEN GUESTS," a one-acter printed in connection with the above, there is rather better workmanship. Here we have a picture of a woman beset by the ghosts of the children she has refused to bear. It is a mystical fantasy in the manner of Hauptmann, and it steers safely clear of puerility. A long and extremely pompous introduction is a serious blemish upon the book.

There remain a volume of WILLIAM SHARP'S PLAYS AND POEMS, written under the Fiona Macleod pseudonym (*Duffield, \$1.50*), Gertrude Hall's translation of Edmund Rostand's "CHANTECLER" (*Duffield, \$1.25*) and "THE TRAGEDY OF NAN," by John Masefield (*Kennerley, \$1.25*). The Sharp plays belong to Irish folklore more than to the drama, and "CHANTECLER" has been discussed so exhaustively, by critics and sensation mongers that nothing more need be said of it save a word in praise of Miss Hall's excellent prose translation. "THE TRAGEDY OF NAN" is almost German in its gloom. The scene is the England of a century ago, and the people are the godly Christian

folk of a small village on the Severn. Nan Hardwick, the daughter of a man hanged for theft, has been taken into the home of William Pargetter, her uncle, and there she drags her weary way up her Calvary. It is Mrs. Pargetter, an earnest servant of holiness, that is the arch fiend in this little hell. How she tortures the poor girl with her father's disgrace—how a beau of the countryside, coming a-wooing, is driven away by that ghastly specter—how in the end poor Nan is driven to suicide—all this is set forth with truly appalling realism in a play that must grip the emotions of the most stolid. A pair of grisly one-acters are printed with it. Mr. Masefield seems to see life darkly. It is seldom, indeed, that such cruel stuff appears in English.

And now for a little group of books of stage history and dramatic criticism—the "MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS" of the late Helena Modjeska (*Macmillan, \$4.00*); a volume of reviews entitled "AT THE NEW THEATER AND OTHERS," by Walter Pritchard Eaton, formerly dramatic critic of the New York *Sun* (*Small-Maynard, \$1.50*); a sane and illuminating STUDY OF BERNARD SHAW as artist and philosopher, by Renée M. Deacon (*Lane, \$1.00*); a tome in support of the asinine theory that "BACON IS SHAKESPEARE," by Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence, Bart. (*McBride, \$2.00*). The Modjeska volume is a thick one in an attractive blue and gold binding and has scores of illustrations. The great Polish actress was not only a great actress, but also an educated and intelligent woman, and so her story is interesting, not only on account of the stirring events it records, but also on account of her shrewd observations upon those events. From the cradle to the grave she lived the life. A spectator of the burning of Warsaw as a child, she became in after years the intimate of her country's most notable men and of personages of the first consequence in more than one foreign land. Altogether, her memories were worth setting down, and the book containing them is well worth buying and reading.

To Mr. Eaton's volume of criticism it

is possible to give high praise with a clear conscience. He is one of the younger critics whose good work I have referred to above. He brings to his task an open mind, a hospitality to new ideas, a keen understanding of technical difficulties and a keen appreciation of achievement. But he is no mere chanter of eulogies—far from it. When a sham grimaces before him on the stage he takes aim at it with half a brick and brings it down—as his essay upon “THE BAD MORALS OF GOOD PLAYS” and his terpsichorean fantasy, “BARE FEET AND BEETHOVEN,” well demonstrate. Above all, he writes with grace and clarity. In one place, as in duty bound, he praises the style of William Winter, that archaic word slinger, but his own style is vastly better than Winter’s, because it is clearer, more vibrant, more musical, less laden with polysyllables and adjectives. This Eaton, in truth, displays a quite astonishing talent for putting words together.

The Deacon study of Shaw is notable for its good sense, a rare quality in dissertations upon the celebrated Irishman and his plays. Nine tenths of the persons who write about Shaw insist upon regarding him as a profound philosopher—which he is not. Mr. Deacon knows better. He knows that Shaw is a dramatist and not a philosopher, and so it is as a dramatist that he views and discusses his man. Uniform with this excellent little book appears a reprint of “SOCIALISM AND SUPERIOR BRAINS,” by Shaw himself (*Lane, 75 cents*), in which the dramatist, in the disguise of an ardent Socialist, wallops W. H. Mallock, the English anti-Marx. Finally comes “BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.” Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence, Bart., is firmly convinced, it appears, that Bacon wrote the plays of the Bard, and here he marshals his proofs in great array. If you in your turn are not firmly convinced after examining those proofs that Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence, Bart., is a very much deluded Bart., I strongly advise and even urge you for the good of your family to call in some reliable physician and have him ask you questions.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of our more ambitious bards—our manufacturers, that is to say, of odes, epics and dramas in blank verse—it must be plain to all that there is abundant merit in the work of our contemporary makers of lyrics. One must go back to Herrick’s day to find a more copious effusion of melodious song. Singers pipe from every tree and fence rail; the air is filled with their rejoicings and lamentations. This wholesale singing of course has a tendency to wear out voices, but the croaking that results is still glorified by an occasional note of purest quality. Go through the endless writings of such men as Frank L. Stanton, Folger McKinsey and Wilbur Nesbit, and you will find every now and then a song of arresting grace and beauty—Stanton’s “In An Old Inn,” for example, or his “Sweetheart, There Is No Splendor,” or McKinsey’s “Oh, Miss Springtime,” or Nesbit’s “The Mothers of the Thieves.” And go to the work of the less assiduous singers, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Theodosia Garrison, Madison Cawein, Robert Loveman, and you will find there enough good things to convince you that lyric poetry in these fair United States is quite as lively an art as ever it was in Elizabethan England.

Mrs. Garrison’s latest collection, “THE EARTH CRY AND OTHER POEMS” (*Kennerley, \$1.25*), contains no single poem that will materially enhance her reputation, but the average quality of the writing here displayed is very high indeed. Of the mere technique of verse making Mrs. Garrison is a past mistress. She has an ear that is alert to every kink of rhythm; she senses the music in common words; she handles refrains and rhyme schemes with skill; she writes clearly, easily and suavely. In content her verse is a protest against that cheap and shallow optimism which grows so tedious by incessant mouthing. She preaches, in brief, not the degrading doctrine that man is the favorite of some gaseous and sentimental god, who will see to it that he comes to no harm, but the stimulating doctrine that he must face his own difficulties alone and unafraid.

SHOPPING FOR THE SMART SET

By MARION C. TAYLOR

THE writer will be glad to offer suggestions or answer questions regarding shopping and the New York shops. Readers of the SMART SET inquiring for names of shops where articles described are purchasable should inclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for reply, and state page and month.

I PRESUME we may consider this the height of the season, with the holidays a happy recollection and the Southern season looming in the foreground. Everyone is wearing his best bib and tucker and rushing madly from the usual luncheon to the usual tea, with a varied *souppçon* of *chanson crinoline* and other season's novelties as a relief.

I do not think so many people go for an extended trip South nowadays. Not so many years ago it was an extended affair, necessitating a fresh wardrobe and embracing a visit of two or three months, but somehow or other the fad has passed, and while no doubt there is still a great deal of Southern travel it usually is but a hurried trip. It seems to me that more people go to the various Continental resorts for extended trips and fewer to our own tropical States.

However, the shops still consider it a sufficient excuse for an early display of summer fabrics, straw hats and parasols, which give us something to think of the minute the holidays are over and fill our heads immediately with spring and summer plans even if we do not contemplate a Southern sojourn. It is really funny, but a woman can no more look at a display of the season's foulards or cotton goods and resist them than she can explain the phenomenon to her husband when she informs him—if she does—that she has ordered a foulard and a muslin or two from her dressmaker. The clerk assures her that the choice

patterns will be chosen at once; her dressmaker acquiesces and adds that "she may as well get it now as later"; and so wrapped to her chin in furs she revels among batistes and muslins and finds herself amazed at the cold blast which strikes her as she leaves the shop. It almost seemed as if summer were with her indoors. I can't explain it—I must plead guilty along with the rest—the delightful speculation over one's spring wardrobe is due as soon as the holidays are over, deny it or not as you please.

And a first peep at some of the materials shows that the patterns are as delightful and varied as ever—but more later; it will keep, and there are other more seasonable items I must speak of.

Millinery for Southern Wear

Millinery for wear at the winter resorts does not show any startling changes, but like all midseason styles reflects the winter's successes. We are bound to have the usual epidemic of flower hats which many indulge in temporarily; there is no use trying to escape it—it's due each season—but few take it seriously. This season one of the prettiest hats I have seen, however, is a helmet shape so popular in Paris just now—the rim of violets, the crown of green rose leaves with one or two very handsome delicate pink roses poised in front.

Panamas will still be *the* hat for general wear in the South and in the country next season. They tell me that some of them will follow the smaller models shown in velour this winter, Tyrolese effects. I hope not—we have had enough of what Lew Fields called “yodel bonnets” to last a generation at least. And the big soft panamas have been for some seasons the accepted hat for riding and all other morning uses out of town. Nothing is more becoming with a plain black band, for trimming only spoils the entire idea.

For a midseason hat—and they are being worn right now by the best-dressed people in town—nothing in my mind is smarter than a maline (or in reality the better wearing malinette) hat.

Black and white, all-black and all-white ones are really just as smart as they can be. One of the very prettiest ones I have seen, adorable on a pretty girl, was a Corday effect, the crown of soft white maline, around which was a thick knife-plaited maline frill topped by an edge of the real white marabout with its occasional feathery gray stalk, and the two ruffles which fell over the face, one of knife-plaited maline, the other of the most delicate maline lace. It was intended for bride or bridesmaid use and had soft maline strings ended by a repetition of the ruffles which framed the face.

Parasols

There is rarely any radical change in parasols. The season's novelties are usually merely new ideas in decorations, embroidery and the like, but this season shows some entirely new shapes that are a welcome relief and most attractive. The most unusual is a heart-shaped affair quite appropriately of red taffeta with a red enameled stick and a tiny fringe edging. It is utterly feminine and would be charming carried with an all-white costume. At the end of last summer red became very attractive for accessories. Some of the smartest women affected all-red hats and red parasols to accompany white costumes with charming results, so I

would not be at all surprised to see a continuation of the idea this season.

Another new idea is a square parasol of empire-green taffeta, in this case with a beautiful border of ostrich feather banding repeated in the edging of a tiny bow on the handle. Feather banding was one of the decided successes of the winter but its use in this respect is quite new. Another parasol not so new in shape was nevertheless equally smart. It had a great many ribs, similar to a Japanese umbrella, and was also of the very popular empire green, with a tiny green frill at the edge and a charming shirred lining like a low canopy of India silk of the same shade of course.

Another one, of white soft silk, had a sunflower made of yellow silk with a brown silk center as a lining—it showed, of course, only when the parasol was open but gave a most peculiar effect of “interior decoration.”

White Frocks

One of the smartest apparel shops is showing a line of white marquissette, voile and very fine crêpe frocks for morning wear at the Southern resorts. They are simply made but smartly individualized by occasional introductions of color—sometimes colored embroidery—again a combination of chiffon cloth gives the needed relief. Irish and coarse crochet as well as cotton ball fringe trim them, and they are one of the most needed and practical types of frocks, for they do not crumple or wrinkle easily, wear well and clean beautifully. Within the last few years we have come to appreciate the value of these fabrics for practical use, and at the smart tropical and summer resorts one sees more and more of them each season and one finds the smart dressmakers giving more time and thought every year to just such simple and practical frocks.

Colored cotton crêpe isn't to be despised either, for at one of the most exclusive women's shops on the Avenue I saw morning dresses of this material that were none the less charming because of their simplicity. They came in soft pinks, dull blues and delicate

mauves as well as white, but were more effective in the colors. The skirts were slightly gathered, had three wide folds put on near the bottom to resemble tucks and a soft shirred girdle of the material about three inches wide. The waists were simply tucked, opened down the front with crocheted ball buttons and had elbow sleeves. The sole trimming was an Eton collar of the finest hand embroidery and lace, which was repeated in the cuffs, and a soft black satin tie. It all sounds simple enough surely and maybe it doesn't sound smart but it was nevertheless, and its tiny accessories were in no small measure responsible for this. Then the color, too, had something to do with it. When I said "soft pinks, dull blues and delicate mauves," I meant the most beautiful tones which, while a relief from "baby blue" or "lavender," do not by any means mean peculiar or startling shades—just soft restful ones, a little different from the obvious ones we see on every hand.

Motor Hoods

I have come across several lovely new motor hoods lately that are charming as well as practical in keeping out the cold. The first are two motor bonnets also possible for evening wear in even a limousine where draughts have been known to penetrate. The first is a quaint hooded effect of soft black velvet with delightful suggestions of 1830 in its design. It is lined with either white fox or white rabbit, which (as everyone knows the extreme becomingness of soft white fur) makes an ideal frame for the face. The other, none the less charming, is of velvet of a soft rose shade called plum *fermenté* I was told—lined with soft warm cham-
 mois with trimmings of beaver which blend beautifully with the velvet. Both of these hoods fit closely around the neck and tie in front, and the beaver-trimmed one has a charming tie of the velvet and fur which is just long enough to cross in front and fasten with a fur button, and a big soft muff with shirred, cuff-like ends which may be drawn up

on the arms to insure greater warmth. These sets are so becoming and so comfortably warm as well as quite new and smart.

Intended for Southern motoring, but equally charming right now is one of the very smartest little motor hats in all-white felt fashioned after an English soldier's hat and aptly called the "Tommy Atkins." It is collapsible, of course, and over it goes a huge all-enveloping white veil held in place by an elastic band of three stripes—a regular hatband, you know, which slips over the veil, holds it in place and comes in the prettiest colors imaginable—all conceivable college combinations and others equally attractive. This just gives the needed touch, and really the whole idea is utterly charming. I feel that for Southern wear and for the coming season this motor hat is going to be tremendously smart; its whole idea appeals to me greatly, and it is quite exclusive, being on sale at but one shop in New York, which has the sole rights to it—which in itself is an indication that somebody besides myself thinks it's going to be a success.

Some New Ideas

Almost all the evening gowns one sees have two points of similarity. They are of two distinct fabrics—satin and chiffon, brocade and lace or possibly velvet and pailletted tulle. The second point of similarity is in the waists, which are almost always divided diagonally into two distinct sections. One frequently matches the material of the skirt, and the other portion is apt to repeat the material of the underskirt, if there is one, or of the trimming. For instance a brocade frock frequently has half the bodice of handsome lace, which again appears in a fanlike opening at the bottom of the skirt.

Short evening frocks, in spite of all that the fashion journals have to say in their favor, are decidedly ungainly and ugly on any but the most slender and girlish figures. Trains, however, are quite new in effect—narrow, short and frequently square or fishtailed, and with the scant

narrow skirts they bob along in little jerks at each step of the wearer. But I think they are very smart and attractive if one only displays a little grace in walking and does not rush across a room at a six-mile clip as so many women unfortunately do.

Unique Jewelry

A recent exhibition at one of the largest Avenue shops has been attracting quite a little attention recently and deserves mention. The odd and beautiful work is by a Frenchman, a man with titles and medals enough to satisfy any one man—unless he still had America to convince—which happily for us is possibly the reason for his being here. This man shows a remarkable knowledge of many arts besides just jewelry making—he has studied architecture, and besides he is thoroughly conversant with the characteristics of each period of French history, which may at first seem rather remote from the art of constructing jewelry, but the value of which might be forcibly illustrated by some examples on view in supposedly first-class establishments today where the characteristics of at least three Louis are seen madly conflicting with *art nouveau*; truly some of the incongruities inflicted on the unknowing public in this respect are almost funny—if one doesn't hear the prices they bring. But this jewelry is perfect in its way, and—if I may say it—its way is perfect. Many of the pieces, pendants for the most part, are especially French in conception and I am doubtful of their reception over here—yet. That, however, reflects on us in a way, for these very large peculiar pendants—a group of tiny bees around a piece of honey, otherwise known as a topaz with its natural flaw left intact—or a delicate dragonfly, its body a large moonstone, its four wings each a moonstone of a different shade with an overtracery of soft-toned platinum—are still a novelty with us and take a genuine admirer of beautiful workmanship rather than the seeker after display to truly appreciate them.

However, this artist has by no means

neglected diamonds and the more usual platinum settings. In fact, my favorite piece in the collection, if an actual choice could be definitely made, was a Louis XVI basket of the finest platinum work with a spray of delicately beautiful diamond flowers at the top. The long, slender basket unrelieved by any jewels—and how many jewelers could resist the chance to inset some more diamonds here?—formed a charming contrast to the sparkling beauty of the contents. Louis XVI seemed a favorite period; the stones, besides diamonds, were pink tourmalines, white and pink topaz, peridots and aquamarines—a relief, you see, from the usual varieties. We are bound to hear more of this artist before long for New Yorkers are quick to appreciate real beauty in any guise.

A Really Warm Glove

A novelty in the glove line and the warmest glove I have ever seen, which really wasn't a positive disfigurement like most owing to their bulk, is shown at one of the smartest men's shops in town. It is called the muffle glove, and to describe sounds much more complicated than it really is. The glove itself is of brown reindeer, soft and pliable. It is lined with angora and has a back of muskrat. A second back portion forms a mitt lined with beaver into which the separate reindeer-covered fingers may slip for greater protection, thus making in effect a combination mitt and finger glove. The back and the glove proper join together at the wrist. I hope I have conveyed the idea, which really is a splendid one with many advantages.

Desirable Socks

Quite the smartest and warmest thing in the way of socks that I have come upon in a long while is an imported novelty. These are Scotch knitted ones of pure wool; they come in the widest variety of color combinations and are as soft and cozy as possible. They are ideal for motoring or country tramping and are not to be despised for inclement weather right

here in town. Two other varieties of socks are shown in this shop that have many points in their favor. The first are heavy but delightfully soft white woolen ones, also imported from Scotland, with smart clockings of bright colors; these are intended as you may imagine for squash and tennis—especially for winter use on indoor courts, the cement floors of which are so hard on the feet, necessitating a soft thick sock to act as a cushion and prevent blisters.

The third sock is really quite a curiosity. It is also of the all-wool, heavy knitted variety, but unlike the Scotch ones, which it closely resembles in color and weave, it is a Maine product and is knitted by the real "down Easters" and actually traded in at the village store for general merchandise. These socks were brought to the attention of a salesman one day by a New England storekeeper who had a great quantity of them on hand and was desirous of converting his stock of them into cash. The salesman saw their value as a genuine article of real merit and suggested them to one of the largest men's shops in New York. This dealer put in a line of them which has proved so successful that there is a regular demand for them—which news will I'm sure eventually reach the women who make them and do away with the storekeeper middleman who gratefully accepts them in lieu of cash. They are ridiculously cheap compared to the imported ones, and the only difference is the odd and beautiful color combinations of the latter.

Knitted Waistcoats

While I am on the subject of knitted goods I must also mention the waistcoats and scarfs which may be found to match the socks also. These come with or without sleeves and are deservedly popular. I mentioned angora last month and that is really what these scarfs and waistcoats are—and a softer, warmer or more delightfully snug material could not be found. Another "cold excluder" intended for motoring is the suede jacket which comes in several styles.

The warmest has suede sleeves; another very smart style is self-color satin-lined with satin sleeves, and the third style is sleeveless. They are splendid in place of the old chamois jacket, much warmer and more practical in every way.

A Sensible Collar Box

The only really sensible collar box I have ever seen is called the "Kwick-pack" and was invented by an English army officer—I hope he got a medal for the feat—and has only recently found its way over here. Everyone I'm sure is familiar with all the types of round collar boxes ever invented, and will agree that even the softest of them are bulky and take up too much space in packing. This one, which comes in all varieties of leather, is as high as the collar, has one round end just large enough for the back of the collar to fit in without breaking and then narrows down toward the other end, which is also rounded but much narrower. It is really an uneven narrow oval—possibly an elongated pear shape would better describe it. A strap binds it just below the wide end, and when drawn tight holds the collars in place and makes a very compact receptacle but one difficult to describe, I must admit.

Some Novelties

I saw some little knickknacks in my travels whose practicability appealed to me.

One is a golf score watch which is handy and indicates both hole and stroke score. The second is another trump indicator, which is of nickel and combines an ash tray and a tiny nickel stand with a push button which rapidly brings the desired suit to view in a tiny opening visible from either side. I saw a leather case holding a clock and a barometer side by side which made a very acceptable desk accessory. A tiny press for playing cards was fashioned after a regulation letter press and was unique. A small silver cigar filled with a sponge acted as a humidifier to a box of cigars. A long silver case much like a

cigarette case in shape contains a new device for filling a pipe and twelve doses of tobacco.

A beautiful octagonal gold case about six inches long, exquisitely engraved, with a chain at one end, has a tiny mirror in the cover and a powder puff in a small compartment at the top. This lifts up and reveals a velvet-lined receptacle with small mother-of-pearl opera glasses enclosed. It comes also in silver and is a very new and handsome accessory for theater use.

A Nursery Hedge

One of the most charming appointments for the playroom, or for that matter for any other room one chooses, is called a "nursery hedge," and is in reality a tiny fence which may be set up, the child and its toys put inside and left with perfect safety. In the shop in which I saw it it was attractively arranged with small-sized furniture, tea table and all, ready for the party. One of the most charming pieces of furniture is a perfect reproduction of a Barnstable chair beautifully upholstered in green material—such a comfortable little chair and so different from most of children's furniture one sees. This shop is really noted for its odd and beautiful things and has lately interested itself in diminutive reproductions of its most popular pieces of furniture.

For Real Comfort

Here is a real lounging chair. And by that I do not mean just a comfortable easy chair to settle down in with contentment, but a big, long, low affair in which to bury oneself among pillows if feminine and with feet outstretched if masculine and utter a long, deep, peaceful sigh of thanksgiving that there is today at least one maker of chairs who knows the joy resulting from a real lounging chair. This one is aptly called the "Yokohama chair," and as might be imagined is a product of the East, where I believe they completely understand the art of lounging in all its delightful branches. But I believe that

there are times in even busy money getting Western lives when one is glad to relax and sink luxuriously into the cavernous depths of this East Indian product. The so-called arms of it are flat and about four feet long, broadening out toward the ends so that the masculine occupant may get real comfort in his den by stretching his legs out on them. It would make a splendid semi-invalid affair and would be an acceptable adjunct to any home catering to real comfort.

Two Fascinating Little Shops

I must confess there is a fascination for me in one of those tiny *bijou* affairs invariably just off the Avenue where everything seems simply to magnetize the money out of your pockets by its delightful femininity. There is one of these fascinating places a few doors away from all the hustle and bustle of the Avenue where one may find the most charming assortment of tiny articles.

Lamp shades of all sizes from tiny ones for candles to very handsome ones for larger lamps, brocade boxes, cases, bags and what not—I can't begin to tell you about half its contents—it really deserves a visit. I will simply mention a few of the charming novelties that attracted me.

Possibly one of the quaintest conceits was a "door stop"—the old-fashioned brick idea modernized and yet absolutely preserving its quaintness. It was a doll about a foot tall or a little over, costumed in a typical Barbara Fritchie affair of fascinating flowered brocade with the daintiest of lace scarfs crossed at her bust and an adorable poke bonnet framing a face with tiny curls at either side—really perfect period costuming done as carefully and of as beautiful materials as for a real person. Of course the hoop skirts hid the weight at the bottom which held the door open.

Similar ladies turned out or turned up to be tea cozies. Beautiful old-fashioned silk flowered nosebags, tiny affairs with frills around them were in reality pin cushions. Large flat bro-

caded cases which folded over to meet in the middle were intended for traveling cases. One large pocket was for one's nightrobe and smaller ones were for accessories. A delightful one suggestive of trousseaux was of white brocade with a wreath of varicolored roses on each cover (or sides, which folded over) and inside a single tiny rosebud to mark each pocket.

Another splendid idea I saw there was a large square bottle—rather low, with a huge round cork, of glass covered with brocade and enclosing smelling salts. Such a handy thing to have about one's room and so entirely deceptive in appearance. It came in a great variety of soft colors and was trimmed at the edges with gold gimp.

But really the prettiest things in the place were the lamp shades. I can't begin to tell about them but will try to describe the chief characteristics of a few. The larger ones of fillet lace and chintz with an edging of coarse crochet lace were to my mind the prettiest—not too broad—rather shaped like a small tub, or in the smarter new square effects, they depended largely upon the quality and character of the materials for their smartness.

The smaller ones for candle use were adorably decorative; the prettiest in my opinion were those of metallic lace with tiny gold or silver flowers scattered over the surface. These are also smartest in the square effect. Very charming white taffeta ones had delightful soft loops and bows of delicate colored silk very quaint and old timey.

Frankly, this fascinating shop has so many beautiful novelties that I find it difficult to stop here. But there is another one equally fascinating along other lines and but a few doors away.

There is another charming shop where they have many delightful apparel accessories, among which I selected their beautiful hair bandeaus for description.

For a young girl I saw a simple and beautiful one of handsome dull gold braid very suitable for wear with a restaurant or theater frock. It was quite narrow, of the braided gold gimp at the back, and had a charming oval-shaped

lattice-work *motif* as its center. Another was of jet beadwork with a handsome center of flat jet squares encircling a red *cabochon*.

One of the most unusual was copied from a very popular one worn by a French actress. It was of a soft old rose or green silk cords woven with gold thread—very beautifully treated and fastening with three tiny antique gold clasps—especially suitable for afternoon wear.

They have a particularly beautiful line of linens in this shop, that they are closing out at really bargain prices as they intend devoting themselves solely to articles of apparel hereafter.

For Favors

Among the newest ideas for cotillion and other favors, and incidentally the choice among other things for the débuts of one of the wealthiest and most "written up" débutantes whose coming-out dinner dance takes place in a day or so, are the charming French gilt flower baskets filled with artificial flowers and finished with a huge bow on the handle. The flowers touch the high water mark in artificial flower making, and are by no means confined to the usual orchid, gardenia and violet, but show on the other hand many of the most unusual combinations, thistles, bouvardia, bachelor buttons, etc., while a tiny box to rest on one's desk or table is filled with the most beautiful gloriously red geraniums. The baskets are slender Louis XVI affairs, and the flowers and ferns are combined in the most artistic ways imaginable, besides being so perfect that they defy detection. Very handsome *boutonnieres* are also shown and are favored by fashionable women—one single flower being the smartest thing this season. The prettiest of these to my mind was a huge white feathery carnation, for they are no end fashionable for *boutonnieres* in this large feathery variety.

Boudoir Slippers

Boudoir slippers are shown in some very charming styles in one of the best

bootmaker's. The new *mules* are of satin and brocade—the former handsomely embroidered in delicate colors and sometimes for more formal wear in tiny spangled and beaded effects. In this latter effect I saw a pair especially suitable for an older woman and yet by no means somber in effect. Of black satin, the embroidery was of beads and silk in all the metallic shades. Another delightful pair were of white satin beautifully embroidered in delicate white flowers with tiny soft lace ruffles over the instep—intended for a trousseau, of course. The brocaded ones come in very handsome rich color effects and frequently show a soft glimmer of silver and gold threads.

But as pretty as any, and ridiculously cheap, are the most fascinating Chinese slippers of odd-toned brocades handsomely embroidered in brilliant colors, that are delightful especially for wear with kimonos or mandarin coats. The prettiest pair were of a soft pinkish mauve brocade embroidered in a vivid Chinese green—almost a turquoise shade; the contrast was lovely—so lovely that I succumbed immediately and bought a pair. They have the thick soles usual with the Chinese but are surprisingly light and very comfortable.

Some Smart and Serviceable Coats

One of the best men's shops in town is showing a coat that has several unique advantages. It is really intended for a general utility coat and is reversible.

One side is of Harris tweed, that fabric of almost eternal endurance, the other of a tan waterproof cloth, a cravenetted fabric. But it is in the little details that its really fine points lie. Every single thing on the coat reverses in the most marvelously perfect fashion, even to the tiny loop to hang it up by and the strap

on the cuff with which to fasten it closely for severe weather. The salesman in showing it to me suggested that among its many admirable possibilities was its use as a motoring or driving coat ready for readjustment at a moment's notice in the most sudden and unexpected storm. I should think it would be an especially valuable addition to the wardrobe of a suburbanite, who is wise if he starts to town prepared for any emergency.

This Month's Records

After years of patient effort the phonograph recorders have finally succeeded in producing a perfect harp record. Ada Lassoli, whose artistic playing in the Melba concerts is delighting music lovers on the diva's present tour, plays Hasselman's "Prière" beautifully. Her mastery of phrasing and amazing technique are recorded in a surprisingly perfect way, and to my mind there is no more delicately beautiful music than that of the harp.

Teresa del Riego never wrote anything more universally popular than "Oh, Dry Those Tears," and the new record sung by Evan Williams is very successful in every particular.

This month we are treated to a new Elman record, too. The Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger" is the selection and is rendered in his usual softness and purity of tone. This has always been one of his favorite encore numbers and will be a very popular record I know.

A really splendid selection of melodies from "Pagliacci" is given by Pryor's band. Arthur Pryor himself plays the beautiful Harlequin Serenade, a melody which is unfortunately left out of so many mosaics of the opera but which to my mind is one of the most charming bits.



WHAT ABOUT YOUR INVESTMENTS

BY THE ADMINISTRATOR

Radical changes are taking place in this country's business and finance. The recent Congressional elections point to even more important political developments over the next two years. Import duties generally are certain to be reduced. The Supreme Court has under consideration matters involving the very life of our largest industrial combinations as at present constituted. Railroads in some parts of the country face demands for higher wages and in all parts of the country are insisting that they must raise rates in order to pay the present labor scales. Loan accounts of the national banks are uncommonly high while reserves are not large. There has been a great overproduction of iron and copper, for which the demand seems to be falling off. Commodity prices average about the high level mark in a score of years, even though grain markets have been weak. Many of our most prominent bankers are looking for a more thorough readjustment in business and finance than has taken place. There is a feeling that labor is receiving too much, that living expenses must be reduced and that commercial profits generally will be curtailed.

Naturally such developments would not be without a direct influence on securities, especially those that are regularly listed and actively traded in and that lend themselves to manipulative methods. The prospect is for decidedly erratic stock markets this year and investors will probably find favorable opportunity to accumulate common stock securities of undoubted merit at very reasonable prices.

On the other hand, the market for good bonds is hardly likely to reflect as definitely as it generally does the wide fluctuations in stocks. Bonds have been under pressure for a year past and there is reason to believe that, if the bond market undergoes any extensive change during 1911, it will be in the direction of improvement and higher prices.

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QUERIES AND PARAGRAPHS

("The Administrator" undertakes to answer as he may be able suitable questions relating to securities. Name and address should accompany communications, but they will not be used for publication.)

Kansas City Southern Railway Refunding and Improvement Mortgage Five Per Cent Gold Bonds:—These bonds come to my attention as an attractive investment. The road consists of 828.56 miles including branches. There is a first 3% mortgage of \$30,000,000 and the bonds referred to are the succeeding lien on all the property of the Company. Of the \$21,000,000 authorized, \$10,000,000 have been issued, proceeds from the sale of which provided for the payment of \$5,000,000 notes in 1909 and for improvements. In the last decade, revenue freight tonnage of the company has doubled with an increase of only 14½% in mileage. In this period gross earnings per mile rose from \$5,703 to \$11,074 and net from \$1,624 to \$3,814. Since 1906 net earnings have been more than double all fixed charges. Since July, 1907, holders of the \$21,000,000 preferred stock have received 4% dividends per year. The company is efficiently managed and the continued steady growth of the territory it serves, which is to be expected, will add to the security of these bonds, now selling to yield about 4.90%.

Western Electric Company.—The new issue of \$6,250,000 gold 5s of this company, closing the \$15,000,000 first mortgage due December 31, 1922, is meeting a good demand around par. Of course this is an industrial, but as such the security is unobjectionable. For fifteen years the company's stockholders have received 8% in dividends annually and most of the proceeds of these bonds goes to retire all other outstanding obligations, when there will be an undivided surplus greater than the whole mortgage. Net earnings are averaging more than four times interest charges.

Southern Municipals Attractive.—Investors are paying more attention to Southern securities since a succession of good cotton crops with high prices has made that part of the country wonderfully prosperous. Still Southern municipals can be secured on better terms than Eastern and Middle Western bonds. Roanoke, Va., Sewer, Street and Gen. Imp. 4½s, due 1940, for instance, can be bought to net nearly 4½% and similar securities of any substantial Southern city, sponsored by recognized bond houses, offer attractive investment opportunities.

United States Steel Common.—This stock is highly speculative, especially in view of tariff and trust developments. The Corporation's bonds may be considered from an investment standpoint, not the stock.

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The Evening Post, one of the leading daily papers of Cincinnati, Ohio, hearing of Dr. Mott's success, asked if he would be willing to give a public test to demonstrate his faith in his treatment and prove its merit by treating five persons suffering from Bright's Disease and Diabetes, free.

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The Doctor will correspond with those who are suffering with Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any kidney trouble whatever, and will be pleased to give his expert opinion free to those who will send him a description of their symptoms. An essay which the doctor has prepared about kidney trouble, and describing his new method of treatment, will also be mailed by him. Correspondence for this purpose should be addressed to IRVINE K. MOTT, M.D., 575 Mitchell Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

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